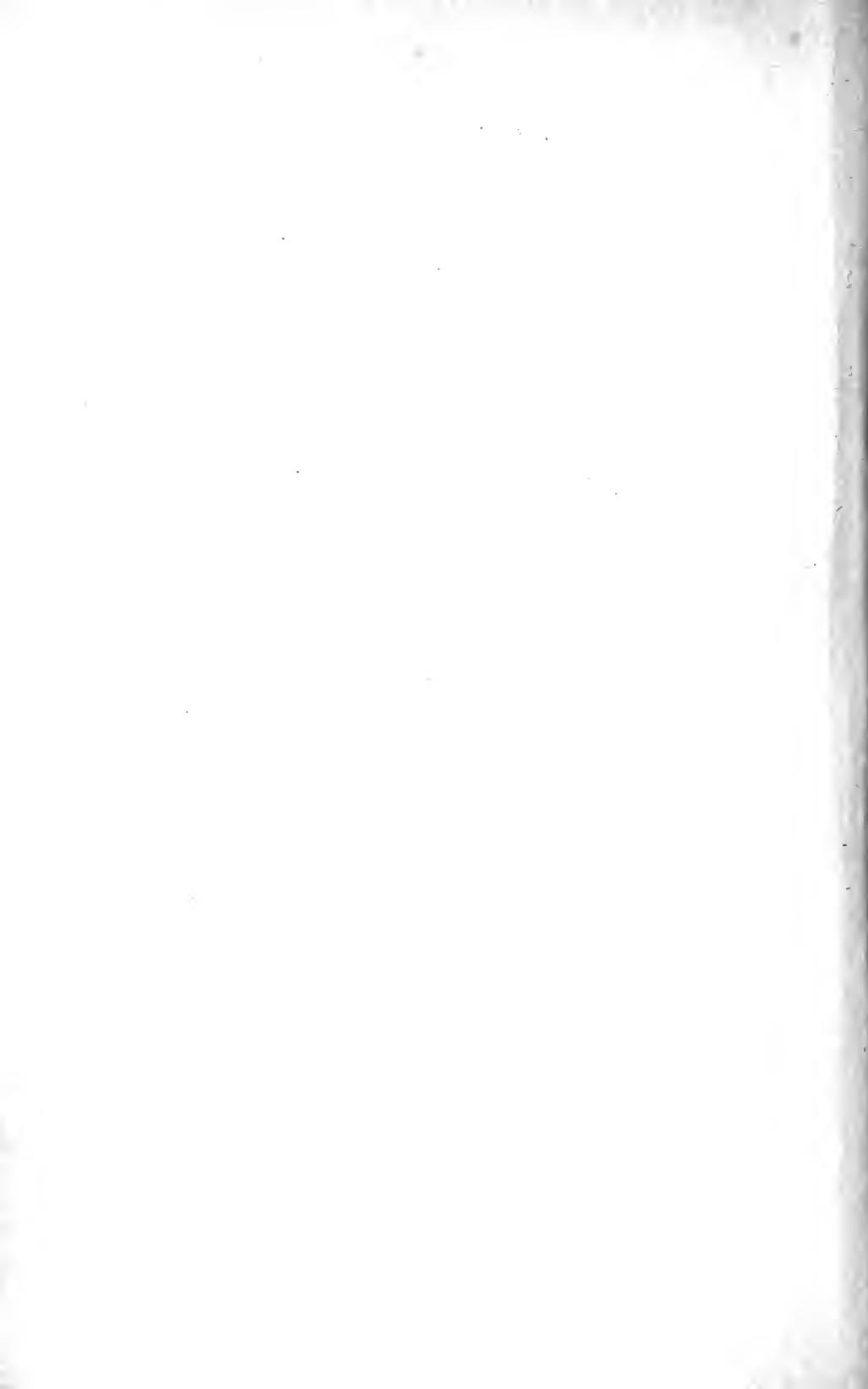




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LETTERS, POEMS AND SELECTED PROSE WRITINGS

OF

DAVID GRAY.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, 1836.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 1888.

EDITED, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR, BY J. N. LARNED.

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LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
AT SEA,	1
LONDON,	6
THROUGH ENGLAND,	30
SCOTLAND,	50
IRELAND,	89
SOUTHERN FRANCE,	111
THE RIVIERA,	118
NAPLES,	135
SICILY,	154
PÆSTUM AND POMPEII,	189
ROME,	199
NORTHERN ITALY,	218
SWITZERLAND,	276
GERMANY AND THE NETHERLANDS,	297
GREECE,	330
GERMANY, AGAIN,	335
SCANDINAVIA,	364
RUSSIA,	376
HOMeward,	396
GENERAL INDEX,	401

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LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN TO THE BUFFALO COURIER, 1865-1868.

AT SEA.

ON BOARD STEAMER 'CHINA,'
ATLANTIC OCEAN, June 15, 1865.

It is a selfish sentiment, dear *Courier*, which inspires me to begin these most rambling and accidental notes of the European pilgrimage now fairly inaugurated, as you wot, by two wandering sons of Buffalo. Glittering Old World visions draw our eyes to look eastward; but the heart rides in a sort of figurative row-boat when it travels from home,—even while it speeds at the fastest away it sits steadily facing the place whence it came, and dreads above all things to be forgotten there. It is that dread, dear *Courier*, which makes me write, braving the terror of being tiresome, and the horror of reproducing, for the millionth time, the unspeakable staleness known to newspaper readers under the title of 'Letters from Europe.' Wrapped, as often as may be, in your Saturday sheet, I would make ghostly visits to Buffalo, and defy you, by the solemnity of the apparitions, to forget us.

There are but two incidents worth noticing in a

trans-Atlantic voyage now-a-days, viz.: the losing of the one world and the finding of the other. The period intervening, ordinarily between these two, is one of which I scorn to keep a diary. It is a time of drowsy waiting for something to turn up. You eat five meals a day and give half of your being to the gods of sleep and darkness. You swing obliviously in a deck seat of the great oceanic cradle, or walk to and fro vacantly exchanging lethargic commonplaces with your fellow-imbeciles. You try to read or write, but are blissfully rescued from the agonies of the attempt by the bell which summons you to go below and eat another meal. You sit and gaze on the vast and ever-widening expanse of sea, and after hours and hours of such stolid employment you begin vaguely to realize how transcendently great and glorious, terrible and beautiful, is this ocean whose loneliness you have invaded. This dim and foggy emotion is the only mental or spiritual one for which I am indebted to the present voyage.

On the forenoon of the 7th instant we sank Boston where she sank the revolutionary tea. On the afternoon of the 8th, after much groping about in fog, we discovered Halifax. The stupid nondescript little abortion of a city kept us several hours, and sent on board some British soldiers and some excellent salmon. For the sake of the latter, and of the beautiful bay down which we serenely glided in an air of perfect moonlight, while the bugles of a British encampment on shore set

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
about us, let Halifax be forgiven.

The *China* is a magnificent vessel and the Atlantic has treated her, this time, right chivalrously. As if they owned her regal attitude among them, the elements have not thrown her a challenge, but smooth her path and fill her sails in loyal facilitation of her eastward progress. We have scarcely felt the step yet in which the Ocean moves in his moods of lively frolic. Still less has he donned for us the white cap of his wrath. In a word, utterly discouraging to the demon of seasickness, and terrible in its effects upon the *China's* commissariat, has been this most auspicious voyage, thus far. The fog which curtained the sea all along as we sailed, till abreast of Cape Race, and which we found in ragged little ribbands lying across the great bank of Newfoundland, alone has given us a glimpse of the possible "dangers of the deep." There were times when, for hours, between the dark and the daylight, the *China* bounded fiercely across the narrow circle of watery moonlight into which, by dense and high and all-surrounding walls of white mist, she was inexorably shut. On watch, then, were eyes the skillfullest and most unwearying, strained to catch the first glitter of terrible silver emerging from the fog, sole signal which the deadly iceberg is wont to carry at its prow of crystal. But neither the peril nor the pleasure of passing a hyperborean fleet was ours. We saw no ice.

A heterogeneous, though agreeablist, set of people composes the *China's* live freight. There are Spaniards and Germans and French and English on board, and the States of course send their fair share of folk who have done well in business and are going to do Europe

because it is the fashion. This latter class, however, is not so numerous as I had anticipated. Most of the people I meet have been over before, and go again on business or in the character of veteran travelers. A few stray fragments of the whilom Confederacy are also on board, flying centrifugally from the fields of their fame to asylums of quiet and oblivion on the European side of the ocean. The fragments display a rather mournful, though proper, meekness and humility of behavior.

JUNE 16TH.

Up to this date it had been my habit for the most part to sit at the vessel's stern, looking back rather than forward—listlessly musing on the great world we had left, on the young and splendid Actual of it; on the still more imposing Possible of it. When the sun set, and, woven of shadow and fire, the fringe of the western forest seemed to be lifted anew above the gleaming sea-line into sight, while, like a dome of the great occidental temple of liberty, the sun bore up a golden hemisphere above the sea, it was not easy to turn, with pleasure of anticipation, from the light of the West to the darkness and antiquity of the Orient.

But this morning a rumor went out mysteriously that the afternoon would show us land, and all eyes were suddenly drawn eastward. It is a day of perfect sunshine, softened by a delicious haze. The sky is azure, the sea is ultramarine, and we glide between the two blues as if they were wedded and made but one element and we were native thereof. There is an

unexplained commotion at the dinner-table, a shout is heard outside, and a rush to port-holes obtains within. We go on deck and behold, Europe! Suddenly and high at our side her gates of rock have risen from the sea. There is Cape Clear right under our bow, and miles away to the east stretch bastion and buttress of the mural coast of Green Erin. Here the outlines of the rocks are sharp and fine; there they swim away out of eyesight in a sea of mist and glory. Through clefts in the lichenized wall, too, we get glimpses of green valleys within, chequered with the tokens of agriculture. On one and another of the higher peaks the gray corners of ruined towers are visible, from whence, as from a throne, the genius of the Old World looks down upon and grimly salutes us. Past these we sail as calmly as Buchanan Read's 'winged boat' in the Bay of Naples. At last I am content to leave the New World behind. The breath of Spain, of Italy, of Switzerland, is in this breeze; the sparkle of the Rhine and the Arno is in this curling wave. I am in the humor of the thing and can cry out, exultant:

Oh, happy ship,
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your lip ;
Oh, happy crew,
My soul with you
Sails and sails and sings anew !

Truly, Europe, meeting us at her Irish portico, has bidden us a fair and generous welcome! To-night we shall reach Queenstown; the evening following will see us in Liverpool. *Au revoir.*

LONDON.

LONDON, June 24, 1865.

My last (and first) left us dreamily gliding under the green lee of the Emerald Isle, expectant of England. Follow us in a bright day's voyage up the channel, with the Welsh mountains breaking sharp at last upon the horizon at our right, and you shall share with us the sensation of setting a first foot on the soil of the old Mother-land. It happened in the twilight of Friday evening (the 16th inst.). Liverpool's fourteen miles of dock and quay lay extended in front of us, bold and massive as the face of a fortress, and there we stopped. The *China* drew a long breath of relief, threw a dark slumbrous shadow upon the water, and, like a wearied living thing, dropped asleep upon the Mersey's familiar bosom, even while we disembarked. We left her and went ashore.

When the sentimental pilgrim first touches English earth, he does not kiss it—he calls for a cab. That takes him, flying, through strange and crowded streets, to his hotel. He alights there to find that no spacious office or sitting-room opens for his reception, but a buxom young lady, malignantly disposed toward her *his*, waits in a crowded little vestibule to register his

name and award him a room. He walks out and is instantly assailed by a cloud of irrepressible beggars of all ages, from infancy to decrepitude. They know him for an American by his boots, and ply him for coppers by every conceivable argument and plea. Until he learns to utterly ignore this pitiable class, his trials are intolerable. Walking, as we did, at night, along the solid, splendidly paved and well-built business streets of Liverpool, the traveler further discovers that his own is not the only drinking nation on earth. Almost every third ‘shop’ is a beery temple of Bacchus, and into these sinks women, as well as men, crowd to do infernal worship. So much for two of the disagreeable things which meet one on the English threshold.

We stayed two days and a half in Liverpool, and if I were not afraid of the tourist’s besetting sin, I would dilate on some of the sights. The place is really a very interesting one. . . . There is its St. James’s Cemetery, curiously located near the middle of the city, not on a hill, but in a deep chasm or dell hewn out of solid red rock. The city is high above and around you, as you stand among the green graves of St. James’s, and rock and foliage make a shadow as sweet and quiet and solemn there, right in the heart of the great town, as in our own Forest Lawn. Look in at the dim doorway of that mausoleum yonder, and you will see one of the finest specimens of English sculpture. It is the figure of Huskisson, the railway king and martyr, executed by the great Chantrey, and it startles you, because it is life, reigning immortal in a temple of death.

But I will leave Liverpool in a moment, dear *Courier*, if you will only let me tell of a ‘hansom’ ride we had, away through its suburbs, and beyond, in the course of which we had our first glimpse of the English country. We passed through miles of winding lanes, walled or hawthorn-hedged, with a picture of rural things stretching on either hand, of which there is no counterpart in America. Chequered with hedges, dotted with clumps of the leafiest of trees, and green with an agriculture which makes a garden of every field, is the country you see; and you do not wonder as you gaze that, to an Englishman, the face of England is the fairest of earth. At the end of one of the shadiest of the lanes we came upon Childwall Abbey, where a sort of country hotel roof has been placed upon old abbey walls, and the church and the world wedded, but in such a quiet, umbrageous way that you scarcely feel the desecration. You eat your bread and cheese and sip your home-brewed, at an old window with brows of the shaggiest ivy. Outside there are dusky garden walks, historical with the loves of a thousand years: and the song of English birds, the hum of English bees, the scent of English flowers are wafted in upon you, till your eyes are closed, and your heart is full, and you feel that at last one of your dreams of Europe has become a blissful reality.

A few miles from Childwall is Speke Hall, a fine specimen of the old English baronial residence, dating from the sixteenth century, and with its ancient moat still visible in the topography of its surrounding grounds. A dozen or more, indeed, of the English nobility and gentry have seats in the Liverpool neigh-

borhood. These persons are inaccessibly grand, and of course invisible; the visible inhabitants are clownish and inconceivably stupid. This phenomenon might lead me to speak of that ghastly classification which is the first law of English society, but I forbear for the present.

Now for London. It was the afternoon of Monday last when we started, by railway, south. Of English railways let me say in passing that the roads are magnificent, and the speed of their express trains is sublime, but, further, the less said the better. The carriages are detestably planned; there is no ventilation, no protection from dust, no system of baggage checking, and there is a pestilential plethora of policemen and officials, every one of whom holds out a hungry paw for silver. But the train spins along at a superb rate. Going to London from Liverpool, it whisks you through two hundred miles of that delicious English country to which I have already alluded. At first you are almost constantly in sight of great manufacturing towns, each of which lifts into air, upon its thousand lofty chimneys, a cloud of that blinding smoke which shrouds the secret of England's greatness. Hurrying southward the smoke clears away and we pass through the finest agricultural part of the country, crossing every half hour a river, or a stream, the name of which startles you with its classic and familiar sound. Crewe, Coventry, Rugby—a thought to Tom Brown—and on again. Through Staffordshire, through Warwickshire, through Northampton and Herts, and at last little, yet tremendous, Middlesex is near. Tunnels, which are an economical measure with

English railways, wax more frequent. These give a sensation to the fresh American tourist. The train dashes into them with a shriek of the engine whistle and a speed which seem to be multiplied by a hundred for the occasion. For a mile, or a mile and a half, it is a wild, crashing, howling chaos of noise, and a darkness so dense that you guard your throat and pocket, and feel nervous about your fellow-passengers. A collision in one of these tunnels would simply mean mince-meat and annihilation.

But we approach apace! You remember how one watches, sailing down Niagara, for the mist of the great cataract. There is but one Niagara and but one London: and I watch and hold my breath, and feel my heart beat hard here, as of old on the river just above Niagara. At last we pass beneath the canopy of eternal smoke; we rush past mile after mile of grimy city: we stop, and are in the heart of that immeasurable, inexhaustible, incomprehensible maze—that human jungle—which men call London.

It was late night when we had eaten our supper and started from our hotel at Charing Cross for a walk down the Strand. Charing Cross—just think of it! “*Cher reine*,” said one of the Edwards, when he erected a memorial cross to his dead queen. Here is the spot where the word was spoken: the cross is gone, but the syllables of affection have not become silent in five hundred years. A mile before us is Temple Bar. We pass through it, scarcely knowing what it is we see by the dim gas-light. The streets are surging full of strange faces; the shop-windows bristle with strange names and things; the air is

resonant with unfamiliar cries and sounds. It is a great seething ocean of aggregated humanity in which we dash forward and struggle and sink. A half-woful sensation of individuality sunk and lost forever creeps upon the mind, and I gasp mentally, as one does physically who feels himself at the point of drowning. But we press ahead, and presently there is a turn in the grimy old Fleet street whose stones we tread. Before us the parallel walls of buildings spread apart, and there is a wide opening toward the sky. But it is not the stars we see, nor even the black breath which London perpetually exhales to hide them. A darker outline rises high and huge before the eye, and as I look it shapes to features which, though vast and shadowy, are yet familiar. There are the towers, the massive pillars, the speaking statues; there, too, lifted darkly and grandly over all, is the well-known dome. I fear no longer for individuality submerged, but am content, nay exultant, to be an indistinguishable drop in the living wave which breaks around the base of St. Paul's.

LONDON, *July 1, 1865.*

There is but one London. That, I think, was the new and startling proposition with which I entered the great Babel and closed my last letter. After ten days of peregrination within the cockney universe, I find myself still resting, stunned and dumbfounded, on that same axiomatic statement.

Scarcely the most daringly business-like of the European letter-writers venture to do London in

their diaries, so, you may depend, I shall not infringe upon the guide-books in what I shall scribble to you from the world's metropolis. A mere word or two, fresh from a few of the points at which are given special revelation of London's vastness, or sacredness, or glory, is all I shall attempt.

The verdant and newly-arrived visitor in the city naturally experiences a desire, before long, to discover the limits of the great wilderness in whose mazes he is immured. He charters one of the innumerable 'hansom' with which London swarms, and, for a few shillings, drives wildly through miles and miles of streets, in any given direction, only to find, however, that other miles of streets lie before him. In despair he takes to the water. The Thames—oh, how small it is!—accommodates him with one of a thousand little, flying, uncomfortable, penny steamers. He embarks, perhaps, under the 'black arch' of Waterloo Bridge, the most beautiful, as Canova said, ever lifted in terrestrial air. Above is the Hungerford, and a little higher is Westminster Bridge: from thence, still up, extends the water front of the new Houses of Parliament. Almost a fifth of a mile of the most richly ornate Gothic architecture is this front, and over its rampart of gorgeous sculpture rise the Gothic towers of palace and abbey, the whole melting to a visual harmony upon which the eye rests with rapture. I doubt whether Venice, sitting upon the sea, touches the wave anywhere with so richly dight a garment of architecture as this which is laved by the dirty Thames above Westminster Bridge. But upward still the tourist darts with his steamboat, for he is

trying to get to the end of London. One, two, three, four miles up the river, and still on either hand there is city. Better stop exploration in this direction,—more by token as here are the Cremorne Gardens, where is exhibited a phase of London life not to be ignored by the sight-seer. Night falls, but not darkness, on Cremorne. Out of its foliage, among its flowers and from the balustrades of its pleasure-houses, leap innumerable jets of gas-light; and duly, too, with the fountains of light, are unloosed the fountains of music. Forth, then, into this artfully enchanted atmosphere issue the multitudes of the votaries of pleasure. Men and women of them, they dance, or stroll, or sit at the refreshment tables among the trees, or visit the score of subordinate shows included in the Gardens. And thus, till far into the night, you may watch the carnival in which the folly of London wears its gayest mask. Misery and sin come there, but their faces are powdered and rouged almost beyond recognition. It is a carrion bird which moves amid the music and light and odor and foliage of Cremorne; but it wears for the nonce the flashing plumage of the bird of Paradise.

Down the river now. From Waterloo Bridge again the tourist passes under the arches of old Blackfriars, Southwark, and, lastly, London Bridge. Then the tower glooms upon him; he is passing through the black heart of old London. The vast system of dockage, by which the little Thames is enabled to accommodate the navies and commerce of the world, makes itself visible below by the forests of masts which rise as if out of dry land. Wapping, the Isle of Dogs, Deptford, and, at last, Greenwich,—thus about eight

miles of dense city is traversed; but the river for miles below is still strung with the busy and populous suburbs of the great metropolis. Let the voyage in this direction terminate with a look through the Greenwich Hospital and Observatory, and a white-bait dinner at the Crown and Sceptre. Apropos of white-bait, I see no reason why American minnows could not be caught and cooked whole, and eaten by the spoonful, as well as the small fry of the Thames.

Thus, from the river stand-point, one sees, rising gradually upon his mental vision, a cloudy conception of the vastness of London. Let us leave the Thames, with an adieu plain-spoken, but withal reverent. His waters are thick and brown, but is it not with history, as well as filth? There is need that his wave be heavy and dense; for where else have so dark and heavy shadows fallen?—what other stream has carried such freightage of human interest for a thousand years?

Still striving to discover the dim boundaries of this stone and mortar world, I carry you now, dear *Courier*, something like three hundred and seventy feet on high, above the street on which we have landed. It is the great dome of St. Paul's which bulges far beneath us. We are gazing out from the top of the ball, which looks like a boy's marble from the street, but, in reality, as the guide-book tells us, is large enough to hold twelve persons. Oh! the shudder of the look down and far around. We are lifted away above the smoke of London, and stand high over the very center of its hub bub. For a few miles in each direction you can trace the intricate anatomy of the city. It is, as I have called it before, a human jungle, alive with bust-

ling, struggling, suffering, reveling humanity. But still the eye does not traverse its extent. The jealous queen of cities will not suffer us to comprehend at a glance all her greatness. Far outward she draws over her limits the curtain of perpetual smoke, and the horizon, round and round, is a brown mist in which the chaos of roof and monument and spire *fades*, but does not *end*.

I am not going to write of the hundred sights of St. Paul's, familiar to every school-boy. One moment only let us stand in the crypt, beneath the central floor of the cathedral. A plummet dropped from the center of the dome will rest upon the sublime and massive sarcophagus of Nelson. You remember there was a time, long after the last echo of the din of Trafalgar had ceased, when the slumbering chieftain woke, amid a wail of funeral music, and from his home among the dead he called out, saying :

Who is he that cometh, like an honored guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?

And the answer came :

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land, as thou by sea !

Over the funeral shrine of Nelson, the body of Wellington was lowered to its rest, and the tomb of the Iron Duke, grand in the massive simplicity of its architecture, keeps dark and solemn company, beneath the floor of St. Paul's, with that of the great admiral. They show you, too, in a crypt adjoining, the iron car,

cast of cannon captured by the duke, and weighing over twenty tons, in which the hero of Waterloo was borne hither. And thus he sleeps:

Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

Where next? Shall I speak of the British Museum, with its square acres of collected specimens, covering and illustrating every department of art and science, modern and antique; with its Portland vase preaching the truth that beauty is older than Greece or Rome; with its Elgin marbles, torn from the Pantheon, but still instinct with the life which Phidias gave them; with its library of seven hundred thousand volumes, and its manuscript department where I saw the blurred chirography of the Magna Charta, the quaint pen-work which reads "Wm. Shakspere," and the like memorials of a thousand others, whose names and deeds make history? Or shall I sojourn at the palace of Hampton Court, where you walk through the banqueting rooms of kings and queens, and amid unending galleries, in which they and their lords and ladies still look at you from the canvas of the great masters? I might well stop to tell you of the glories of this house, which Wolsey built and royalty for centuries inhabited: of its gardens and elm avenues, its lawns and labyrinth: but what is the use? I bar all that, and with it, for the meantime at least, the thousand other sights in which London exhibits the glory of the past or present. I wish to close this rambling epistle amid

the sound of the ‘solemn musick’ of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. . . .

Under the dome of the central transept were seated twenty-six thousand auditors. The singers and players were over four thousand in number, ranged amphitheatrically above the listeners. Thus, with the great organ adding its voice, they gave us ‘The Messiah.’ Be modest and calm, my trembling quill, while I try to speak of the celestial entertainment! It was far over the sea of the audience and up the hill of the orchestra whence the voice of Sims Reeves, the great English tenor, issued in the first recitative and air. Every note was distinct, but softened, like the sound of a bugle remote among mountains. I listened, holding my breath in suspense, till the last note of the solo unlocked the volume of the opening chorus. It was enough! I was satisfied! Like the sound of a single voice the magnificent harmony rose and rolled, and sunk and rose, in tidal grandeur, till the magnificent temple was full and overflowed with the more magnificent music. Then there were other soloists and choruses, till the climax of the Oratorio’s first part was reached in the chorus: ‘For unto us a child is born.’ The glory of Christ, the stupendous meaning of his religion, burst in splendor upon my mind then, as never before. ‘Unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder,’ pealed the choir, and the words bore with them their own majestic interpretation. I looked away along the crystal nave of the Palace and saw the colossal figures of the mythology of Assyria, of Greece, of Rome. They stood in shadow and seemed to wave hands of wonder

and farewell. I watched and almost expected to see them crumble in the thrill of the music which proclaimed the mystery of their supersedure in human history. Still the chorus sang: 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.' The words translated themselves to a chanted exposition of the mighty workings of the Christian principle, in all the world, in all centuries of the era. And on every side the eye beheld, as it were, a picture of what the ear heard. I looked up and found that my hand rested on the base of a high stone cross, the inscription of which showed it to have been erected in the market place of Tuam, Ireland, by one of the first of the Christian bishops, in the year of the Messiah, 1122. So I seemed to touch a link of the chain of fulfillment, while the chorus rang and swelled in the august enunciation of prophecy.

Adelina Patti—Buffalo remembers her—was among the soloists of the festival. Her voice came out, first, trembling with feeling, in the plaintive, soul-deep air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Every note went up clear and distinct into the great expanse of the auditorium, but I sought in vain for the singer herself, among the tiers of performers. Hers and every other personality seemed lost for the time in the august service of the festival. Only her voice was present in the temple, and rose and mingled itself devoutly in the grand offering of art at the shrine of the world's Saviour.

Then opened the Hallelujah Chorus. It is said that a vision of Heaven, open and alive with angelic min-

strelsy, imparted to Handel the secret of the harmonies of this divine composition. It was so, I wot, in very deed, else how could that celestial apocalypse have been repeated, as it was, to the spiritual sense of those who listened, that golden afternoon, in the Crystal Palace? The vast audience rose, as one man, to its feet, and tears dimmed the eyes of most; but high over all heads the realm of everlasting light seemed to lie open, and, rank above rank, were revealed the choiring multitudes of its angelic inhabitants. Now from this side heaven the word of praise pealed up, breaking in wild waves of celestial exultation; now from answering choirs, high up and far away, came the swell of the responsive hallelujah. And at last, when there was an end of the seraphic antiphony, from all the courts of the infinite temple seemed to gather and go up the single, sublime and awful voice which proclaimed the omnipotence and eternity of Jehovah.

LONDON, July 3, 1865.

The Londoners *build* churches, but, as a rule, do not *attend* them. About nine hundred religious edifices, it is said, ornament the city, but on a Sunday morning you will find the multitude with its back to them all, hurrying off, by boat and rail, to spend the day at one or other of the excursion places in the neighborhood. Let it not be supposed, however, that the city is barren of interest in a religious sense, or that a church-going Sunday cannot be profitably spent in the metropolis.

In the morning of last Sunday we took cab for the Surrey side of the Thames and drew up at the great Tabernacle of Spurgeon. Having neglected to obtain tickets of admission, it was our fate to tarry outside the front portals of the house till about eleven o'clock, the regular membership and congregation in the meantime being smuggled in mysteriously by some back entrance to their seats. When the doors opened we surged in with the crowd, to find the immense building, including two great galleries, snugly full. Over five thousand people, of the middle and lower classes, I judge, had assembled to hear the young champion of dissenting worship. When he came forward on the high platform, which serves him much better than a pulpit, and opened the exercises by prayer, I would have been immediately prejudiced against him, had not the ear peremptorily laid an injunction on the adverse criticism of the eye. Mr. Spurgeon is almost the last person you would select from a crowd as likely to be the embodiment of intense religious fervor, of fluent natural eloquence, or of great personal power. His face is coarse, red and sensual looking. The hair grows low upon his forehead, his mouth might pass for that of a glutton, and his figure is stumpy and anything but imposing. Out from those unprepossessing lips, however, issued a voice which filled the whole house with fine music, and I listened, thinking of Chapin's golden speech and remembering that Henry Clay was not handsome nor Bethune an Adonis. Let me state the result of my listening. Spurgeon has been most unjustly decried and derided. I rate him a great preacher, wonderfully adapted to the class which

forms his audience. He has all the fervor, the eloquence and the personal power of which I spoke. Nor can he be deemed ‘sensational,’ unless it be sensational to present one’s ideas with a vividness, angularity and force measured by the sleepiness of the consciences and the thickness of the heads addressed. This does Spurgeon, and no more, so far as I heard.

He began, after the five thousand people had done some noble congregational singing, by reading, and accompanying with sharp practical comments, the eighth chapter of Genesis. From the ninth verse, which narrates the first flight of the dove from the ark and its return, he afterwards took his text. . . . His style is homely, but at times exceedingly picturesque or dramatic. The application he makes of his subject is pointed and effective to the last degree. Nor does the Spurgeon theology savor terribly of brimstone. The love of Christ, rather than the terror of hell, is his weapon for assailing the unregenerate heart. ‘None,’ said he, with great impressiveness, ‘is excluded from heaven, but himself shuts the door; none shall be damned but he who signs his own death-warrant.’ . . .

Let me box the theological compass and take you to St. Martin’s Hall, where we went, at the hour of afternoon service, to hear Father Ignatius. The fame of this divine has, some time since, reached your side of the Atlantic. His position in the religious heavens is a strange one, and his appearance at this time is held by many to be ominous. A monk of the order of St. Benedict, he yet claims a place in the Church of England. He has founded a monastery at Norwich, and

his special mission is to restore, if he can, the monastic system from which the Anglican Church was divorced hundreds of years ago. I am not informed what other features of Catholicism he seeks specifically to re-introduce, but I judge from the service he conducted last Sunday that his creed and ritual in several essential features are those of Rome.

Admission to St. Martin's Hall—for the Norwich monastery's sake—requires a ticket, costing from six-pence to half a crown. Before the Benedictine came upon the platform a goodly audience had assembled, which took most indecorously to stamping its feet and making other demonstrations of impatience. Englishmen have an idea that the right to stamp and cry 'hear' inheres in the purchase of a ticket of admission. In due time the Father put in an appearance, not at all paternal, however. I should judge him to be less than thirty years of age. His face is pale, long and classic in shape, and expressive, in a high degree, of intellectuality. He dresses in the robe, parchment skull-cap and sandals of his order, and altogether presents an imposing figure. After intoning vespers in honor of several saints, he began his sermon, taking for his text the words of the Psalmist: 'We spend our years as a tale that is told.' His was what I call sensational preaching; although I do not mean to find fault with it in that word. How to impress upon the mind of his audience, with the most acute and irresistible effect, the inevitability of death and the judgment, appeared to have been his preparatory study. . . . Many of his audience seemed to be people of fashion and rank, and these he did not spare or seek to concil-

iate. The sharpest of thrusts he made at their thoughtless, idiotic mode of life, and their utter torpor and indifference with regard to spiritual things. In his almost convulsive energy of delivery, and eccentric method of statement, he sometimes seemed to overshoot his mark and provoked a smile rather than a shudder from the people he sought to shock and arouse. In sooth, I perceive that Father Ignatius is listened to by the mass of his London hearers simply to be enjoyed as a novelty and sensation. They seem actually to relish the lively way he deals them damnation and drenches them with brimstone dew. . . .

After a morning with Spurgeon and an afternoon with the Norwich monk, I stole in with the long shadows to Westminster, and sought an offset to the sharp points and irregularities of the Tabernacle and the Hall, amid the religious gloom and beneath the perfect architecture of the Abbey. It was the Bishop of London who preached, his audience crowding the splendid nave of the grandest temple of worship in Britain. High overhead, and stretching in long perspective from the low portal where I entered, rose the Gothic arches of the roof, each arch seeming to repeat the form of human hands lifted and met in prayer. Round and round, from the gorgeous walls of the building, looked forth the marble effigies of England's great and good. The hand of Chatham was extended, as if in benediction, over the very spot where I stood, and I read the names of Fox, of Hunter, of Mackintosh and Holland on the tablets near, while the sweet voices of the boy choristers, chanting the *Gloria*, ascended and echoed in the great spaces above. The very air was worship;

the place was prayer itself, arrested in its upward flight and held in solemn form of stone and marble. I did not care to press within hearing of the reverend bishop. It was enough that I heard the sound of his sermon reverberate among the dim aisles beyond, and die along the high arches above me; for the echoes it woke in the solemn gloom were articulate voices more sacred and awful to me, I think, than aught he had to say.

LONDON, July 13, 1865.

The 'season,' which we found here a few weeks ago at its height, is now almost over. Rotten Row—a queer name for a beautiful place—is no longer thronged o' mornings by the fair equestriennes of the metropolis, bent on gathering color for their cheeks by horse-power. Carriages, with coats-of-arms, roll less numerously in Hyde Park and past the gorgeous shop windows of Regent street. The old Parliament, of six years duration, has dissolved and is no more. . . . London begins to be dull, after its own mastodonic manner of dullness. The queen has gone to the Isle of Wight; the 'pampered aristocracy' plumes its wings for flight to the country, and—so does your correspondent.

I have not, heretofore, presumed to write of London, but again, and for the last time, let me take a pen-and-ink 'shy' at it. Within a limited circle the great wilderness begins now to take on features of pleasant familiarity. I circumnavigate Covent Garden and track the footsteps of poet, actor and artist, who of old were

native to this neighborhood, without terror of becoming a waif. I make audacious journeys thence far east into the old city's grimy heart, discovering at every turn streets and rows and lanes of which all English literature is a guide-book. With mine host of the old Johnson tavern, on Fleet street, I am on easy terms, and at the very board where honest, great-hearted Samuel ‘dined very well for eight pence, with very good company,’ I eat serenely my afternoon chop, almost imagining the goodly ‘company’ back, though to restore the tavern tariff of that ooden time be beyond the fancy’s subtlest power. And yet, the city loses nothing of its bewildering vastness as the mind progresses in grasping its details. In the smoke of it by day and the roar of it by night, the sense of its greatness only grows upon me. What is the use of attempting to write, in a column, of the ‘stock’ sights of London—the Tower, for instance, which is itself a great stone library of history, not to be abridged or condensed? Let me only tell how the blood curdles at almost every step within its dreary inclosure; for its stones are blotted with murder, and cruelty has dwelt in it as in a shrine. They take you through halls hung with armor and weapons which show the progress of the art of slaughter for a thousand years. Mounting upward in the White Tower, whose walls, fifteen feet thick, bid fair to endure a thousand years longer, a monument of William the Conqueror, you see the cell in which the noble Raleigh discovered that ‘stone walls do not a prison make.’* The block hacked with the

* Richard Lovelace: ‘To Althea, from Prison.’

strokes of a hundred executions stands near by and keeps ghastly company with the rack, the thumbscrew and other horrors.

Another tower, properly christened the Bloody, contains the little room in which tradition says the princes were smothered. The building, with its gloomy port-holes, its worn stone stairways and floors, and its damp, mysterious subterranean connections, is now used as a human habitation. A bed, of modern furnishing, stands on the very spot where that of the poor princes stood, and somebody sleeps there every night! What are the ghosts thinking about? Cross the courtyard and you stand where the axe fell on some of the brightest and wisest and best heads of England, or the world. The Earl of Essex, Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Raleigh, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey—these are but the initial names in the list. It was the ‘Tower *Green*’ across which they were led to immortality; but nature does not forget, though it happened three hundred years ago, and not a blade of grass springs yet from the black pavement which was once streaked with so pure and sacred blood. A step takes you from this English Aceldama to Beauchamp Tower, where the guide directs your eye to the inner walls, cut and carved from floor to ceiling with names and emblematic inscriptions. Alas! these are not such work as ambitious tourists make, in the places of sightseeing resort. Not the vanity of empty minds, but the sorrow and the faith and the patience of the world’s noblest are written here. Lives were wasted away in this darkness, which might have made an age of falsehood and blood luminous with mercy and truth.

A name, or a simple verse, cut painfully in the stone of their prison, is the seal their hands have set to the priceless bequest their suffering purchased for the race.

The vergers had commanded the saunterers to seats, and the silvery sound of afternoon service, chanted by boy choristers, was echoing in far-away aisles, when we entered Westminster Abbey the first time. Near the door, accordingly, I sought a place to lean till the worship had ceased; and it chanced that thus I met and held communion with the greatest of the dwellers in Westminster, first. It was an altar-shaped tomb, with a rare and antique Gothic canopy, beside which I stood; and of the Latin inscription I could decipher only this: that it contained the ashes of Geoffrey Chaucer. Directly before me rose a tablet, with this inscription:

Here lyes (expecting the second commynge of our Saviour Jesus Christ) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe other witness than the works he left behind him.

It is not much to say that I found, in all the Abbey's solemn length and breadth, no shrine more sacred than this, made saintly with the dust of the fathers of English poetry. Kings and queens, valiant knights and beautiful ladies, mighty warriors and sage statesmen of the olden time have their tombs and marble effigies in the sumptuous chapels and inmost recesses of the Abbey; cloister and ambulatory are walled with monumental stones of the departed great; but back from these I came to the 'Poets' Corner,' feeling that at the door of her grandest temple England had built her *sanctum sanctorum*.

It is a sojourn among tombs with me to-day, but my dismal humor must be still farther indulged. Let us quit the pantheon of Westminster and seek a humbler burial-place. Miles away in an obscure part of north-east London is the cemetery of Bunhill Fields. Our cabman never had heard of the place, but we found it after much meandering, and were admitted through its iron gate by an old sexton of the true and approved ‘gather them in’ variety. He led us amid a maze of tombstones—the dead of London are crowded even more than the living—and brought us suddenly *vis-à-vis* with a low, square monument inscribed. ‘John Bunyan.’ Here the immortal dreamer sleeps a dreamless sleep. A stone’s throw from him on one side is Dr. Isaac Watts, and in an unmarked grave on the other lie the remains of the heroic Quaker, George Fox. The mother of Charles Wesley and several near relatives of Oliver Cromwell also await the resurrection morning in Bunhill Fields.

History is to be studied here somewhat in the style of geology. Frequently strata belonging to ages widely apart lie open to the eye in strange conjunction, and often, too, a mere sod of modern surface hides the rarest and richest deposits. We turned in, through a narrow lane, from Fleet street the other morning, and but a step or two from the busy thoroughfare brought us to the gloomy precincts of the Middle and Inner Temple. In this vicinage the law has curiously established itself upon a foundation, religious and military, of very ancient date. The Temple Church, situated in the midst of the inclosure, is in part the identical old Norman structure around which the Knights Templar

gathered after their first advent in England. The chancel, in splendid preservation, though seven or eight centuries old, contains the tombs of half a dozen of the chief of the knights. They are buried beneath the stone pavement; but above each grave, in full armor, with visor open, lies the marble likeness of each. Those of the number who were privileged to reach the Holy Land lie with their greaved legs crossed, a sacred and awful token. Centuries ago even the dust in their tombs must have ceased to be; yet it seems rather as if the life of each grim warrior had passed upward into the statue above his coffin, and that you see them there, ready, at the clarion call of a new crusade, to start up from their iron sleep.

Outside the church, in the open court-yard, we stumbled on an isolated grave which bears the name of Oliver Goldsmith. He lies near the Temple Garden and within sight of the very tree beneath which he and Samuel Johnson were wont to sit and hold golden speech on other subjects than those of law and equity.

This rambling talk about London draws to a close. If I have wearied you with my loiterings in church-yards, be thankful I have not dragged you into still more interminable places. . . . My next will be of rural and provincial England.

THROUGH ENGLAND.

EDINBURGH, July 31, 1865.

My last—if your readers have not forgotten all about it and me—dated from London, and concluded with an intimation that we were about to take the grand plunge into provincial England, with ‘Caledonia, stern and wild,’ as the general goal of our journeying. At last, after many days of devious and surpassingly delightful travel, I sit in the heart of ‘mine own romantic town.’ From this window I look but a little to the right and see the bold outlines of Edinburgh castle springing from the historic rock. Within bow-shot in front is the magnificent Scott monument, while, on the left, Calton Hill, the Acropolis of the North, looms up with its burden of memorial architecture. In a word, the dream of many years is a sunny, glorious reality before my eyes, and my pen would fain forget that it has other work to do than be nimbly ecstatic in the present tense. I *will* keep silence, however, as to the things before me, until I have attempted some notes of the meandering pathway which has brought us hither. Therefore, though ‘my heart’s in the Highlands,’ this letter shall be of England.

Somewhat over fifty miles east by south of London—the road is across the pleasant though monotonous

downs of Kent—is the ancient town of Canterbury. The tourist should not miss a visit there, although he should make, as we did, a special journey for its sake. The railroad takes you through a land of flat, fertile fields, of windmills innumerable, and of villages clustered about gray church towers and encompassed with hop plantations. The metropolitan see of all England, for such is Canterbury, is the quaintest town we have yet seen in England. The little river Stour winds around and through its narrow labyrinthine streets; a good part of the wall by which the Saxons surrounded the city yet remains, and the second stories of the houses lean over, almost within hand-shaking distance of their neighbors across the pavement, in the true ancient and social fashion. Ecclesiastical history can surely find no more interesting or comprehensive field of illustration in the island than Canterbury. The church of St. Martin may be said to cover the first foot-print of Christianity in England. In the second century, so goes the record, the pioneers of the new faith built upon this site their first outworks of attack upon universal paganism. The bricks of that Roman period still form a part of the venerable walls. Inside the church are mementoes of a later yet scarcely less dim and venerable day. They show you the tomb of the fair-haired Christian queen, Bertha, who welcomed St. Augustine to the shore of the wild island, and through whose gentle intercession her husband, the Saxon monarch Ethelbert, was induced to embrace Christianity and afford hospitable lodgment to the apostles of the glorified Nazarene.

The rough-hewn baptismal font at which the first

British king renounced heathenism is a precious relic of St. Martin's. You can see, too, where, on the earth-covered foundations of a vast monastery built by St. Augustine, a later structure has been reared and dedicated to the spread of St. Augustine's faith. But the later links of the chain of Christian history, as visible in Canterbury, are not less interesting. The gorgeous cathedral was begun in the twelfth century, and is what De Quincey would call an architectural palimpsest of the church in the ages which have succeeded. Here, after his murder by the barbarous barons, was reared the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, the wealth of which was almost fabulous. The stairs by which the site of the shrine is approached are worn with the knees of pilgrims, and the spot is shown where the repentant King Henry consented to be scourged by the monks for his share in the deep damnation of the saint's taking off. In a chapel of the cathedral is the tomb of Edward the Black Prince. His marble effigy is still a portrait, and the mail and helmet he wore at Crécy have not yet dropped to pieces from the nail above his place of rest. A long line of archbishops and nobles keep the brave Edward company in the chapels and crypts of Canterbury cathedral. We came out from under its lofty and magnificent arches with a little of the dust of seven centuries clinging to our garments. Passing toward High street through Mercury Lane, we stand in the very thoroughfare which was wont to be thronged with pilgrims to Becket's tomb. The sight was old when English literature was young, for the father of the latter was once a looker-on and wrote how—

Specially, from every schire's ende
Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wende.

The mercer's shop at the corner of the lane yonder looks gray and old-fashioned enough, but its walls were reared long ago on the site of a still more ancient building. That was the Checkers Inn, a hostelry whose good cheer is perennial, and at whose sempiternal tap all may drink ; for does it not still stand in the quaint and sweet verse of the Canterbury Tales, with Chaucer for its immortal host ?

I hate to leave Canterbury, for a very net-work of pretty poetic and historic association is to be stripped from the feet as one departs. But this letter is to stretch far into England, and I must to the road again.

We were northward bound, but it was hard to take a direct road away from this *merrie* South England ; so we were fain to leave London by way of Windsor, and thus bartered for another day the sterner beauties of the high countries for the Elysian wealth of the low.

The buildings of Harrow-on-the-Hill peer out of the foliage some miles to your right, shortly after you leave London ; and Eton, Harrow's aristocratic and successful rival, meets you before you cross the Thames to Windsor. But we only walked through the academic groves where Walpole and Bolingbroke, Fox, Chatham and Canning dwelt, and glanced but a moment at the monument of Henry VI., Eton's founder ; for already the walls of Windsor Castle shut out a fourth of the southern horizon. We had the requisite order, and were soon within the gates of what has been the residence of English royalty since the days of William the Conqueror. The castle is indeed worthy of such a dis-

tinction. From its splendid terraces the monarch commands a view twenty miles in every direction, over the most glorious portion of her glorious domain. In its halls royalty lives, surrounded by a pomp and state whereat the visitor gazes in dumb admiration. In its Chapel of St. George, dead royalty sleeps amid such splendor of solemn ornament as would seem to cheat the grim old democrat, Death. I looked with special wonder at the tomb of the Princess Charlotte, where sculpture has made the grave so beautiful that its inmate may well rest there content. The figure of the dead princess is on the bier, surrounded by her weeping women of honor; but, overhead, angels bear the soul of the sleeper heavenward. Of such celestial beauty is that upper figure, it almost melts, while you look, into the golden light which streams through the painted window behind. Darkness and corruption can scarcely hold their rightful home amid the marble glory with which art has adorned the sepulchre of this royal daughter of England.

But I will not dilate on the marvels of the castle—of the galleries hung with the masterpieces of Rubens and Vandyke—of the halls and chambers stored with rarest trophies of British valor and costliest gifts made to British royalty by the kings and princes of Europe and the East. Sooth to say, to republican lungs there is something of oppressiveness in the atmosphere of these apartments of state, and we were fain to issue from them to the freer air of the castle park. Thirty-six miles in circumference is this magnificent preserve of royalty, and within that wide limit is comprised some of the most delicious scenery the world can show.

You leave the castle by what is called the Long Walk, a road lined by double rows of elms planted by one of the Charleses, and stretching in magnificent perspective about three miles. At one end of the splendid vista is a lofty colossal statue of George III., by the sculptor Westmacott ; at the other end is the castle. If kings ever walk, their kingly shoe-leather could not well be worn on a more regal pathway than this. Leaving it, you wander miles and miles through the exquisite glades and across the luxurious verdure of Windsor Forest, till suddenly there is a golden glimpse of Virginia Water behind the half-parted foliage. You follow the poetic curves of this, through other miles of exquisite landscape, and almost forget that the velvet carpet beneath your feet is spread upon the surface of earth. Sometimes the water is a silvery thread meandering between mossy and shadowy banks, or breaking into crystal spray over a sudden precipice ; sometimes it widens into a lake with heaven in its lucent bosom and Elysium around its shores. At every step a new luxury of vision is vouchsafed. Now the forest is a green realm, haunted by herds of roving deer and planted with oaks as old as England ; anon its surface undulates into the most enchanting variety of hill and dell, while through the foliage the eye may discover, now the gray front of some mouldering ruin, or again the glittering spires of some quaint and grotesque summer palace of delight, such as Kubla Khan did ‘ decree ’ to be built in the gardens of Xanadu. Ah ! justly and right are the park and forest of Windsor known as the ‘ royal ’ estate. Royally do the trees on its fair slopes wear their crowns of green ; royally does

the stag often look forth on you from their shadows, and queenly are the robes in which Nature stands attired everywhere within the royal demesne.

We emerge at last from the forest, and, taking the road through the old village of Egham, come speedily to the long meadows of Runnymede, where the barons and their retainers met to extort from King John the memorable Magna Charta. Across the Thames, which meanders through the meadow, is the island to which the barons retired with the king from the pressure of the multitude, and we saw on its banks a charming private residence said to contain the very table on which the great document was signed. The sanctity of an English home guards the rare relic, and that we did not seek to invade, but, plucking a flower from the victorious and bloodless battle-field of liberty, returned in the beautiful twilight to Windsor.

A short journey by railroad brought us to our first real northward stage from London. We arrived in Oxford late on a Saturday night, and on Sunday morning had a noble view of the city which Alfred the Great is said to have dedicated to learning and religion. These constitute, indeed, the sole objects for which Oxford still has its being. Scholars, instead of cotton cloth and hardware, are the exclusive manufacture of the goodly town: and in place of the eternal forge and factory chimneys you there have whole streets of colleges, halls, libraries, churches and chapels. Of the nineteen colleges and five halls which owe allegiance to the federal sway of the university, we visited half a dozen. Each has a history, concerning

which let me refer you to the ample records contained in the Bodleian Library hard by. We walked through the classic halls of that last magnificent institution, and also spent some hours in the university galleries. These alone contain material for months of observation, stored as they are with the original drawings of Angelo and Raffaelle, the famous Chantrey and Pomfret collections of sculpture, and innumerable other rare works by ancient and modern masters of art. You will excuse me, however, from attempting to catalogue the wealth of the city of Oxford in this epistle.

In the street in front of Balliol College was erected the stake at which Latimer, Cranmer and Ridley sealed their faith by martyrdom. A monument is reared near by to their memory. Readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember the part which ‘Anthony-fire-the-fagot’ took in that transaction. Fresh from a re-perusal of Kenilworth we walked out to Cummer, where the story opens and where Tony, the precious rascal, had his residence. It is about three miles out of town, up among the hills, from which a splendid view of Oxford, with its architectural accumulations of a thousand years, can be obtained. ‘Know ye Cummer Place, near Oxford?’ we queried, in the words of one of the Kenilworth characters, and duly we reached the spot. The ‘Place’ has long since vanished, but the old church is there yet, with a lying tablet over Anthony Foster’s tomb therein; and, what pleased us still more, the name of the jovial Giles Gosling still swings in front of the village inn and the jolly Black Bear still climbs the ‘ragged staff’ above, while the bumpkins of Cummer regale themselves with beer below.

Leaving Oxford, our next station northward was Stratford-on-Avon. . . . Stratford drives a tidy little trade on the luck which made it a shrine of pilgrimage for humanity. The shop-keepers dispose of their wares in Shakespeare's name, and his well-known physiognomy is stamped upon nearly everything that can be sold to the eager tourist. The Shakespeare house is well guarded and cared for now, but there has been sad ignorance and vandalism at work with it in times past. Even while we were there, workmen were digging up the foundations of the 'New Place,' which the poet bought and lived in during the later years of his life. Its very ruins had been suffered to disappear. A lineal descendant of the famous mulberry tree, however, is still spared and pointed out in the garden adjoining. Most specially and almost weirdly interesting to me was the tomb of the bard in the old church of Stratford. Here, at least, is a record of him in which 'myth does not mingle with history.' The bust which looks upon you from the chancel wall, above his memorial tablet, was placed there by the loving wife who sleeps beside him; and it *must* be a portrait good enough for our eyes, since it was well pleasing to the gentle eye of Anne Hathaway. Here alone did any realizing sense visit me of the actual humanity of Shakespeare. Shadowy, sublime and lifted into a sort of mysterious cloud, his form scarcely seems to be that of a fellow-man; but here for a moment I seemed able to link him with our kind; for, assuredly, though the creations of his fancy live and fill a world with immortal beauty, Shakespeare died.

Along the banks of the Avon we rode from Strat-

ford, and twelve miles of lovely travel brought us to the ancient city of Warwick. We passed through the park of Charlcote, the seat of the Lucy family still, and saw perhaps the offspring of that very venison which brought ‘wild Will’ to trouble with Justice Shallow. The Avon is still the gently beautiful stream which made ‘sweet music with the enameled stones’ in the days of its ‘sweet Swan,’ and the scenes we looked upon are doubtless but little altered since,—

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature’s Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray’d,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her aweful face : The dauntless Child
Stretch’d forth his little arms and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year ;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

But I am far from the border yet, which I had intended to reach in this letter, and I know that even the *Courier’s* amiability may be tested too much.

EDINBURGH, August 7, 1865.

My last, if your readers remember, brought the record of our meanderings to the gates of Warwick Castle,—‘that fairest monument,’ as Sir Walter Scott truly has it, ‘of ancient and chivalrous splendor, which

yet remains uninjured by time.' Instead of causing our herald to sound the *open sesame* upon his bugle, we slip a shilling into the hand of the old woman who acts as warder, and stand within its massive portal. An almost countless number of the rarest relics of ancient, and some of the most conspicuous illustrations of modern splendor, are comprised within the walls of princely Warwick. They show you the warlike tools of the legendary and colossal Guy of Warwick, who killed giants and dragons about the pleasant year of our Lord 900. The state apartments in the inhabited part of the magnificent pile are galleries of history and glorious art. I can remember seeing in them a picture of Napoleon the Great, from life, by David, and the finest Vandyke I have yet come across, a splendid equestrian portrait of Charles I.; also masterpieces of Raffaelle, Guido, Rubens, Rembrandt and Paul Veronese, and vases, cabinets, sculpture and carving, *ad infinitum*. I remember, too, that, as in nearly every other English seat of royalty or nobility, you are conducted at a double quick through the gorgeous halls by a female domestic, who points you to this 'Wenus' and that 'olbein,' in a manner not calculated to enhance your classic sensations. She comes out in bold relief, moreover, when the time arrives for her to pocket the visitors' shillings.

Climbing to the top of 'Guy's Tower,' built in 1394, one has a noble view of an ancient baronial domain, beautified by the highest modern landscape-gardening art. There is a lake of glassy surface and greenest verge, and slopes, wooded with Lebanon cedars and English elms, and lawns of the sweetest emerald,

and everywhere combinations of all these, mingled for the delight of the eye as the divine nectar may be for the palate. In one of the summer-houses is the famous Warwick vase, a relic of Grecian art found at the bottom of a lake at Tivoli, which, for beauty and size, has perhaps no existing peer. Its form of white marble stands seven feet high and is twenty-one feet in circumference. We walked enchanted through the fairy realm of Warwick, until suddenly confronted by a half-frightened male servant who informed us, in trembling accents, that 'my lord is coming this way.' An explanation that we would certainly commit no assault on his lordship did us no service, and we bade the regal domain farewell.

Warwick is a noble-looking old English town, with the footprints of history everywhere visible in its streets and pleasant vicinages. Its church of St. Mary contains tombs of the earls of Warwick from the Saxon period down. . . . I must mention, before leaving St. Mary's, the tomb of the famous Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the significant epitaph of which, written by himself, caught my eye. It runs:

Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
Counsellor to King James, and *Friend* to Sir
Philip Sidney.

Five miles from Warwick, along a lovely English road which meanders, with its lines of hawthorn, through the richest of fields and the greenest of woods, is Kenilworth Castle. We walked the distance one fine afternoon and lay on the grass, in the shadow of the ruins, till the sun had sunk and sky grown gray as

the crumbling walls around us. Troops of children from the adjacent village played hide-and-seek in the damp recesses of the ruin, making the vaulted archways echo with their shouts of merriment; and one or two parties of tourists also arrived on the ground, guide-book in hand. But all these had gone and left the castle to twilight and the bats and ourselves before we rose to depart. Sitting there in the silence, it was a strange delight to call up the past of the place, and view the picture of Kenilworth as Scott has painted it, against the sad-colored background of the reality. The grass has thickened to velvet in the court-yard and the tilting gallery, once trampled by the gayest of England's chivalry. The tower has sunk, stone by stone, to half its olden height; it was there the fair-faced Amy found shelter from the crowd of revelers, and fastened the note to her treacherous lord with a true-love-knot of her own golden hair. Ivy waves its banners of dark green on the walls once hung with richest arras, and within which Elizabeth and her court were wont to banquet. The light and life, the music and the glory, all have fled, and only the stark skeleton remains of the form whose visioned beauty beams from the page alike of history and romance. But the memory of Kenilworth, as it stood that evening with its ivied battlement rising black against the western sky, and night and loneliness sole warders on its towers, is one which can never fade from my mind.

From Warwick to Leamington, one of the most famous of English watering-places, is a charming ride of two or three miles. The place is worth visiting, as

a sort of offset to the ancient towns of England; for it is entirely a creation of modern times and modern wants. In fact, Leamington is not older than Buffalo, and almost its only architectural achievements are in the hotel and house line. The buildings are all of white stone, and the whole town looks as if it took a bath and were scrubbed three times a day, like most of its inhabitants, such a picture of neatness and cleanliness it is. I learned that Mr. Mason and a number of other extinet volcanoes of secession are cooling themselves off at the Leamington baths during the present summer. This is almost the equivalent of being ‘sent to Coventry;’ for the old town of that name is only nine miles by rail from Leamington, of which it is the very antipodes in every other than the geographical respect. We spent a few hours walking through the old-fashioned streets and looking at the churches of the ancient town. In the former, you may still see a few of the ‘fantastic gables’ which, ‘crowding, stared’ at the Lady Godiva when she ‘rode forth, clothed on with chastity,’ and ‘took the tax away.’ From a niche in a house wall at one of the street corners, too, there stares upon you a desperate-looking wooden effigy of ‘Peeping Tom,’ the ‘low churl’ who, on the famous occasion already indicated,

Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep’d—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell’d into darkness in his head,
And drop’t before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell’d a sense misused ;
And she, that knew not, pass’d.

Tennyson is popular in Coventry; for I saw his 'Godiva,' imprinted on finest silk and in various styles of ornamentation, exposed for sale at any number of the shop windows. . . .

We left Warwickshire, a country absolutely brimful of beauty and interest, with unfeigned regret, and bent our steps, or rather bought our tickets, thence to Derby. From the south of England to the Highlands of Scotland seems to be a graduated ascent, in achieving which you pass by gentle degrees from the richest of plains to the highest and sternest of British mountains. I should call Derbyshire the second step in this ascending scale. The hills which break nearly the whole of its surface are high enough to secure the most exquisite variety of landscape, yet they do not carry nature up out of the mood of perfect sweetness which is her true English wont. Down through the maze of the miniature highlands come the Dove and the Derwent and Wye, each creating for itself a valley in which it is bliss simply to breathe. We were in trim to do the country in the most advantageous style; for our baggage we had sent on from London, and our feet were a ready conveyance of which we made continual use. Thus, with our wardrobe on our backs, we tramped it through the dales of Derby, the wonderment of the 'pampered aristocrats' who occasionally drove past in carriages, and of the gaping rustics who gazed at us from the door-steps of a dozen villages.

The valley of the Derwent, from Derby to the little town some twenty miles north where we spent a night, is the loveliest landscape panorama of its kind I ever expect to see. The little river sings its way down

through a perpetually changing vista of green slopes and rugged steeps and cattle-dotted meadows, and ever and anon, from some remote nook of the hills, a cottage juts forth its picturesque gable in a manner which brings to one's mind all the poetic things that ever were written of love and loneliness. We halted our pilgrim feet one day at a village named Rowsley, in this romantic region, and enjoyed the coziness of a small hotel which is a very paradise for the weary traveler. Its ancient walls are covered with ivy and woodbine, its table-cloths are of spotless white, its bar-maid is as pretty as a girl in a picture, and everything about it and the little village it adorns is English, of the purest and neatest type. From this headquarters, a walk of a couple of miles took us to Haddon Hall, the ancient seat of the famous 'Peveril of the Peak,' and perhaps the best specimen of the old baronial mansion of England extant. The successors of Peveril inhabited the Hall till within a hundred and fifty years since; up to that time it continued to be the scene of just such rough but open-handed and jovial house-keeping as the ballads and romances associate with the English manors of olden times. Deserted it is now, and for the most part stripped of its once goodly furniture; but the tokens of its by-gone glory, and of the plenteous hospitality its masters were wont to dispense, meet you at every step over its massive floors. There is the great banqueting hall, with the very oaken table at which the baron and his retainers were wont to be blythe and gay; and they show you, too, the iron ring, suspended in a corner of the room, in which was inserted the arm of whoever proved recreant at his

cups ; for it was the cheerful usage of that day to pour cold water into the sleeve of him who was laggard in pouring sack into his stomach. In the bed-chambers of the hall kings and queens have sometimes slept. The costly tapestry, blanched and frayed by the windy gusts of many a winter night, still hangs on some of the walls. Here and there, also, an old portrait—of whom or by whom nobody knows—keeps its place in the panelled oak and glowers at you strangely as you pass. Rembrandt's darkest *oscuro* is not so dark as the shadow into which these nameless works of art are fast retiring ; but the pictured figures linger yet a little while on the very verge of invisibility, as if they were the rueful ghosts of the long-forgotten dead they represent. In sooth, a most sad and haunted place is Haddon Hall. I thought it had a look as if, one day long ago, in the height of its prosperity, its inhabitants had gone forth expecting soon to return, but, for some dark reason, had come back never, nevermore.

Very different is the princely manor of Chatsworth, to which, walking another four miles, we next directed our attention. Chatsworth is the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and is doubly celebrated from the fact that its magnificent domain was laid out, for the most part, by Sir Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, who began life and achieved his first triumphs as gardener to the duke. He died, by the way, only a couple of months ago, and is buried within the grounds his art has made Elysian. Nature and genius and boundless wealth have done their utmost at Chatsworth ; therefore, what profit is it for me to attempt a description of the fairy realm ? The palace

starts into view before you, miles away, across a park such as you see only in England, and through which the crystal of the Derwent glides. It is built on a green and sweeping terrace, behind which rises a rough and thickly-wooded mountain, and the view in every direction is such as poets see when they fall asleep thinking of Arcady. The interior of the palace is regal with art treasures. One of the picture galleries has upwards of a thousand drawings and sketches by Raffaelle, Titian, Correggio, Claude, Rubens and other masters, to say nothing of finished pictures from other easels. The duke's sculpture gallery is also rich enough for a nation to own and be proud of. It contains a colossal bust of Napoleon by Canova; and Thorwaldsen, Westmacott, Flaxman and a host of others are also represented in the collection by some of their best works. Leaving the house and entering its gardens and conservatories, new beauties and wonders meet the eye. The palm-house, a little section of tropical forest, life size, is finer than that which suffices for the astonishment of all London, at Kew. Passing up toward the foot of the wooded hill of which I have spoken, the visitor walks in a sort of realm of enchantment. He sees before him, for instance, what seems to be a dead, leafless tree standing in a rocky alcove, guarded by the sinister figure of a Grecian satyr. Suddenly, while he looks, from every twig and pore of the lifeless tree starts a jet of water; the whole alcove becomes a fountain, and the satyr smiles grimly at your astonishment, through the glittering veil within which he is so weirdly withdrawn. Again, you wend your way through a narrow passage among rocks and

find yourself at last in a grotto, the sole exit of which is closed by a huge, insurmountable rock. Against this massive portal you lean fatigued, when, presto! under the touch of your hand it swings upon an unseen pivot, and the path is clear again to new wonders. The crowning one of all these is the waterfall, constructed at immense expense, under the direction of Paxton. It starts from the beetling summit of the mountain, and, in a dozen magnificent leaps, reaches the base, where it disappears. Each of these cataract steps is contrived with consummate regard to effect. Now, the stream is a broad, glittering sheet: now, 'like a downward smoke,' it pours into rocky caverns, and anon it dashes in rapids past the base of ruins and beneath the trunks of over-arching trees. The same touch which thus makes the high mountain-side flash in an instant with silver light from foot to summit, also unlooses the secret spring of a score of fountains on the terrace below. One of these was first put in operation when the Czar Nicholas visited Chatsworth. It plays to the height of 260 feet, and is admitted to be the finest thing of the kind in the world.

I must hurry from Derby. The country of the lotos, like it, is 'a land of streams,' and somewhat of the spell which held the feet of the traveler in the former I seemed to inhale with the air of the latter. But I have to speak to you of Scotland yet, and that fact draws me on. Besides, the beauty of the hills and dales and waters and woods of Derby mocks me when I attempt to touch it with words. It is a something to be laid away for the sweetening of the springs

of thought in all years to come. Out of it, day-dreams of the future are to rise, making the soul smile with a sense of incomunicable happiness.

I said that Scotland was our immediate destination. Visions of its rugged border began to crowd upon me when we took the railroad again, and I am afraid I did but scanty justice to York, with its grand cathedral; to Durham, with its like glory; to Newcastle and all else that intervened between us and the Tweed. Of these, and a hundred other places of interest we visited in England, I leave the guide-books in undisturbed possession; and now, ‘Skoal, to the North-land, Skoal!’

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, August 15, 1865.

I was rushing northward from Newcastle-on-Tyne when I left you last, dear *Courier*, with my heart some distance in advance of the locomotive. I noted with satisfaction shortly that the country began to wear a cold and northern look, and betimes we caught a glimpse of the German Ocean, off the Northumberland coast, which was hailed as if it had been the face of an old friend. Soon Alnwick was passed, and Holy Island, with its ruined convent and Marmion associations, loomed by and by out of the rainy sea. Still we sped on, and at last the engine whistle shot rumors through the air of Berwick and the Border.

It may as well be bluntly stated, though the fact is not of public interest, that your correspondent had cause for approaching with peculiar emotions the threshold of North Britain. He came *back* to it, as the long errant child returns to the homestead of his fathers; and though it was as a stranger he came, that was not the fault of the wanderer's heart and memory, but the homestead's. Let this suffice as apology for what may follow.

We crossed the Tweed and were on Scottish ground, whirling towards 'the gray metropolis of the North.'

It was a Scottish sky that hung low above us, and swept with wisps of rain the chilly green of the still unripened fields; but I have seen a heaven of blue that was less beautiful than those cold clouds, for did they not hang over the land whose firesides are forever warm and bright? I scanned every yard of the road over which we sped; each brought with it some new revelation of Scotland. The very wayside weeds were not common, but wore a poetic bloom; for did I not see there the whin and the daisy, the thistle and the ‘bonny bush o’ broom’? And when at last a spur of the Lammermoors rose against the sky on our left, my eye rested with rapture on its treeless outline; for the purple of the heather was there,—that imperial hue which only thy moors and mountains may wear, ‘O Caledonia! stern and wild.’

The Firth of Forth sweeps grandly into view, with its rocky islets, and suddenly you are close upon Edinburgh; Arthur’s Seat, the very figure of a couchant lion, rises before you, the tawny warder of its royal gates. The train dashes madly into a tunnel, and you emerge to light in the heart of the most beautiful city in the world.

We have made Edinburgh our headquarters for some time past, and I have had, accordingly, full opportunity to compare the reality of it with the misty yet glorious dream into which a childish memory of it had grown. It does not disappoint, but fills me with fresh admiration. I wish I could convey to your untraveled readers even a glimmering idea of the unique and various and manifold beauties which make it stand alone among cities. As every one knows,

there is an Old and a New Town of Edinburgh. The former dates eight hundred years back; the latter, eighty; and the two are distinctly held apart by a long valley running east and west, formerly a wet morass, but now a long stretch of terraced pleasure gardens. ‘Auld Reekie’ proper lies at the south of this division; the New Town extends northward to Leith, New Haven and Granton, its ports upon the sea. Let me speak of the Old first. Towards its westerly edge looms up that grandest of artificial landmarks, the Castle, sitting on its rock, as Ruskin has it, like a strong rider on a mighty horse. Looking over the western battlements you see the deep foundation of perpendicular rock upon which the Castle is perched, a natural wall which never, but once, an attacking party attempted to scale. Within the fortifications the Muse of History contends with Mars for possession. There are the regalia of Scotland—the emblems for which kings were content to die and kingdoms were embroiled in generations of war—unused now and guarded only as a sort of sacred peep-show. Then there is St. Margaret’s Chapel, built to the memory of a Saxon Princess whose beauty became dust eight centuries ago. They show you, too, the room in which Queen Mary gave birth to the prince who first ruled over the united kingdoms of Scotland and England. Leaving these, and much else of interest, you issue beneath the portcullis and stand at the head of the long ridge which descends from the Castle rock at its easterly and only accessible side. That ridge is High street, and I defy Europe to produce a thoroughfare to match it in historical interest or the

dirty picturesque. For about a mile from the castle the old street shambles down the hill, its high houses on either hand a perpetual study to the antiquarian, until its nether extremity becomes a gateway to the royal Palace of Holyrood. Up and down the road, from the palace to the castle, kings and queens have passed: dukes and lords, and the yet nobler aristocracy of Scottish learning, have had their abodes in the houses whose quaint architecture you admire—in the squalid ‘closes’ and ‘wynds’ down which you peer with a shudder. Sauntering downwards you pass the old church of St. Giles, with that strange octagonal spire, beneath which the best blood of Scotland became ink to attest its fidelity to the ‘Solemn League and Covenant.’

Lower down is John Knox’s house, from the window of which the Thunderer of the Reformation preached to the populace the sublime doctrine of justification by faith. Halting, in fact, at any spot in the ancient highway, the eye lights on buildings glorious by association with splendid names, though reeking with the squalor of their present occupancy; and the very pavement is spread, in fancy, with cloth of gold, when you remember that dynasty after dynasty has passed over its stones into history,—that here the papacy led its olden pageants in the sight of the people, and anon the Covenanters marched in solid phalanx, chanting the psalms which served them alike for the kirk and the field of battle.

Rising grandly behind Holyrood, the grim *vis-à-vis* of Castle rock, is the naked height of Arthur’s Seat, with its ribs of perpendicular rock. The palace is

still saintly with memories of Mary, the Unhappy. Her rooms, with their antique furniture, are open to the visitor, and the dark stairway also is shown, behind the arras, up which came the nobles who dragged Riccio from the feet of the queen to his barbarous death. The Abbey of Holyrood, founded by David I. in 1128, is a noble fragment of early English architecture. Within its walls sleep three Scottish monarchs and a host of their nobles. Issuing thence, you are upon ground made as classic by the touch of romance as if it were the trodden path of history: for near by was the cottage of Davie Deans, and all around you is the scenery of the 'Heart of Midlothian.'

Let this single street suffice, of the Old Town. We cross the 'mound' which bisects, or the North Bridge which overarches, the dividing valley, and are on Prince's street, the principal one of the new city. This also runs east and west, on the easterly side terminating at Calton Hill—the Acropolis, as I have before termed it, of the modern Athens. The Hill carries its rocks and green slopes abruptly up from the street, and its whole surface is consecrated to monumental architecture and popular recreation. Crowning its height is the unfinished national monument, a literal reproduction, so far as it goes, of the Grecian Parthenon. Monuments to Dugald Stewart, to Nelson and to Burns are some of the further adornments of the Calton. The prospect from its summit is one to which no language can do justice. Looking westward is the vista of Prince's street, with the Scott monument rising fair and high at the left. Still further to

the left the Old Town rears its chaotic rampart of fantastic masonry; roof rising above grimy roof on the steep hill-slope, quaint turrets and steeples mingling among the chimneys of houses eight and ten stories high. In perfect contrast is the view upon the right, where the New Town is outspread, a map of regular streets and aristocratic squares, crescents and terraces, studded at a score of points with memorial pillars and statuary. No straggling fringe of plebian hovels defaces the borders of this patrician quarter; from the outermost street the eye passes instantly to gardens and green fields, and these again lead you to the far-stretching expanse of the Firth. Beyond the green of its islands and the blue of its wave, rise range after range of the Northern mountains, till the misty peaks of Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi impinge upon the far-off Highland horizon.

The country outlying Edinburgh to the south is a garden in point of fertility and beauty, and abounds in places full of romantic interest. For instance, a drive of ten miles, past Craigmillar Castle, a beautiful ruin, and Lasswade, the lovely village where the Opium-Eater spent his closing years, brings you to Hawthornden, a place famous in Scottish song. It was the classic seat of the poet Drummond, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the latter of whom made the journey from London on foot, and spent several ambrosial weeks with his Scottish compeer beneath the sycamores of Hawthornden.

Entering at a lodge gate, a winding forest-road conducts you to the deep and thickly-wooded glen at the bottom of which runs the little river Esk. The banks

of the glen are of precipitous rock, and so high that the rough song of the river, breaking over its stony bed, is softened to a musical whisper when it reaches the ear above. From the edge of a cliff descending sheer to the stream, rise the walls of the Drummond mansion, a retreat in the possession of which the poet might well have been the envy of all his guild. A mysterious system of subterranean passages, laboriously hewn in the solid rock, underlies the house, and the wildest of legends have naturally enough found an abode in a habitation as congenial as these caverns afford. One of them is shown as the retreat of Robert the Bruce, during one part of his romantic career, and the identical sword said to have been handled by the warrior king is still deposited in a chamber of his rocky hiding-place. From Hawthornden a path leads up the glen to Roslin Castle and Chapel, each of which ranks among the most interesting of Scottish antiquities. The road thither is a pilgrimage, all too brief, such as the lover of the beautiful can but seldom have the fair fortune to make. Fitly enough has tradition pointed to a spot in this exquisite glen, as the place where the queen of the fairies was wont to hold her court. Even in this prosaic age it were not possible, I think, to see the twilight fall upon the rocks and trees, of the valley, and to hear the river's soft soliloquy, without yielding to the spell and sinking half asleep, to see again the fairy scenery of a 'midsummer night's dream.'

But I must close abruptly, for we are off again, upon our second tour of exploration through the Scottish Highlands. Of all the wonders and beauties of that region, I shall, of course, be garrulous.

AYR, SCOTLAND, *August 28, 1865.*

Here, in the heart of the land of Burns, and fresh from the land of Scott, I cannot choose but defer the notes of our Highland ramblings I had proposed to give you, and speak, in the meantime, only of the pilgrimage we have at present in progress.

Less than a week ago we alighted at the quiet little town of Melrose, about forty miles south from Edinburgh. Unfortunately for its solemn dignity, the Abbey—who has not read of Melrose Abbey?—is literally encrusted with the buildings of the village to which it gives a name. On one side, only, the grave-stones of its old kirkyard make a feeble stand against the encroaching brood of houses which elsewhere crowd up to its very walls. It was evening when we made our way into the monastic inclosure, a bright-looking Scotchwoman, well ‘up’ in the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ being our guide. She showed us the stone on which Sir Walter sat while he composed part of his poem, and, one by one, the various points of the scene with which he has made the world familiar. There was the huge slab beneath which the wizard, Michael Scott, was laid, when William of Delorane came to disturb his rest. Another stone marked the spot where the heart of Robert the Bruce, which a Douglas vainly tried to carry to Palestine, at last was deposited, in holy land enough. The graves of King Alexander II., and of many a good knight, ‘tender and true,’ of the Douglas name, were also pointed out to us. The twilight deepened as we loitered amid the splendid ruins and above the tombs, and it seemed to me that

the place could scarcely have worn so grand and befitting a gloom by that ‘pale moonlight’ which is prescribed for those who would ‘view fair Melrose aright.’ The peaks of the Eildon Hills, which were said to have been riven into triplets by the might of the wizard before mentioned, stood over us, black and bare, on one hand, and from the other direction the low sound of the Tweed, murmuring among its rapids, came up like an articulated voice of the romantic past, in whose monumental shadow we walked enshrouded.

Next morning we drove, three miles, to Abbotsford, with the history and general features of which everybody is sufficiently familiar. Sir Walter seems to have studied, in its erection, to make it, to the greatest extent possible, suggestive of the by-gone day he so gloriously illustrated. Its picturesque approaches and castellated architecture harmonize delightfully, both with the scenery and traditions of its *locale*, while its interior is a perfect mosaic of rare antiquities. The armory, the library and, connected with the latter, Sir Walter’s study, are the principal apartments of the house shown to visitors. All these are kept precisely in the order his taste dictated, and his living presence seems to have been only momentarily withdrawn from the home he loved so well. In the study, especially, where his chair keeps company with his long-used desk, and his favorite books lean from their shelves as if to meet his hand, it is hard to think that the life of Abbotsford is fled forever. But there, as you turn round, is the cast which was taken of his face after death, and the picture is one which brings you with a shudder to a realization of the fact. There, too, speaking of death

with equal eloquence, are the last clothes he wore—the broad-brimmed white hat, the green coat with large buttons, the shoes and the staff—all laid aside and disposed with funereal precision under the reliquary glass. The apartment in which Sir Walter died is now used by the family of his successor as a breakfast-room. The urn on the sideboard is a massive one of silver, sent to the author of ‘Waverley’ by Lord Byron, from Newstead. In all parts of the house are exhibited the costly gifts by which, in this way, the great and famous, and even royalty itself, testified to the mastery of the genius of Abbotsford. Sir Walter’s library is a beautifully furnished room, containing some twenty thousand books, and commanding a delicious view of the Tweed, by which his lawn and woods are watered; but I was somewhat surprised to find that his study possesses no such inspiring advantages. It is small and but poorly lighted by a single window, which permits no outlook; so it would seem that the great writer, in his mental workshop, chose to shut himself in from the charms of natural scenery, and sought silence and solitude and gloom as the background against which his wizard imagination painted the pictures which have delighted mankind.

Five miles from Melrose, in an opposite direction from Abbotsford, is Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried. The ruins, in the last state of dilapidation, are half hid among the trees of a valley around which the Tweed winds and curves and makes music, as if loth to leave so sweet a spot. Huge, isolated fragments of the richly sculptured walls are almost all that remain of the once princely abbey; and only what is called

St. Mary's Aisle, where the dust of Scott is entombed, is sufficiently well preserved to aid the fancy in reconstructing the mouldering pile. Yet I could not help feeling that the place was the most happy and fitting one I had seen in all Scotland to be the resting-place of Scotland's great son. The brown and weather-worn masonry inclosing his sepulchre is inscribed with the fading memorials of a history which he called up from the dead and clothed in immortal garments of living romance. The ivy, darkly luxuriant, is omnipresent among the ruins, springing, like the sturdy plant of his own minstrelsy, out of the mould of buried ages, and like that, too, crowning with freshest life and beauty the shrines of Border legend and tradition. Into the cloistered precincts, moreover, Nature looks, with her cheerfulest, loveliest face; for trees wave in the wind within, as well as around the ruin, and grass and flowers have covered all the pavements. So that Dryburgh is but, as it were, the casket in which the treasure is laid, while casket and treasure are both held lovingly in the clasp of the Tweed, and in the deep shadow and shelter of its valley bosom.

In the aisle with Scott are buried his wife and eldest son, and also his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. The latter died in 1854, and I am reminded by the mention of his name that, within a month past, one of his few remaining literary compeers, Prof. Aytoun, has also deceased. Death has made terrible ravages of late years among the bright literary men of Scotland, and I doubt whether there has been a time in a century past when her literature was represented by so few eminent names as at present. Thomas Carlyle still

fulminates from London ; Alexander Smith is writing occasional prose sketches ; the genial Country Parson is to the fore, and the author of ‘ Rab and his Friends ’ is also, though too rarely, to be seen in print : but, besides these, what living names of note are to be called in the tale of Scottish literary men ?

After leaving Dryburgh we visited several places of note within a circle of ten or fifteen miles therefrom, and at last took the railway south for Dumfries, bidding a reluctant good-by to the land of Scott. I call that his ‘ land ’ in which his bones are laid, but, sooth to say, the whole of Scotland is Scott-land. His pen has been ubiquitous throughout its length and breadth, and a thousand lochs and hills and streams are classic now, because his wand of romance has been waved over their thitherto nameless and unnoted beauty. The fiction of Scott has more to do, in creating interest for the country abroad, than the fact of Scottish history.

But the scene changes with us. The Teviot and ‘ Teviot’s mountains blue ’ are left behind ; the Liddel, famous in Border chronicle, is crossed and recrossed, and the train sweeps southward still, over long stretches of heathery moor and treeless hill, till at last the marches are traversed, and we are in England again. A distant glimpse is vouchsafed of the Solway firth, and we stop anon, for a few hours, at Gretna Green. I was curious to know how the immemorial trade of this hamlet flourished, and discovered on inquiry that there are still several obliging inhabitants—an inn-keeper, a shoemaker and a blacksmith, I think—who hold themselves ready to make runaway couples happy,

for a consideration. The law has only drawn this slight check on the operations of Gretna, that the gentleman of the couple aspiring to matrimony must have been for a few weeks previous a resident on Scottish soil. This granted, the blacksmith may forge a set of connubial bands as lasting as those iron ones he beats on his stithy, and as binding as any that are locked by the key of St. Peter.

At Gretna Green we, of course, recrossed the border into Scotland, and an hour or two more of railroading brought us to the old town of Dumfries. We chose thus to enter the hallowed land of Burns at the point where the tourist naturally leaves it; for it was at Dumfries the poet died, and there he lies buried. Our first walk was to the tomb, which is a plain dome, inclosed with glass, erected in the kirkyard of St. Michael's Church. A statue of the bard, in marble, by Turnerelli, stands above the grave, and represents him giving audience, at the plough, to the Genius of Poetry. The face is heavy and lifeless; not at all to be compared with Flaxman's or Nasmyth's portraits, the latter of which is the favorite here, where a traditional memory of the poet's appearance still survives. Under the same canopy with the great dead rest his wife—'bonny Jean'—and two of his sons. One of these it cost the poet many tears to bury. He was but two years old when he died. The brother of this little one was *seventy*, before he came home to the family resting-place. Two sons of Burns are still alive, officers in the British army. They are old men now, and visit with increasing frequency, I was told, the town which holds so much that is dear to them,

and where they doubtless expect ere long to be permanent dwellers. One of them, a freemason whom I met on the street informed me, was not long since initiated in the Dumfries lodge with which his father, while resident there, was affiliated.

The bright-eyed Scotch lassie who was our guide in the kirkyard took us into the kirk and set us down in the pew occupied by the poet till his death. They make a gross mistake who suppose that Burns had no respect for the outward forms of piety. He was a regular attendant at St. Michael's, and, I doubt not, was less of a hypocrite in this expression of reverence for religion than scores who sat with him. It made me smile, however, when I noticed a huge pillar in front of the Burns pew, by means of which the occupant, if he so wills it, may keep the pulpit in total eclipse as regards himself. I believe wild Robie has alluded to this pillar somewhere in his works.

A street curving away from the kirkyard gate is called Burns street now, for at the foot of it, in a very plain-looking two-story stone house, the poet lived while prosecuting his uncongenial calling of 'gauger' in Dumfries and the neighborhood. Here, also, his widow continued to live for more than thirty years after the day which made all Scotland mourn. Some seven or eight miles north of the town is the farm of Ellisland, the last which Burns tenanted, and where he wrote some of his finest poems and songs. We did not stop there, but, after exploring Dumfries pretty thoroughly, pushed directly north to the homely little village of Mauchline, in Ayrshire.

About a mile out from this village, along a rather

bleak country road, is Mossiel, the farm which Burns and his brother Gilbert rented on the strength of the small proceeds of the poet's first publication of verse. We walked thither and found the place almost exactly as Burns himself has described it. The house is somewhat improved, but the loft above the stable, where Burns slept, or rather did not sleep, but lay and coined the precious gold of his heart into song, is still almost as he left it. The present tenant of Mossiel is an honest, courteous farmer named Wylie, who was working in his harvest field, in the very foot-prints of his immortal predecessor, when we called. Here, at last, I began to see Robert Burns in my mind as a real man. Over yonder hedge was the field whose furrows he drew, when the nest of the mouse and the bloom of the daisy disappeared beneath the sod to reappear in deathless song. Yonder were the hills and the trees that had bounded his vision day after day, year after year, even while he touched the secret keys that were to make music through all the world. I sat down at the rustic door he had so often entered, weary and soiled with labor, and truly for a time, I know not how long, I actually expected, as if in a dream, to hear his foot approach me, to see his face, to meet his dark and glorious eye. Oh, it is bitter, bitter, to wake from such a dream and know that death laughs at your yearning fancy.

The dirty little hamlet of Mauchline became naturally the scene of a number of Burns' creations. The kirkyard, a jumble of grave-stones round a plain little church, gave him a theater for his 'Holy Fair,' and it was in Poosie Nansie's dark and whisky-scented hostelry

that the ‘Jolly Beggars’ held their uncouth carnival. The good woman’s house is still in capital repair, and the same business is vigorously carried on by a later Nansie, whom I imagined to be not unlike the poet’s original. ‘Auld Nance Tinnock’s’ house is also in nearly as thriving a condition as when daft Robin falsely bragged of enjoying its hospitalities nine times a week. We found Mauchline in the highest state of excitement at the time of our visit. There was the corner-stone of a new school-house to be laid, and the Masonic lodges of several villages were out, drawing after them such a wondering crowd of rustics as probably does not throng the Mauchline streets once in a jubilee. The procession, with its bands and banners, and its followers and on-lookers, formed a scene such as Burns would have loved to turn to songful account, or Hogarth to place on canvas. As ‘the merry Masons came marching along,’ my eye quickly caught sight of a banner which would attract attention in a bigger town than Mauchline. It was that of the St. James Lodge of Tarbolton, the mother lodge of the poet, which was out in full force for the occasion. On conversing with some of the Tarbolton brethren, I found them fully alive to the luster of their connection with the bard, as indeed their banner attested, with the portrait upon it, and the quaint motto, ‘We’re a’ gey proud o’ Robin.’ But not even the oldest members had any recollection of their great brother, and indeed I was assured that no one now survived in the neighborhood who remembered having seen him in the flesh. Mine host of the Black Bull, where we stopped while in the village, told me he

remembered Gilbert, Robert's brother, very well; but, he added, 'I dinna mind Robin ava; I canna mind Robin.'

From Mauchline we drove eleven miles across the country to this place:

Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.

All the way over, we found foot-prints of the poet. There was Coilsfield, the 'Castle o' Montgomery,' in the song, where first the poet met his Highland Mary, and where the twain, bending over a running stream, took that holy vow of constancy, which Burns did not break on earth, and which Mary kept in heaven. 'Ye banks and braes,' he sang—

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !

That tender adjuration, addressed to nature by nature's own poet, the banks and braes and streams have not ceased to heed. It surely was not fancy which made the green haugh leading up to Montgomery seem the abode of a richer summer than reigned in the common woods. The trees *did* wear a lusher green, and the sod *was* brighter with daisies than elsewhere: nor do I deem it idle to believe that over the place the skies pour balmier air and sprinkle a rarer dew, for Robin's sake.

Further on, and away to the right of the Ayr road, we passed Tarbolton, the village where Burns started a debating society, and which also is classic by associa-

tion with his poetry. Lochlee, a mile from the village, is another farm on which he toiled for bread, while the gods were brewing him nectar. We crossed the Ayr Water by the new ‘brig,’—the ‘auld brig,’ which dates some centuries back, being a little way up the stream, to our left. It is a pleasant walk of two miles to the south, to the cottage in which the poet was born. On the way thither, before leaving the town, the wayfarer passes Wallace’s tower, adorned with a statue of the hero, and also the famous Tam o’ Shanter inn, the veritable house where Tam and ‘souter Johnny,’ his ‘ancient, trusty, drouthy crony’ were wont to be ‘fou for weeks thegither.’ The chairs and drinking cups of these worthies are still kept for the use and comfort of visitors. The road to the cottage remains almost identical with that along which Tam took his memorable ride, and point after point of the route may be noticed and identified by aid of the almost preternaturally vivid word-painting of the poem. To ‘the auld clay biggin,’ in which Burns first saw light, some additions have been made, but the walls of the original building do service yet, and the interior is furnished and arranged much as it was a century since. Two rooms, a kitchen and sitting-room, constitute the original house, and a recess in the former is pointed out as the precise place of the poet’s birth. The cottage and building superadded are now occupied as a country tavern or ale-house, and comprise one large room, set apart for the meeting of the Burns club, of Ayr and Alloway. Notwithstanding this seemingly illegitimate occupancy of a sacred place, I could not see that it suffers from ill-usage or neglect. The inn-

keeper is an enthusiast on the subject of Burns, and has treasured up carefully everything that has come in his way calculated to preserve or glorify the memory of the bard. So it is not an unpleasant or freezingly formal reception which is met by the long and unceasing procession of pilgrims to the Scottish Mecca. They enter the dingy but strangely attractive little tap-room and sit down on the wooden benches together, patrician and peasant, man of letters and man of the loom or plough, and in a cup of the poet's own 'barley bree' the old toast is drank in silence, while eye flashes to eye more than words could express of the thought which burns, a pure and common flame, in the hearts of all.

From the cottage the visitor proceeds to the roofless ruin of 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk,' in the yard of which the poet's father is buried, his grave being marked by a stone and epitaph, the latter of Burns' own composition. If any doubt as to the veracious character of the history of Tam o' Shanter's adventure linger in the mind of the pilgrim, it must vanish when he sees, with his own eyes, the window, now walled up, through which Tam viewed the infernal revel of that famous night, and, a few hundred yards off, the identical "auld brig o' Doon," toward the keystone of which his noble Maggie pressed with Cutty-sark at her rump, and the screech and holloo of the whole devilish pack in her ears. It is fitting that in this vicinage should have been chosen the site for the chief of the monuments by which his countrymen have striven to pay tribute to Burns' memory. At the foot of the beautiful grounds by which the memorial is surrounded

flows the ‘bonnie Doon,’ while through the trees you catch a glimpse both of the brig and Kirk Alloway. Within the monument are gathered some interesting relics of the poet. There is the Bible he gave to his Highland Mary at their last parting, the writing on its fly-leaf still testifying to his love and adjuring her to constancy. Two rings are there also, one containing a strand of her flaxen hair, the other enshrining a dark-brown lock of his. ‘There is a life in hair, though it be dead,’ wrote Leigh Hunt of the lock he held, from the sainted head of Milton; and no less it thrilled me to think, as I looked at this relic of Burns, that what I saw was in very deed a part of his once living self.

But I fear my prolixity is running far ahead of the *Courier's* patience. Let me say farewell to Burns among the banks and braes of bonnie Doon, where perhaps the sweetest aroma of his genius is felt to linger. We walked away up the classic stream, following foot-paths that were fringed with the flowers he loved and has pressed within every leaf of the book of his minstrelsy. ‘Fresh and fair,’ in good sooth, shone the green river slopes, and the ‘little birds’ were chanting responses to the murmur of the water, as cheerily as when they warbled in his ears a mirth his heart was too weary to share. If the bosom of earth ever warms into sympathy with the human interests of which it is the scene, then I wot that in this sylvan valley is a seat of her sharpest sentience, and the bloom and the beauty of the braes of Doon are the language in which Nature still speaks her tender love for the memory of her true lover.

GLASGOW, September 8, 1865.

We are lingering in bonny Scotland, dear *Courier*; for it is hard to turn heel on the beauty of Scottish mountains, loch and glen; on the music of the Scottish speech, on the warmth of Scottish hearts and homes. But the day of our departure from all these draws nigh, and I must perforce attempt to gather up a few of the many notes I have made of our wanderings in this dearest of the Old World lands. Having already traversed with you some portions of the south country, I shall in this letter try to say something of the Scottish Highlands.

There is 'a lady in the case' with the tourist, as a general thing, when he makes his first approach to Caledonia Peträa; for it is through the far-famed Trosachs he wends his way, and the reputed haunts of the Lady of the Lake are apt to be his prime objective point. To reach this route, from Edinburgh, for instance, you take the railway west to Stirling, a sort of royal sister of the royal metropolis, with a castle perched upon a rocky summit, and a wreath of historical associations about her figurative brow, almost as interesting as that which Edinburgh wears. Within sight of Stirling Castle is the field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of Scotland, to which the Scot still haughtily refers when the argument becomes close between him and the Southron. From Stirling the rail wends on to Callender, a village which nestles at the very gateway of the mountain region, and whence the coach starts, in old-fashioned style, for the north. Had I written immediately after our journey through

the Trosachs, I might have waxed enthusiastic over the beauty of the rugged pass, but I know it now as only the outer court of the mountain temple, whose inner recesses hold a thousand scenes of far surpassing grandeur. The tourist's path, however, is interesting enough, for it is that up which Fitz-James pressed his gallant steed to the death, and by which he returned, under Roderick's guidance, until the chieftain stopped him with—

This is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

The Ford is now marked by some mason work connected with the great engineering achievement by which Glasgow is supplied with water from Loch Katrine, the aqueduct being forty miles long. The mountains loom around you as the coach swings onward, and first they lift to your view the gleaming surface of Loch Vennachar. A mile or two further on and you see how

The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue ;
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand ?

That verse, for some occult reason, had sung itself in my ears ever since childhood, and it was pleasant, I vow to you, thus to have come from ‘foreign land,’ and alighted by the brink of the lovely loch, to see its silver glitter through the water in one’s eye, and to own that its loveliness and its sweetness are Scotland’s

and Scotland's only. Between Lochs Vennacher and Achray is the 'Brigg of Turk,' where, in the long stag-hunt of the peerless tale, 'the headmost huntsman rode alone.' We halted here and took our first peep at the interior of a Highland 'sheiling,' or hut, near by. It was presided over by a huge old woman, known to the country wide as 'Maggie Ferguson,' who sat by the peat fire, amidst surroundings of the most primitive description, and within easy reach of a jug of 'mountain dew,' the consolations of which she shared with her Sassenach visitors.

The Pass of the Trosachs opens its portals of rock, and suddenly you stand at the foot of Loch Katrine, with 'Ellen's Isle' not many bow-shots from the shore. The water is crystal-clear, and the duplicated heaven sleeps and wooded mountains hang their reflected heads far away down its bosom. A little gem of a steamer conducts the tourist to the head of the loch, where there is coach again to Inversnaid, a point on Loch Lomond. It is worth a journey hither to experience the sensation of Highland coaching. The roads are as fine as can be made over a surface which sometimes varies its levels by hundreds of feet within a mile of onward distance, and the Gaelic driver cracks his whip above three or four horses, whose normal gait is a swinging gallop. High up on the 'outside,' of course, you sit, and your point of view commands, with a distinctness frightful to weak nerves, the ups and downs of the mountain road before you. Now the vehicle is winding painfully, by terrace above terrace, toward the summit of a heathery steep, and anon it plunges, with a wild lunge, toward the bottom

of a valley which has lain for hours, like a picture, far beneath your eye. Now a roll of the coach reveals to the outsider that the edge of his narrow road is the crest of a precipice, at the foot of which a mountain torrent rumbles, and again it is the top of a tall fir forest which borders his winding path with gloom and mystery. It was down one of the most stimulating of these Highland roads that we came, reeling like a ship in a storm, to the brink of Loch Lomond, the queen, in my opinion, of Scottish lakes. And, sooth, for so fair a view as she presented, one might well have risked a real instead of seeming danger to his neck. From Rob Roy's cave to a tourist's station named Tarbet, a distance of six miles, we rowed upon a pellucid deep, which mirrored all, and more than all, my ideal of Highland scenery. Sometimes it was the green of enchanted forests which stretched to the water's verge; sometimes the mountain wall, mossy or bare, dipped sheer into the wave. The whole scene is circumvallated by the hills—a perfect chalice half-filled with crystal; but the infinite variety of form and hue which marks this universal background prevents the landscape from giving a moment's impression of monotony. There are long slopes of radiant emerald, and rugged heights sublime in heathery purple, and, lording over these, cliffs and peaks that lie naked to the wind forever. Over all, as we glided down the loch late in the summer afternoon, the sunlight poured kaleidoscopic warmth and beauty. The majestic Ben Lomond rose from the water on our left, and on his head the luster of the sunset remained, like a coronet, long after his lowlier companions had put on the raiment of twilight.

I do not expect to see the day die in Switzerland more gloriously than it did that evening when I watched its fires go out upon the mountains above Loch Lomond.

A walk of two miles brought us to Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, another beautiful lake, where we halted for the night. I ought to say that our experience of hotel life in the Highlands, and indeed throughout Scotland, has been quite agreeable. You feel at home at once in a Scottish inn, and in the remotest regions you may count on provender which is delicious to the tourist, if not good enough for the gourmand. Every article brought on the table is fresh, and seems to have been prepared for the guest individually, rather than served to him out of rations cooked by machinery for a regiment, as is generally the case in the *hotel Americaine*.

Allow me to follow the details of the tour upon which I am now entered, as it is a sample of several in the course of which we have pretty satisfactorily explored the Highlands. From Arrochar, then, we took coach, twenty miles, around the head of Loch Long, and again around and to the western bank of Loch Fyne, where stands Inverary. This route leads the tourist through Glencoe, one of the wildest glens of Scotland. For at least ten miles not a tree, and scarcely a shrub, is visible, as the coach labors up and up to the high end of the glen. It had rained heavily, however, the night before, and the hills were not wearisome to the eye, though bare of foliage. Over their rugged sides, as we passed, a hundred cascades were dancing, some thin as a single thread of silver, some

broad and boisterous as an infant Niagara. The rocks fairly glittered in the sunshine with the water thus pouring from their heights, and at times a young cataract could be seen for almost a mile, feeling its way at first among the lofty erags, and at last taking the perpendicular path to the valley by leap after leap of strong and exultant progress. Up the glen, which echoed with the loud song of these torrents, we pursued our way, and at last reached the rocky seat where Wordsworth penned a sonnet, and which well deserves its poetic name of ‘Rest-and-be-thankful.’ From this halting-place the pilgrim overlooks the whole valley and a surrounding sea of mountains, the rocky swell of which sinks away into white distance. Loch Fyne shortly after gleams out of the heart of the hills before him, and a long drive around its wooded margin brings him in sight of the Duke of Argyll’s seat, Inverary Castle. ‘God bless the Duke of Argyll,’ is a proverbial Scottish expression, and from all I could see and learn he deserves this popular benediction. His beautiful woods and grounds at Inverary are open and free as air to the people, and he lives in state not a tithe so showy as many a shoddyite or devotee of petroleum. Perhaps the fact that we came suddenly upon his two daughters—fair-haired little Highland beauties—as they sat milking one of a herd of cows, helped still farther to give me a kindly opinion of his Grace.

Inverary is a village prettily strewn along the bank of the lake, and inhabited mostly by the sturdy mariners who contribute the famous Loch Fyne herrings to the world’s table. We left it by steamer one bleak

morning, and had a taste of ‘the dark and stormy weather’ which not seldom visits the Highland lochs. Landing at a point on its eastern shore, we mounted the coach once more, and a ride of twenty miles along the banks of Loch Eeh, and through a region abounding in fine examples of the desolate picturesque, brought us to the Firth of Clyde, at a watering-place high in Scottish esteem, named Dunoon. The Clyde is unquestionably the pride of Caledonian rivers, from its headwaters to its mouth. Five and twenty miles up its stream from Glasgow occur the famous Falls of Clyde, which we visited and were constrained to admire for the exquisite beauty of their arrangement and surroundings. Cora Linn, the largest of the falls, is a picture, with its ruined castle and its frame of rock and tree, which an artist could not have composed to more delicious perfection. The valley of the Clyde for twenty miles below this spot is also a panorama of gentle loveliness. Then and thereabout the river begins to have work to do, and the limpid, laughing birth of the forests and the glens winds into the great, dirty wilderness of Glasgow, to be tormented with innumerable tasks of human setting and polluted with a defilement unutterable. Miles of ship-building yards line its shores as it passes onward, and render a half-atonement for its wrongs by the grace and fame of the structures they launch upon its wave. The tide also comes up to its assistance, and below Glasgow it fairly recovers its claim to be called a beautiful river. It widens to fair proportions, and by and by it is a glass in which Scottish history stands reflected; for Dumbarton rock and castle rise proudly out of its deep, with mem-

ories of ‘Wallace wight’ clinging still to cliff and turret. Lined with villas and villages of villas are its shores as it still sweeps downward to the sea, and the merchant fleets of the world have their representatives on its wave. Then it passes Greenock, receiving a fresh infusion of filth and affording the needful element for other miles of ship-yards. But river and ocean are mingled in the broad firth ere this, and it winds, a very salt-water Mississippi, between banks populous and beautiful as the stream is majestic, until it opens, away among the western islands, upon the sea. It was up this noble estuary we steamed, from Dunoon to this city of half a million inhabitants. The powerful and well-built boat which bore us was designed, some one told me, for a blockade runner; and one or two others of like parentage, I believe, are now doing an honester duty on the Clyde than they were intended for. We stopped at noisy, dirty Greenock just long enough to cast a glance at the spot in the grimy old city kirkyard where Burns’ Highland Mary sleeps, so cruelly far away from the scenes with which her name is interwoven. I thought of his grave beside Jean Armour at Dumfries, and of the place upon the braes of Doon where locks of his hair and Mary’s are clasped together with gold, and the gloomy heart of Greenock where I stood grew mournful to my eyes, as well as dirty.

OBAN, SCOTLAND, *September 14, 1865.*

The hotel in which I sit is perched about half-way up from the sea-shore to the summit of a high green hill, the first of a range of such which stretches indefinitely eastward. Beneath me, and to the very ocean-edge, a village about the size of Black Rock is sown broadcast, and that is Oban, which is beginning to be known as a sort of metropolis of these Highlands. Here the efficient steamboat system of a private firm in Glasgow, by which the whole north of Scotland has been opened to the traveling world, finds a convenient center, and from here also coach routes radiate to all points in the romantic interior. The mountains of that interior form the foreground of the picture on which I gaze, while far away to the horizon rise the blue peaks of a dozen islands, which help to form the Hebridean breakwater of North Britain. Winding between these islands the ocean gleams, and far southward, where for a space there is open sea, I can almost descry the shores of the Emerald Isle, to which our steps to-morrow will be bent. Let me tell you briefly how we came hither, and my shabby attempt to speak of Scotland will have concluded.

A week ago we started north from Edinburgh to Dundee. The latter place is, next to Glasgow, the largest manufacturing and commercial city of Scotland. Up the river Tay, some twenty miles, is Perth, famous alike in the history of Scotland and the fiction of Scott. The fertile and song-celebrated ‘carse of Gowrie’ lies to the south of the town, while off to the north a few miles is the hill of Dunsinane to which the wood of

Birnam paid its memorable visit. Still north of Perth, and also on the beautiful and solemn-haunted Tay, is Dunkeld, the suburbs of which are skirted by that same Birnam wood, while the shadow of the Highland hills may almost be said to darken its streets. Dunkeld indeed lies at the gateway of the mountain region, and the sweet wild way in which it nestles in its place makes many a tourist linger. Near the village is a seat of the Duke of Athol, the grounds of which embrace the ruins of Dunkeld Cathedral and also some exquisite scenery. ‘The Hermitage,’ which everybody visits, is a romantic little property of the duke’s, in the vestibule of which you are confronted by a life-size picture of Ossian. While you are looking at this, the guide suddenly makes a sliding-door of it, and a lovely view of a cascade, hitherto unseen, opens full and wide from your very feet. In the burying-ground of the cathedral I saw the grave of the last of the unhappy family of the Stuarts, a general in the British army, I think he was, who died only a few years ago. The lineal descendant of ‘bonny Prince Charlie,’—there went to the dust in his coffin a strange epitome of a long and mournful story. Broken hopes, high but fruitless endeavor, chivalric trust on the prince’s part and devotion to the death on the people’s—all these are enwoven with the vivid colors of the tartan of the Stuarts, and the memory of them will endure while the Scottish mountains have echoes. Victoria Guelph has had no soldiers who have carried her standard with more unflinching valor, in all lands, than the Scottish Highlanders; but to this day the songs that fire their sturdy hearts to the charge are

those which breathe loyalty to the departed dynasty. Hand and foot of the Gael will mark time to ‘God Save the Queen,’ but all his soul leaps up and sings in the chorus of ‘Cam’ ye by Athol,’ or ‘Charlie is my darling.’

Our route from Dunkeld lay due north as far as the thrifty city of Inverness, in reaching which we passed through point after point of surpassing interest to all who care aught for Highland scenery or associations. Our first stage was the fine little village of Aberfeldy, which Burns chanced to irradiate with one of his little off-hand bursts of song, known as ‘The barks o’ Aberfeldy.’ The ‘barks,’ or birches, gleam white here and there along a deep and densely wooded glen, down which, in three successive falls, comes the little river Moness. ‘Wild and sweet’ are the words I must use again, if I am to say anything of this exquisite glen of the birches. It was a puny stream which flashed in spray beneath my feet, but as I watched it, now breaking into rainbow and sunshine high up among the cliffs, now curving darkly at the bottom of green gulfs of richest foliage, I could well believe my old Gaelic guide when he told me of some neighbours of his, who had gone to America but had been forced to come back to Aberfeldy to be cured, by the sight of the hills and the sound of the waters, of the homesickness which was eating away their very hearts.

From Aberfeldy we made a détour, in a hired conveyance, of some twenty-eight miles, taking in some fine scenery on the River Tummel, and emerging upon the railroad line again by the famous Pass of

Killiecrankie. This tangent gave us hill, glen, wood and waterfall in such variety and profusion as are known only in the Scottish Highlands. One bit of the road, especially, remains in my memory—where we gained a water-shed towards which we had been toiling about five miles. The view from the summit was one of mountains, of mountains only, and mountain desolation. Hills lay beneath and around and behind us; and away as far as eye could traverse still they rose, range beyond range, till the clouds joined the line of the horizon, mimicking the mountain shapes and repeating the universal hues of rock and heather. The Pass of Killiecrankie is a fine wooded glen, at the north end of which the clans, in one of their closing struggles, won deathless renown by putting to utter rout the army of William III. Their leader was Viscount Dundee, who fell at the verge of victory and in whose honor a stone still stands, marking the place where he received his death wound. We touched the monument reverently and walked on to a good dinner at Blair Athol; not, however, before we had put ten good miles behind us in a helter-skelter foot-race to see the falls of the Bruar. These also have been visited by the genius of Burns, and it was in response to a petition which he quaintly put into the mouth of the descending stream, that one of the dukes of Athol many years since planted the adjacent slopes with trees. Who will say that the days of Orpheus and miracles are past, after that?

But I must needs hurry on, as fast as locomotive may bear me, to Inverness, noticing only that the dark and ‘blasted heath’ stretching drearily to the horizon,

about six miles from the town, is Culloden. It was upon this black moor that the light of the house of Stuart went out in blood. A few green trenches still mark the spot where

Mony a gallant Hieland lad
Lay bleeding on the lea.

At Inverness the tourist finds himself upon the Caledonian Canal, a public work which literally bisects Scotland, giving water communication from the Atlantic to the German Ocean. A chain of lakes slanted seductively along the basin which is now traversed by the canal, and the British government, at the beginning of the present century, saw its opportunity and embraced it. Three forts, George, Augustus and William, were built and garrisoned along the line, and did much to reduce the clans to order and subjection to southern law; the daylight of civilization let in among the mountains by the engineers, however, did much more. The forts are now, I believe, ' honorably discharged from service'; the canal does continual and active duty. Loch Ness, a sheet of water twenty-four miles long and not much over a mile wide, is the first of the lakes entered by the steamer from Inverness. The scenery all along is magnificent, the mountain wall on either hand being broken in the most picturesque fashion, and turreted here and there by fine old ruins and substantial castles of modern date. The Fall of Foyers, said to be the finest in Britain, is also near the lake shore and is visited by the steamer's passengers *en masse*. Notwithstanding its fame, it did not delight me as much as others I had seen. . . .

From Loch Ness the steamer passed into Loch Oich, and thence into Loch Lochy, the three lakes together contributing thirty-seven of the sixty miles of inter-oceanic communication. With every mile of the route new beauties of landscape sweep into sight, and you have the exultant sensation of being in grand society, as mountain after mountain—each with its wild Gaelic name—comes up and unveils before you its scarred and venerable face. I have a grudge, however, against Ben Nevis, the most Titanic of the Ben brotherhood, for, as we steamed down towards his neighborhood, where we had hoped to stop and try the ascent, the vast bulk of him hid itself in a dense wrapping of mist, from which only his great rocky knees cloudily emerged. Thus rebuffed, we were fain to debark at Corpach, the southwestern terminus of the canal, and at Bannavie, a mile farther on, take steamer again down Loch Linnhe. The ocean rolls freely into Linnhe, which is, in fact, rather an arm of the sea than a lake, and we felt accordingly the familiar Atlantic roll as we bowled southward, the highlands of ‘dark Morven’ on our right and the legendary land of Lorn at the left of us. It grew dark before the voyage was over, and the high, steep shores of island and mainland took shapes even more fantastic than nature gave them, as we sat on deck, watching them rise and recede and listening to a Highlander who translated to us the poetry of their wild Gaelic names. At last, from shore to mid-mountain glimmered the lights of Oban, and here we landed.

It was no matter of indifferent moment to us that the next morning dawned calm and cloudless, for the

voyage to Staffa and Iona was before us, and the tourist to these parts usually has a large amount of stock in the weather. We started early and were soon steaming up toward the Sound of Mull. The trip to Staffa comprises the entire circumnavigation of Mull, which, by the way, is one of the largest, and, so far at least as coast scenery goes, one of the finest of the western islands. Shortly after leaving Oban, we were vouchsafed a glimpse of Dunstaffnage, a gray ruin which was the seat of Scottish monarchy for a millenium before the days of Wallace. Beneath the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey the visitor is shown a black square stone, upon which the sovereigns of England have been crowned since the reign of Edward I. It was stolen by the English from the palace of Scottish kings at Scone, where, from the middle of the ninth century, it had been guarded as a *sine qua non* of kingly investiture. But centuries before that dim date the stone of destiny had its sacred site at Dunstaffnage, and with it there abode the scepter and the glory of Scotland. What histories might be writ could the gray walls have a voice that still breast the wind and the western sea on the rocky promontory of Dunstaffnage!

But I dally again. A delightful sail through the Sound of Mull, and then the long swell of the Atlantic once more. We had scarcely turned the corner of the island when the rocks everywhere began to assume all sorts of weird and unusual forms, premonitory of the miracle at Staffa. How, out of this most adamantine of material, to work out her maddest architectural fantasy, seems to have been the thought.

of nature, in piling up the bastions of this coast against the thunders of the Atlantic! We pass a chain of little islets, throughout whose arrangement the same fantastic idea appears to run, and at last the high oval of Staffa looms through the summer haze. Landing on the sheltered side of the rock, amid a surf which makes small-boat navigation troublesome for the ladies of the party, we clamber round the island until fairly upon the basaltic pavement skirting its base. A pavement it is, and yet not a smooth one, for the polygonal pillars which crop out of the sea have been snapped off at various heights, and sometimes the path is rather up and down a succession of stone staircases. You hop along on the pillar tops, however, until the song of the cave, grand and unmistakable, bursts upon your ear, and the Gothic archway of the cave's mouth, high and magnificent, opens before and above you. Everybody is familiar with the pictures of Staffa and its principal cavern, and in the main they convey a correct enough idea of the place. At the first glance, I was a trifle disappointed, both as to the height and length of the cavity; but, when I clambered away into its shadow, that feeling quickly vanished. A narrow and broken ledge on one side of the basaltic wall is the path by which the visitor feels his way inward. I crawled to the end of this and then turned and stood, with sight and hearing strained to catch the full grandeur of the scene. The common and inevitable figure of speech by which the Cave of Fingal is depicted as the pillared nave of a vast natural cathedral comes nearest of any to descriptive truth. Seventy feet

high at the entrance, the groined and massive archway stretches more than seventy yards back from the sunlight and the sea. Ranges of gigantic pillars, jointed and hewn with more than human art, form the walls, and the blue wave and white foam of ocean are the floor of the solemn temple. One may imagine, although he may not hear, the anthem of thunder which sounds when the tempest enters in as a worshiper and proclaims the omnipotence of the temple's Architect. It chanced when we stood within that the sea was nearly at its calmest, and yet the shout of the surge, as it rolled in and out of the cave, was music the most awfully grand I have ever heard. Especially when the ocean sucked back its wave, there burst from every recess of the place an orchestral peal of sound, the effect of which is simply indescribable. A sea of glass, mingled with fire, shone in our faces as we turned at last from the gloom of this temple not made with hands to the sunlight of the outer world. God pity us if we came not out with reverent and awe-struck thought of Him whose name is sounded by the sea and echoed by the rock forever, in that dim and solemn oratory of the ocean!

The island of Staffa is about a mile and a half in circumference, and on the rich pasture, which lies as a sort of entablature upon its pillars, a number of cattle are brought to feed. No tree grows and no human being dwells, however, on its surface. I walked round the edge of the precipice with which it everywhere breasts the sea and caught some fine views, from my high stand-point, of other caves hollowed by the waters in its sides. The Gaelic boatmen danced us again

through the surf, and, once more on board ship, we steamed away southward for that other wonder of the Hebrides, the island of Iona.

A village, comprising a church, a school-house and a score or two of fishermen's huts, skirts the shore upon which, thirteen hundred years ago, Christianity alighted to establish one of its most sacred and important retreats. It is known that, in the year 565, St. Columba, 'the dove' of the early church, brought over to Iona from Ireland a spark of the pure flame, and by him and his followers, the Culdees, the holy fire was fed and spread until all Scotland lay bright, by comparison, beneath its light. A strangely interesting cluster of ruins remains to attest the truth of these annals of Iona. There are fragments of the walls of a chapel and of a nunnery, and the ruins of a cathedral, of later though undetermined date, still stand four-square to the winds of a wild and desolate coast. Long after St. Columba had rested from his labors, Iona came to be regarded as peculiarly hallowed ground, and for a thousand years it was a cemetery for all who were able to bear the expense of such happy burial. The graves of some forty kings, Scottish, Irish, Danish and Norwegian, are among those said to lie beneath the stones of the ruins, and the ground for quite a distance round the cathedral is literally paved with long illegible tablets of sepulture. Not Rome itself, it seems to me, can furnish to the Christian historian a more deeply interesting study than these sculptured hieroglyphs, fast fading beneath the vandal feet of the tourist, present. As I stood by the lonely sea-shore strewn with these precious memorials, I could

not help thinking that Christendom has almost entirely overlooked what should be one of its most sacred shrines of pilgrimage. Not religion only, but learning, science and the arts, nestled among the rocks of Iona, as within an ark, for hundreds of years before the waters of paganism and ignorance had ceased to cover a half of Europe. And now the islet which made for itself such a history is a desolation, haunted by sea-gulls and the children of fishermen.

To-morrow, I have said, we bid good-by to Scotland. She has used us well, and gratitude as well as truth impels me to say at parting that she is a wonderful little country. Over one-half of her acres, nature has sown but the scanty turf which keeps the mountain sheep alive; and yet, somehow, out of the rock and heather, like the warriors of Roderick Dhu, a powerful and prosperous people has sprung, the impress of whose character is felt in every quarter of the globe and in almost every ramification of recent history.

Forty miles of coaching will take us to-morrow to the head of Loch Fyne: thence there is steamboat to Glasgow, and from Glasgow we 'steer our bark to Erin's isle,' where you will hear of us in time.

IRELAND.

LAKE HOTEL, KILLARNEY, *September 24, 1865.*

A week ago this morning we landed at Belfast and began our running tour through the Emerald Isle. Up to this time we have been mercifully preserved from arrest as American Fenians, and now I am set down on the banks of the loveliest lake in the world, to attempt in a letter what ought to be told in a volume. Before I say anything of the painfully interesting condition in which we have chanced to find Ireland, let me write up briefly our notes of travel. It was a Sunday morning when we debarked at Belfast, and accordingly our opportunities for seeing much in that city were limited. It contains some fine public buildings and handsome streets, and also a great number of buildings and streets not so handsome. The whole territory on which it stands belongs to the Marquis of Donegal, who must draw an immense revenue from his one hundred and thirty thousand tenants; more especially as the town is the only one I have seen in Ireland wearing the look of prosperity which springs from manufacturing industry. The linen manufacture, of which Belfast is the center and which represents a capital of something like five millions sterling, must be a thriving one, judging from the palatial structures built by the

leading firms for their city offices. In the streets we first saw specimens of the 'Irish jaunting car,' the name of which in Ireland is legion; for there is not a street or a road, low or high, over which the national vehicle may not be seen, at all hours, driving like mad. The driver is a character, too, with whom it will always pay to get into conversation.

We left Belfast by rail for the north, and were soon speeding through the level and fertile fields of Antrim, and away by the margin of Belfast Lough to Port Rush. This latter place is the station for tourists bound to the Giant's Causeway, and there accordingly we stopped. A car drove us along the wild and singular coast of which the Causeway is only one wonderful feature. It would seem that the same Plutonic formation of rocks, which I noticed as embattling the west coast of Scotland, extends under the sea to the north of Ireland. First, after leaving Port Rush, the visitor is shown the White Rocks, a calcareous cliff in which the sea has wrought a score of fantastic arches and caves. Next is Dunluce Castle, an extensive ruin of uncertain date, which overhangs the sea like an eagle's nest, and has as many legends clinging to its gray turrets as there are sprigs of ivy. Seven miles from Port Rush begins the Causeway neighborhood. Clambering down to the sea-side, we took a guide and boat, and rowed for several miles close by the remarkable rocks of the shore. The boat enters one or two caves, where the song of Fingal is repeated within strangely beautiful halls of the sea's excavating, and, soon after, the basaltic formation juts its tiers of columns boldly from the high and precipitous coast. It seems that Fingal

was an Irish, not a Scotch, hero, his name when he lived at home being Fin McCoul, and for his especial delectation the Causeway and its grotesque surroundings were arranged. Accordingly his fame is coupled with nearly all the prominent features of the coast. He has a loom of gigantic structure among the basalt; the pillars of another place form his organ, and so on. The Causeway, the two ends of which (at Staffa and the north of Ireland) now alone are visible above the sea, he constructed for his own use when he crossed over to administer a drubbing to a Caledonian giant. It is not wonderful that fable has fastened itself on the cliffs of such a coast, for, as the boat glided past, every minute showed us some new and weird feature in the face of the rocks. Fire, I doubt not, was the giant architect of the scene, and water has wrought for untold ages to perfect the igneous design.

Between the two, this part of Ireland has been made to wear such a front as, I should think, would frown the courage out of the painter who ventured to portray on canvas its dizzy height, its deep and awful shadows, its colossal and abnormal forms. The guide told me, however, that his boat had recently held the easel of Stanfield, who came to make studies for a picture of the coast. The same eicerone had a book containing the names of several Buffalo parties whom he had convoyed at the Causeway. We landed there at last and had a full view of the world's wonder. Three breadths of gigantic turnpike, formed by the exposed ends of basaltic pillars, slope from the base of the cliffs into the sea and form the Giant's Causeway. Each pillar—there are forty thousand of them some leisurely person

avers—presents a surface as sharply cut as if the chisel had finished it, and each is fitted to the sides of its neighbors with mathematical precision. Pentagon, sexagon and septagon are the prevailing figures in the pilastered pavement, and each column, besides being detachable at its sides from the rest of the mass, is also found to be in blocks of a few feet in length, the perfect alternate concave and convex of the joints being an additional nut for the geologists to crack. I bid farewell to the Causeway with the remark that it swarms with visitors, who are as much a prey to the guides and photograph venders as is the summer tourist at Niagara.

From Port Rush we traveled westward along a coast retaining much of the bold and fantastic in its character, until we struck in, by the beautiful margin of Lough Foyle, to the ancient town of Londonderry. Derry is to Ireland what Chester is to England; both are walled towns, and in each case the walls seem to make a harbor for history and curious interest. Unlike most cities by the water-side, Derry is built on a commanding hill, the older part being on the very summit, while the walls of immense thickness, with their gateways and towers, sweep completely round the edge of the hill's declivity. The history of the famous siege, sustained by the town and its Protestant inhabitants against Lord Antrim's Catholic army in 1688-9, is still plainly marked upon the face of old Londonderry. A skeleton, betokening the condition to which the besieged were reduced before their relief, figures on the municipal coat of arms and a fine Doric column on the summit of the hill commemorates the heroism of the clergyman,

George Walker, who acted as a sort of warrior prophet throughout the terrible defense. The cathedral, which served as a fort in the stormy siege, is still in good preservation, and in the churchyard is a monument erected over the dust of the ‘prentice boys’ who took the responsibility of cutting red tape and shutting the city gates in the face of the Catholie army. To its credit I noticed that the city is jealously restoring and preserving the walls which did it so good service. I do not remember listening to a more interesting bit of narrative than that imparted to me as I walked round the town on their top, in company with a citizen who, with true Irish courtesy, went far out of his way to tell me the city’s story and point out to me the localities with which it is associated.

Taking the railroad south, we journeyed through a fine and tolerably well-farmed country, past Strabane and Omagh, to Enniskillen. At the latter town, we had begun to emerge from the region of Ireland which is marked by the tokens of comparative thrift and prosperity. The farms appeared to grow smaller, the houses degenerated to huts, the horses were minified to fearfully small and dejected-looking donkeys.

The people everywhere met us with a smile and a kind, cheerful word, but I could see that it was in the face of extreme poverty they kept their light hearts. But the country continued surpassingly fine and fertile-looking. Here and there we passed a peat bog, the Irish substitute for a coal mine; but, aside from such breaks, as far as the eye could reach in all directions, we saw miles and miles of what should be the most productive agricultural country in the world. Ennis-

killen is situated on the river which connects the upper and lower Loughs Erne, and it is altogether a fair specimen of the worst class of Irish towns. The Lough having a fame for beauty only second to that of Killarney, we procured a boat and were rowed through some charming scenery. A visit to Devinish, a green but treeless island on the lower lake, we found especially profitable. It had been at one time—twelve or thirteen centuries ago—a notable religious center, and the ruins of sainted edifices now sinking among its luxuriant herbage make the ground still sacred and sought for as a cemetery. The island also contains a very perfect specimen of the mysterious round towers, which are to be met very rarely in the north of Scotland and very frequently throughout Ireland. . . .

It had been our purpose to take the railroad from Enniskillen directly south to Killarney, but we found the system of connections prevailing among the score of little Irish roads so execrable that we were forced to abandon this intention and seek a route to the lakes by way of Dublin. Accordingly we traveled to Dundalk and thence across the historic Boyne Water at Drogheda to the metropolis. As we stayed but a night in Dublin and intend to return thither shortly, I shall say nothing of our impressions of it now. The hundred and eighty miles lying between it and Killarney are studded with points of interest, but unfortunately that interest is more linked with the past than the present of Ireland. . . .

Passing through the county of Limerick, we crossed a stream called the Awbeg, which is associated with a more recent stratum of history in a way of which I

had previously been quite unaware. An insignificant looking runlet it is, and it flows through a flat, dull country; but on the banks of this Awbeg, three hundred years ago, Edmund Spenser lived and wrote his immortal ‘Faerie Queen.’ The castle and estates of Kilcolman were granted him by the English crown, and for twelve years his home was here, remote from the gaieties and turmoil of society, but glorious, nevertheless, with a court of chivalry and faery of which his regal fancy was creator and king. The spot is still pointed out, in the shadow of the alders which droop at the stream’s margin, where the poet sat with Sir Walter Raleigh and poured into the ear of so noble a listener the new-born music of the Spenserian stanza. The close of Spenser’s residence in Ireland was tragic enough. For some reason, it happened that he incurred the resentment of his wild neighbors, and they wreaked a barbarous vengeance by setting fire to his castle. A beloved child of the poet perished in the flames, and the horror so preyed upon his mind that he went back to London to die there, it is said, of a broken heart.

It was late at night when we landed here, and so dark that, from the front of the hotel, we could only hear the ripple of the Killarney water, and see against the sky the dark outlines of a castle ruin between us and the lake. We woke next morning in the midst of a landscape the sunniest I have yet committed to memory. The Killarney lakes are triplets, strung together by streams of romantic beauty, the lower lake being by much the largest of the three. Excepting at the lower end of the last, the whole region is

mountainous, and the charm of the scenery consists in the infinite variety of view afforded by the bold surroundings of the lakes. Thickly-wooded slopes alternate with bare overhanging crags along the shores, and the purple sides of the highest mountains in Ireland are the grand background of the picture. Again, each of the lakes is studded with the sweetest and wildest of islands, and each of the islands and every point of the shores are clothed with legend and poetry as with verdure. Here and there, too, the gray or ivy-vestured side of some mouldering ruin peers through the foliage, and it is the arbutus, wearing at once its ruddy fruit and waxen flower, which makes a mirror of the wave as you glide in your noiseless boat toward the shadow of these haunts of elf and fairy. On Ross Island, in the lower lake, stand the walls of The O'Donoghue's ancient hold, toward which, in the misty dawn of the May morning, once in seven years the chief still rides, the hoofs of his snow-white steed making no dint in the crystal of the lake. For a brief hour then, as he approaches, his old-time mansion rises up out of its ruins, and is gay and bright and populous with clansman and horse and hound as of yore. The departed race of fairies return also to rejoice in the re-advent of the long-dethroned monarch, and there is 'the raal ould time' of merriment and splendor among the woods of Ross, until the sun peeps over the top of Mangerton and a wreath of the rising mist above the trees is all of the revel that remains unmelted into thinnest air.

'Did you ever see him cross to the island?' I queried of the ancient mariner who rowed our boat.

'I did, sir, wanst,'—with a solemnity that forbade even smiles.

Near neighbor of The O'Donoghue's isle is that 'sweet Innisfallen' to which Moore sang so soft a farewell. It is strewn with the ruins of an abbey which was prosperous twelve hundred years ago, and the grave of St. Finian, the builder, is guarded by a huge tree whose roots are clasped like human arms around the sacred cavity. On the adjacent shore Mucross Abbey hides its hoary age among the trees. A more picturesque ruin can scarcely be imagined than this, and its interest is enhanced by the tombs of the dozen or more of renowned Irish chieftains and kings who slumber within its precincts. Almost within hearing of the abbey, the Tore waterfall thunders over high rocks and in the shade of bosky and luxuriant woods. Nature does nothing beautiful anywhere of which she has not given a sample at Killarney.

The excursion to the Gap of Dunloe is commonly the first undertaken by the tourist. The Gap is a rough and wild glen, hewn through a wall of high mountains to the west of the lakes. Leaving vehicles at its entrance, you proceed on foot over the rocky pathway and immediately are at the door of a classic mansion ; for here once dwelt Kate Kearney—

O, did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney ?

She lives by the Lake of Killarney.

From the glance of her eye
Such arrows do fly—

But the arrow business has not been continued by her granddaughter, who now lives in the Kearney

house, and who met us with unctuous smiles and a bottle of bad whisky under her arm. The whisky brings me to mention a prominent institution of the Killarney neighborhood, namely, the girls who make a living by dispensing goat's milk and mountain dew to thirsty tourists. No sooner does the traveler approach the mountain retreats of these spiritual ministrants, than they are to be seen hopping over the rocks towards him by the score. I wish I could copy the photograph I have in my pocket of one of these fair mountaineers. Bare-footed and bare-headed, agile as the animal whose milk she carries, and in a costume as picturesque as it is primitive, the *colleen* of Killarney should attract the instant attention of the artist. More by token, her eyes perhaps have a wicked light in them, and not impossibly, too, the training which makes the chamois graceful has not made her altogether the reverse. At all events, with her two bottles of milk and malt by her side, she falls into the ranks and marches with you till you reach level ground again. Sooth to say, however, her whisky is wretched stuff. She calls it *potheen*, but that rare and precious elixir is now, owing to the zeal of the Irish constabulary, almost a thing of the past—a fragrant, smoky memory, recalling which old topers smack their lips and sigh.

The girls gathered thickly round us and we formed a queer-looking procession as we clambered up toward the narrow apex of the Dunloe pass. How wild at some points the scenery is, I need not describe to those who have seen the blue-light splendors of the ‘Colleen Bawn;’ for the scene of that stage favorite, if I remember aright, is partly laid in this very Gap. By

the black brink of just such mountain tarns as the melodrama depicts, and under the black lee of overhanging mountain walls, we held our way, and it added not a trifle to the flavor of the thing that we had for our companion the bright-eyed little *vivandiere* of the hills who is reported to have sat for the ‘Colleen Bawn’s’ portrait.

With the party of us from the hotel had come a bugler, and the purpose of his coming was deliciously proclaimed before we had gone very far. When he first hid himself in the rocks and sent a bugle run of alarm among the Killarney echoes, I thought I could cheerfully barter away all possible luxury of *seeing*, to have that luxury of *hearing* repeated and prolonged. It was not—it could not be—a mere echo which rang again, again and yet again, far off among the hills, in answer to his call. No! too spiritually, too wildly sweet to be of earthly origin was the sound. It came from happy valleys away in the secret heart of the hills; it was the music of a realm where sin and sorrow are not, where joy and beauty are immortal. Note for note, indeed, of the earthly strain, the fairy orchestra repeated; but that which went out tame and common melody came back with power to pierce and thrill the heart with unutterable yearnings. At times it seemed that the wild antiphony was played over and over at one point only in the remote mountains; again the answer sprang as if from stations wide apart, where elfin buglers had been set to make the solitude enchanted. But all this, and how that magical echo-music dies, in the heart and on the hills, has it not been written, as it never can be again?—

O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

The ‘Bugle Song’ must have been conceived at Killarney. Nor is it only the bugler who plays hide-and-seek with the echoes there. We were climbing round the rough margin of the classic tarn into which, according to history, St. Patrick plunged the last of the serpents, when suddenly our ears were assailed with a strain the strangest and most inexplicable I ever heard. It seemed to issue from some cave on the opposite side of the water, and might have been the mystic chorus of a company of Druids, assembled there to celebrate, heaven knows what unheard-of rites. The solution of the mystery, however, was an old Irish piper, who sang his song and worked his primitive wind-bag only a few yards from where we stood.

Arrived at the end of the Gap we began to descend, passing the mouth of a gloomy basin, to which the natives give the name of ‘Dark Valley,’ and soon reaching the margin of the upper and smallest of the lakes. Here we took boats and rowed the length of the three lakes home. How we glided through rocky labyrinths and among happy islands ; how the bugle woke new ecstacies of sound to echo on the fairy shores and faint on the fairy deep ; how at last the sunset faded into purple on the hills—all this will be remembered, though it cannot be written.

DUBLIN, *September 29, 1865.*

I was among the Hesperides of Killarney when I left you last, dear *Courier*, and thither, almost in spite of myself, I return. I am going to take high ground in beginning this epistle; so imagine us, if you please, nearly three thousand feet above the sea's level, on the top of the mountain called Mangerton. One hour and a half's hard climbing brought us to the desolate and windy summit, and we had our brief but sufficient reward. Beneath us lay the lakes, set like amethysts in the midst of a wilderness of mountains whose sides the sunshine covered with tawny gold. Far off to the west an arm of the Atlantic glistened through a vista of the hills, and northward, southward and eastward, Ireland lay beneath us, a map of beauty tinted with every shade of her own emerald. That was a minute ago. Just then a great surge of mist rolled up and broke on our mountain-top, and lo! we seem to be sitting on a little barren island with only a great white ocean tossing around and beneath us, everywhere. It is a queer and motley group which is thus suddenly islanded. An inconceivably dilapidated bugler is the central figure, and beside him crouches an old woman who has carried the burden of at least seventy years to the peak of Mangerton, with the double purpose of gathering some herb which St. Patrick blest and of converting her flask of mountain-dew into cash. Around these cluster a dozen of the *colleens* I tried to describe in my last, one of the number being a real little 'Arrah-na-Pogue' for beauty and readiness of wit. It is high out of reach of the constabulary and its

informers they are, and you ought to see how the genuine, unrestrained Irish sentiment and humor and eloquence gush, in consequence. Commend me to these wild, untutored children of the mountains for the possession of the raw material out of which are made the poet and the orator. Could I but give you the rich and racy phraseology, the sparkling epigram, the quaint fancy, the curious humor which mingle in this mountain discourse upon Ireland and her polities and America and hers, you would not have patience to listen to another oration of the schools. They sing for us, too, rough and barbarous, yet musical ditties of the time when Ireland was a nation and had a tongue of her own. The whole scene is a revelation, amid the mist, of the feelings and character of the Irish poor—and that means the Irish people—such as I have not had, perhaps could not have, elsewhere.

We groped our way downward past the Devil's Punch-bowl, a tarn twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, and at last got below the stratum of mist and into the sunlight again. Enough of Killarney—which I shall remember perhaps as much for the chance it gave me to mingle familiarly among its inhabitants as for its own surpassing loveliness. It was there I first learned how much is admirable in the make-up of a genuine native of Erin. Ready, pleasant wit, warm imagination, a gracious speech and manners—I found these existing in regions where the school-master is always abroad; and I found, too, that not the most utter poverty is able to crush out of the Irish heart its kindliness and perennial sunshine.

Taking the railroad from the lakes as far as a place

called Charleville, we mounted a jaunting car and drove at a helter-skelter pace twenty-five miles across the country to the old town of Limerick. The district through which we passed was one of great fertility and great poverty. In one or two of the villages there had been mills, once, and manufactories, but these had been abandoned for years. Except where some great land-owner had built his seat and beautified his grounds, there was everywhere, about the fences and buildings, a broken-down and seedy look. Beggars met us on the roads and did not need their voluble tongues to plead their distress. I noticed that all through central and southern Ireland agriculture is rapidly being abandoned and the land turned to pasture for cattle. This measure, it is alleged, is almost necessitated, partly because the humidity of the climate is unfavorable to grain-growing, but more, I judge, because the soil has been exhausted by bad farming. At all events the necessity is a misfortune; for the tilling of the soil must give employment to forty for one who will be needed when the land is turned to grass. And it is a significant fact, which will not, I think, be denied—that though Ireland is now in great part a cattle-raising country, the majority of her laborers do not see butcher-meat on their tables once a month.

But to return to the road. Passing here and there a farm-house, a mud-cabin, or a *shebeen*, we at last come to Limerick. The lordly Shannon runs through this ancient town, its most ancient and now most wretched portion being built on an island in the stream. It has a cathedral, built in the twelfth century, and also a ruined castle of the reign of King John. The modern

town is handsome and regular, a statue of O'Connell looking down one really fine and noble street. Still more to its credit, it has some manufactures; for Limerick lace and Limerick gloves are famous. Our purpose was to get upon the Shannon and follow its stream up as far as Athlone. The river, however, for some distance above Limerick, is unnavigable on account of rapids and shallows; so we proceeded to a little town, fifteen miles up, called Killaloe, from which point a small steamer departs tri-weekly. After a comfortable night at the Killaloe inn we took to the water. We had not above half a dozen fellow-passengers on board. One was a young Irish girl going to service at Athlone, whose eyes were red and wet a long way up the river, for she had parted with her sister on shore and had never been away from home before. Another was a strapping Irish boy who had fought all through our war in a New York regiment, and was now going back to make his old mother crazy with joy in her cabin up the Shannon. It did me good to see the soldier of the Union meeting one and another of his old friends as we progressed on our way, and to hear how he discoursed to the groups which gathered round him, eager to hear of America. Be assured the States did not suffer from his descriptions, and when he touched on American statistics his arithmetic was something dumfounding. I may as well state here that America is the land of promise of the Irish poor. The reason other millions do not go over to join the millions gone before them, is that they cannot raise the bare five pounds each to pay the *per capita* passage money. I know of one poor fellow

who had the twenty gold dollars sent to him by his brother in New York, and the very day it came he started. He had no coat and not a cent of money to pay his way to a sea-port or buy his provisions for the voyage. ‘How are yez goin’ to get to Cork, Paddy?’ queried one of his neighbors. ‘Fut it, be jabers!’ Paddy cried, and so off he set from County Limerick to Cork, his shirt-sleeves fluttering in the wind and his heart singing pæans. . . .

We reached Athlone, once a strongly fortified town, which figured prominently in the stormy period of Irish history succeeding the battle of the Boyne, but did not find much to induce a prolonged stay in its neighborhood and so came hither directly. I have a few more notes of Ireland to give you and will keep them till my next.

DUBLIN, *October 1, 1865.*

One might almost forget, after a few days in Dublin, that he is still within the borders of that ‘most distressful country’ of which the Fenian ditty pathetically speaks. The population of the city is not much over a quarter of a million, and at last accounts I believe was rather diminishing than increasing; but it is a cheerful, flourishing and altogether metropolitan look which Dublin wears, nevertheless. Sackville street, though totally different in appearance from the London Regent street and the Edinburgh Prince’s and George streets, is considered by many to be as fine as any of these. . . .

Dublin Castle is a rather chaotic and not very war-like or interesting pile of buildings, comprised in which are the state apartments and chapel of the Lord Lieutenant. Better worth a visit is the Cathedral of St. Patrick, an immense structure, the foundation of which was laid in the twelfth century, on the very site where had crumbled the ruins of a similar edifice built by the patron saint of Erin himself. It has recently been restored at a cost of £150,000 by Mr. Guinness —him of the ‘XX’—a man as generous as his porter and universally beloved. One rather expects to see the altars of Catholicism in *the* Cathedral of St. Patrick, but of course it is the English Church which holds possession. Among other reminders of this fact are the two marble slabs, side by side, which mark the resting-place of Dean Swift and poor ‘Stella.’

Dublin and the Exhibition are synonymous terms with tourists at present, and, with everybody else, we visited the latter. . . .

But, if the Exhibition were ten times as splendid as it is, its charms would not, in the eyes of a true Dublinité, eclipse those of Phœnix Park. A drive thither and therein is the grand thing in every holiday programme of the citizens. The park is indeed a magnificent one, finer, in some respects, than even the Hyde Park of London. It covers an area of nearly one thousand eight hundred acres; so that you may drive a whole day and almost lose yourself within its sylvan limits and among its roving herds of deer. Its whole extent, too, is open to horsemen as well as pedestrians; for these islands, unlike torrid America, produce a turf which it is all but impossible to tread bare, and I have

yet to be met, in any of their public parks or grounds, with the familiar exhortation, ‘Keep off the grass.’ The Phœnix forms the beautiful boundary of Dublin on the west; but both north and south, as well, a brief drive takes you through lovely suburbs into a fine and interesting country. The sight of the Wicklow mountains, lifting their rugged outline against the southern horizon, drew us to spend a day amidst the wild scenery of County Wicklow. We entered the county at Bray, celebrated for its accommodating ‘vicar,’ and proceeded by rail some thirty or forty miles south of Dublin to a station named Rathdrum. There we chartered a car, and a drive of a few miles took us to the scene of the ‘Meeting of the Waters’ in the poetic vale of Avoca. I have seen two streamlets become one in many a wilder glen than this, and where nature lent to the wedding far more of scenic pomp and circumstance; but, recalling the soft charm of the place now, I am not inclined to gainsay what the muse has sung of it. The rustic bridge, the quaint inn by the roadside, the long valley with its luxuriant woods, the glimpse of the gray towers of Castle Howard, the music of the mingling waters—no, Moore was not very far wrong when he linked his sweetest melody with the name of Avoca. We followed up the course of the Avonmore, the largest of the two waters, passing through the romantic vales of Clara and Laragh, to the spot where the latter opens into the still wider vale of Glendalough. In this glen, as its Irish name indicates, there are two little lakes, and between the two are ‘the Seven Churches of Glendalough,’ a group of ruins, perhaps the most interesting in Ireland. Al-

most gloomy in its solitude and picturesque desolation is the place ; yet here, when the present era was young, learning flourished and the crescent faith of the far Orient found a home. The founding of the seven churches, whose uncouth ruins strew the valley, is attributed to St. Kevin, an ecclesiastical star of the dim sixth century, the date of whose death is still commemorated among the country people by what is called a *patron*. On the day of the ‘*patron*’ there is a queer gathering among the ruins, and many a devout knee is bent among the moss-grown stones, while as many more are crooked to the music of the jig and the inspiration of fun and whisky. A gray mystery among the mouldering churches, stands one of those ‘round towers,’ of which I have before spoken. Long before Christianity was, if we are to believe some antiquarians, the Druid priest was wont to ascend to the top of this strange edifice and greet the first gleam of the sunrise, visible from its height, with a welcome to the god of his idolatry. The seven churches have crumbled, but the tower of Baal is as solid as a rock on its foundations still.

The upper lake at Glendalough is a perfect gem of dark and savage beauty, and is the scene of volumes of unwritten legend and tradition. It is that, if we may trust the poet.—

. . . whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er;

and in a perpendicular cliff overhanging its wave is the famous ‘bed’ of St. Kevin, a hollow in the rock to which the saint is said to have clambered in order to

esape the importunate attentions of a fair country maiden, named Kathleen. I can testify that the ‘bed’ must be a difficult place for crinoline to assail; but the story has it that Kathleen followed her obdurate affinity even thither; and further,—

Ah! you saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock
Hurls her from the beetling rock,
Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen’s grave!

But I must hurry away, even from the manifold charms of County Wicklow. I have said, perhaps, too much about the beauties of Ireland, when her miseries furnish to the letter-writer at present so much the more salient a theme. Sooth to say, however, it would take a wiser than your correspondent to speak dogmatically on this subject, and I have no intention to frame a formidable bill of indictment of the authors of Ireland’s woes. This much I can aver with confidence: that Ireland *ought* to be rich and happy, and she *is* poor and wretched. The country is as fair and fertile as any the sun shines upon, and the population is dwindling away amidst its fertility. . . .

I anxiously look forward to the dawning of a happier day for the Green Isle; but it seems to me the gentle processes of peace, rather than those of war, must be relied on to hasten the time. The growth of a public sentiment which will compel the Irish aristocracy to a liberal and helpful treatment of their tenantry; the gradual working of that leaven of republicanism which is making itself felt even in the most despot-ridden

parts of Europe, and the increase of industrial prosperity which must follow—these are among the influences which must yet render the Irish as happy, under an equal government with their Saxon neighbors, as are the Celts of Scotland or of Wales. Of nothing has my little tour, now terminated, more thoroughly convinced me than of this: that your true Irishman is the most easily happiness man in the world; that half the light which suffices to keep the gloom of discontent from other peoples, will make sunshine for him and his. Poor Erin! I would like to see her portrayed on canvas as her image rises before me now. Young she is, and passing fair; though her beauty is dashed with tears and her youth shaded with trouble. Her garments have drops of blood upon them and stains of mire, but they shine perennially green and glorious, despite of all. In her eyes, perhaps, dwells the secret of her strangely mingled character. You may see in them at once the sparkle of the ray of mirth and the liquid dark of sorrow. Quaint humor dances in their light, and the gleam of a joyous fancy ever and anon visits them. But, while she smiles and turns her face to the sunlight, you can see that there is a great pain upon the heart. And so she stands, hopeful and cheerful and smiling with a harp in her hands, whereon she plays the gleefulest music, but ever in a minor key.

SOUTHERN FRANCE.

NICE, *January 14, 1866.*

I think it was somewhere in the Bay of Dublin I sank, about three months since, from the *Courier's* view. Behold me now emerge on the shores of the Mediterranean. The heart of France, in which we have passed this intervening time, gave us much to see and think about, but nothing of which I cared to write at present; and it was really only when we began to approach her borders that I felt my ancient garrulity return. It was cheerful, in good sooth, to find one's-self sweeping southward with the arrowy Rhone, over a road which has been one of History's highways ever since she made, with him of the Commentaries, her memorable march from Rome into Gaul. Not to be forgotten was the day we journeyed from ancient Dijon, with the long ridge of the Côte d'Or for hours and hours on our right, and saw how the sun basks upon its stony terraces and secretes the purple juices of Beaune, of Chambertin, of the choicest vineyards of Burgundy. That other day was a white one, too, when we packed up our souvenirs of Lyons and sped still southward, with the Alps of Dauphiné walling up our eastern sky, halting only when the shadow of grand Avignon fell across our path. We passed

that day the precipitous little hill on the southern slope of which matures the famous grape of the Hermitage. Farther on, the stunted and discouraged-looking mulberry appeared at intervals, and lastly came the melancholy evergreen of the olive. I remember also a decayed old town called Orange, on the way, which singularly enough gave its name to a family of Holland, and so to the widest use in history. There, also, I saw an unmistakable Roman ruin for the first time,—the colossal walls of a theater into which a half-dozen ‘Academies of Music’ might easily be emptied.

About eighteen miles from Avignon, where the road, over a wide plain of mulberry and olive, cypress and madder, suddenly terminated at the foot of steep and impassable mountains, there lies sheltered a little spot of earth which men have agreed to consider a sacred place. You follow up, for a mile or two, the windings of a clear stream called the Sorgue, and your vehicle halts at last in the heart of a quaint little village, quite shut up in its little valley, the rickety old inn of which is the ‘Hotel of Petrarch and Laura.’ Madame the landlady comes to the door to receive you, overwhelmed by the distinguished arrival, and is all politeness. Order your dinner, and be sure it includes the savory trout of the Sorgue, for they swim in the limpid Italian of Petrarch’s sonnets! Note, also, that you command the absence, in your bill of fare, of the inevitable *garlic*, which here and everywhere else in Southern Europe pervades cookery like a pestilence. Faugh! I can taste the vile stuff now, and every time I think of it. It is the demon disturber of every feast. You uncover a smoking and toothsome dish, and think, for a mouth-

ful or two, that for once you are to enjoy blissful exemption, when, far on the remote verge of the sense of taste, the enemy sends up his familiar signal, and your palate is enveloped and in the power of the evil spell for days to come. Your dinner will also include the *vin ordinaire*, or common wine of the country, which in south-eastern France is a better Burgundy than often comes to American tables, at any price. This wine is retailed at a franc or a franc and a half a bottle, while the wines from vineyards of name and fame cost as high as ten or fifteen, even in the very neighborhood of their manufacture. In view of the fact that the favored spot, whereon the sunshine begets a grape of aristocratic lineage and high degree, is not often more than a few hundred acres in extent, it is extremely doubtful to me whether much of the genuine ‘blood royal’ is ever bottled for the cellar of the trans-Atlantic *gourmet*.

Be that as it may, we set the dinner a-cooking and walked through the village to the upper end of the valley. A winding path conducts the pilgrim between the stream and the beetling cliffs. The former soon becomes a cataract, guiding you by its music, and the latter at last close in around and above you, and rise, six hundred feet, in a sheer wall of white and yellow rock, from the foot of which springs the classic Fountain of Vaucluse.

Fifteen years—from 1336 to 1351—this valley, a mere patch of green, shut in by high and forbidding rocks, and watered by the crystal artery of the Sorgue, was the poet Petrarch’s home. One solemn day of the Church a girl came from her father’s chateau, near by,

and knelt for communion in the little village chapel. The pensive Italian saw, and seeing, loved her; and though she died a brief period after, his love lived on, and it became his passion to weave her memory with the rhyme of a hundred sonnets; so that now, after a lapse of five centuries, the name of Petrarch being immortal, that of Laura also lives, wedded and one with his at last in the heaven of poesy and in the tender regard of their kind. I do not know much about Petrarch's poetry, but it seems to me its virtue and value would be correctly indicated by taking as its emblem the blue and fresh fountain by the side of which its numbers were chanted. It was a stream of natural freshness and beauty, issuing strangely and unexpectedly from the rude heart of a harsh and barbarous age. It made a little grassy and flower-enameled spot in the midst of a wilderness of surrounding aridity. It brought with it what was then the new apocalypse, that love is not necessarily lust; and above all it warbled its way into the sterile world, telling men of the joy there may be in loving sympathy with the beautiful in nature. No poet had yet proclaimed that secret aloud to men. Greek and Roman bards may have felt its existence, but they had hinted of it but vaguely. In all art up to Petrarch's age there had been no landscape; no painter seemed to have noticed the beauty of earth and sea and sky—or had painted nature for its own sake. The anointing of his poetic sorrow made Petrarch a seer in this respect, and in due time his vision became the world's.

Such I deem to be a partial explanation why men make pilgrimage to Vaucluse, and hold its fountain to

be classic, like those of Castalia. At all events, it was interesting to stand by the mysterious well and see its waters dash downward and wind through the valley. The rocks on either side are of grotesque and unusual forms, and look almost monumental in their whiteness and perpendicularity. Then, too, there has sprung, at intervals along the torrent side, a line of dark cypresses, which seem to keep a funereal vigil in the place. Thus the tall, rough rocks shut in Vaucluse, and the vale itself has a tone of sadness pervading its beauty, just as it is with Petrarch's, and perhaps with all other true poetry. A short distance down the stream juts the cliff on the crest of which stands the white ruin of the chateau of the Bishop of Cavaillon, who was the poet's warm friend. Still further down, within the limits of the village, a lively little lady comes out with a key and opens the gate of what was Petrarch's garden. With a sprig of the laurel which he first planted there and tended for its sweet name's sake, we depart.

The Rhone is a swift and imposing stream, with a great island in its arms, at Avignon, and it was from the middle of its current, perched upon the broken pier of a bridge said to be the first which ever spanned its waters, that I most loved to view the city. Full in front of me there, huddling within its ancient walls, rose the tumulus of its giant roofs and spires, and above all, dwarfing all to insignificance, loomed the towers and walls of the great papal palace. You know not what strange power of fascination may exist in inert matter till your eyes have rested on this building's colossal bulk. You travel many miles from the city, and still you are drawn to look again at it; you

feel it behind you when you do not look. Half castle, half convent, it is unique in its vastness and simplicity ; it symbols, perhaps better than the Vatican, the greatness of the Romish Church militant. Five hundred years ago its massive stones were laid, and seven popes dwelt in it, holding sway over Europe from its towers for seventy years. Its later memories are accursed, so that one is not shocked to see its present desecration ; to find its frescoes covered with whitewash and its spacious halls parceled off as the barracks of French soldiery. They show the dungeon in which Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, was imprisoned ; also a chamber of torture full of unutterable suggestions of horror, and, lastly, the *Glacière* of infamous revolutionary memory. From all these I hurried away. There is an old prophecy, fully believed by the Avignonnais, that the Pope will yet return and make his home in the ancient palace. If he does, there will be a dirty house to clean for him.

Away again and still south, through Arles, once the chief city of France—the Rome of Gaul—and towards Marseilles. It is Provence, the land of song and the troubadours, which the railroad thither traverses, but it defies one to know whence came the inspiration of the Provençal muse. A flatter, drearier country it has seldom been my lot to traverse. One of its lively features is a desert of small stones, thirty thousand acres in extent, which is haunted by the *mirage* in summer, *a la* Sahara, and whence in winter a cold wind sallies forth, to make the coast of the Mediterranean, for fifty leagues, shiver as with an ague. That wind was blowing in Marseilles when we got there ; so our first im-

pressions of the Mediterranean are not so warm and sunny as I had expected they would be. It was only when I woke up here the other morning, and flung open my window to a wide vision of the sea, that I realized, by the blueness of its waves, by the brightness of the sky, on what long-dreamed-of shore I stood. I have had enough to do since, trying, in long walks by the beach, in breezy climbings upon the near mountains, to define to myself the dazzling lineaments of this enchanted land. For, remember, though the tri-color floats upon the castle still, this is Italy in effect. Last evening, as I watched the sun set, I saw the shore curve away towards Genoa. I saw the blue peaks of Corsica swim above the sea-line. There was the *attar* of countless roses in the air; there were trees in sight yellow with the ripe orange, and over all was a sky which I knew, by the unspeakable softness of its hues, could be none other than that of Italy. . . .

Sunshine is perpetual here, and winter is wreathed in flowers. I have seen Italy, and she is even more beautiful than I dreamed.

THE RIVIERA.

GENOA, *January* 22, 1866.

The distance between Nice and Genoa is about a hundred and twenty miles, which may either be done by land or sea. Fortunately for the romance of travel in Europe, the railway, which is tunneling its laborious way among the mountains of the coast, will scarcely be open for two years to come; so the famous Corniche Road, with all its scenic wonders, is still the path of the leisurely tourist towards the Eternal City. Our little party would have created a sensation, could we have driven down Main street, before starting on the three days' drive which we have just finished. As formidable looking almost as a gunboat, our great *retturo*, with its four horses, swung from its moorings, and rolled, in the bright early morning, out of Nice. It bore us, at the first heat, winding around high terraced hillsides, to an elevation of 2,100 feet, and thus, with a great tableau, more magnificent than if half a dozen of Church's pictures were blent in one, the Corniche opened to us. Oh, what a scene was that to begin with! There, where the vast valley dipped into the sea, far down amid a wilderness of olive and orange and the vine, lay Nice, white and beautiful. The near hills, ribbed to their summits

with stony terraces, were green with the branches of the tree of peace, which they waved to the glad morning. Behind them, the mid-distance rose, in forms of coldest Alpine desolation, but in hues of softest purple radiance. Beyond these still was the serried rank of peaks of snow. White villas glistened on the slopes; here and there a yellow ruin crowned a hill of olive green. Down through the valley we could trace the stony bed of the Paglione, a deserted highway, over which at times its torrent traveler thunders to the main, to pass again in airy cloud balloons to his home among the rocks and snow. Almost a hemisphere of azure, the ocean lay at our other hand, and was married to the shore with a ring of silver surf. Ships and boats, with strange felucca sails, stood motionless in the picture, as if by order of the artist, and tawny capes sloped far out into the blue, and seemed to float like sleeping creatures of the sea, rather than to be part of the solid land. Nor was the eye the only sense assailed by the manifold beauty of the scene; for up from the valley there came with us odors of the orange orchards and of the rose gardens, until suddenly the far-off mountains sent an icy message from their heights, and breathed the summer back.

Swiftly we fared on our high road above the sea, till the great Roman tower of Turbie became a landmark, telling that the Cæsars had trod the way before us, and had found Gaul as we were seeking Italy. Then, away beneath us, glittering like a coral reef on its little peninsula, the town of Monaco came into view, town and peninsula being the sum total of what remains of the smallest monarchy in Europe. In all the terrible

shuffling of the cards of empire on the Continent, it has chanced that the Princes of Monaco have been able to keep a sort of nominal kingship in their family, and while bigger thrones around them have been tumbled, or razed to executioners' blocks, their little stool of state still keeps its legs on the sunny ledge between the mountains and the Mediterranean. . . .

A few miles beyond Monaco, we reached and halted at the cheery little city of Mentone, where we found some American friends among the numerous stranger population, who seek this air for its sovereign hygienic properties. It was a little further on, still, where the road curves up a white hill-face, and bridges a savage gorge opening from the wild heart of the mountains upon the sea, that we first met veritable Italy. We had seen the glitter of her garments' hem afar off, before ; but now, at the boundary to which French avarice has pushed her back, we beheld her face,—that face whose wondrous smile illuminates such deep historic lineaments, and veils so much of misery and misfortune. . . .

Thus, all day, from ancient town to town, from point to point of the ever-varying and always beautiful panorama, we sped on our journey by the sea. Now, we toiled up a pathway cut like a furrow around the forehead of an upright cliff, with the wrinkled blue of ocean a thousand feet below us, and anon our gay *vetturino* cracked his whip and we swayed, in the very poetry of motion, down again to the level of a valley, set like some little Eden of verdure in the rough, rocky wilderness. At last the shadows of the hills grew deep and long, and the perfect day went down

toward its perfect close. The sunset overtook us as we journeyed across a plain which is famed as the garden of all the Riviera. The date and the lemon flourish in its precincts as if they were tropical colonists sent over the sea by the summer of the south. The odor of its jessamine groves, its flowers and its ‘spring-time perpetual’ were sung, in olden time, by Ariosto. Night crept stealthily over this plain as we advanced, but still the ships out at sea carried sunlight on their sails ; the summits of the Capo Verde, stretching southward before us, were golden likewise ; and upon the windows and walls of La Madonna della Guardia, a little town which seems to have grown out of the pinnacle of its cliff, as if that had animated and had budded into a place of human habitation, the sunset also flamed. Then the shining sails faded ; the dusk maroon of the western horizon rose up and met the shadow of the east ; at the high lattice shrines of La Madonna, the sacred sun-fire glimmered and went out, and it was night. The tiniest sickle of a new moon hung over our right shoulders in the west as we rode into San Remo, our first resting-place. And so the evening and the morning were the first day.

Our first commanding position, as we fared forward next morning, gave a view of the coast fifty miles in advance of us, and showed the Corniche to be like a cord, upon which is strung a white rosary of maritime towns and villages. We generally drove slowly through the main street of these, and so had a good opportunity of observing their internal construction and economy. Having been built at a time when defensibility was an essential, and the site of each

being narrowed by the sea on one hand and the mountains on the other, these towns of the Riviera are all, as might be expected, quite compact in their plan. The main street is not a Broadway by any means; in fact, when our *vetturo* lumbered through its mazes, the children without number had to scud into the doorways, and picturesque Italian women, with burdens on their heads or distaffs in their hands, were forced to make themselves as much of wallflowers as possible, to permit our harmless passage. On either side of this populous defile rises a continuous line of houses, which, even in the smaller villages, are from four to seven stories in height. With a very little exaggeration it might be said that the whole town is one connected building, for the opposite sides of the street are invariably bound together by a series of Siamese-twin-like ligatures of masonry, under which, as under a succession of arches, the tide of traffic pours or stagnates. The houses are all of ancient date, and, having been frescoed in the palmy days of Italian art, have now the look of being affected by some bad cutaneous disorder. The passion for painting the outside of buildings is still universal, so far as I have seen in Italy. The merchant frequently indicates the nature of his calling by a vivid cartoon on his outer wall, and the householder, who might have had another window in his dwelling, is almost sure to indicate the spot where it ought to be by a daub in its likeness, the painted lattice frame sometimes comprising a portrait of himself or daughter looking out thereat. Such is the ‘aftermath’ of art in Italy. Another of the second-growth demonstrations is to be found in the hideous pictures and images of

the various holy personalities, which leer or frown at you from their countless shrines in all the streets of all the towns concerning which I now speak. To atone for these, however, one may see, as he passes, rare fragments of antique sculpture, doing duty, perhaps, at the dirty village well, or over some now vulgar doorway, but beautiful in spite of all. Let the whole truth be spoken, too ; these degenerate Italian sons of noble sires do occasionally manifest somewhat of the reverence for art which ought to be in their blood. We passed a poverty-stricken little village, called Garlenda, the church of which, poor in all else, contains a sweet and radiant Madonna and Child, painted by Domenichino. A few years ago (I get all my facts from Murray) the rulers of the synagogue negotiated to sell this treasure for 20,000 francs, the sum to be expended for a church organ and other embellishments. Thereupon the spirit of the age of Raffaelle, latent thitherto in the blood of olive-husbandmen and the goatherds, fired up ; there was a rising *en masse* of the peasantry, fierce and determined, and—the Domenichino remains at Garlenda.

But to return to these old towns. Imagine the streets in their incredible narrowness, the houses in their quaintness and scabbedness and height ; imagine also a few of those queer Italian towers, such as you see in pictures of Florence, rising from the churches amid the labyrinth ; then throw into the scene as much of sunlight as the sky can pour down, and as much filth as is compatible with the existence of human life, and you have a tolerable idea of the smaller Italian towns of the north. I wish I could hope to give you

as sufficient a description of their inhabitants. One might best begin with them, perhaps, by saying, with emphasis, that their children are the prettiest in the world. Whether puddling in the filth of the towns, or pursuing your *vetturo* on the hills, with little hands full of oranges and flowers, these Italian children are fit to be the originals of Guido's cherubs, as their infant ancestors undoubtedly were. The girls seem generally to grow up handsome, but the life of labor and hardship into which they marry makes terribly unsightly old women of them. Passing the towns and villages, the tourist never fails to see the stream of the locality lined with women kneeling almost in the water, and washing the clothes of their families. They also carry incredible loads on their heads, and, altogether, have rather a hard time of it. All these Italians, however, men, women and children, seem to have the innate faculty of being *picturesque*, at all times, no matter what pursuit engages them, or how poorly they are clad. Again and again, I have watched the figure of a peasant or a fisherman fall into and complete a scene, as artistically as if he were under the direction of a stage manager. The gift is one that may be attributed to the nation at large, almost without figure of speech; for it has been the fate of Italy to suffer much, but never to cease being beautiful. She has stood radiant among her ruins, fair even in her rags, her very desolation richer than other nations' prosperity.

Sunset of the second day found us rounding the beach to the fishing village of Finale, where our hotel was an ancient palace, replete with dreary splendor. The day's journey had been over a route revealing less

of striking scenery and more of agricultural wealth than its predecessor ; but when, on the third morning, we again struck tents, it was to overlook the sea from a wilder mountain gallery than any we had yet traversed. We crept along the cloistered shoulder of the bare cliffs for some time, having shivering glimpses of the gulf beneath, and at last gained a view of the considerable city of Savona, as well as of half-a-dozen other places of less importance, glittering like heaps of shells upon the beach. We were descending to a level more populous and flourishing than Italy had hitherto shown us, and the road in consequence began to grow lively with other passers than ourselves. The wordy compliments which the *vetturini* on meeting and sometimes colliding carriages bestow on each other, gave us, accordingly, repeated opportunities of hearing Italian in all its rotund and sonorous beauty. Even from the mouths of horse-drivers, the language, sooth to say, has a sound most dulcet to the ear. Its motion is that of a round, knightly sort of gallop, while in the movement of French there is always a disagreeable shuffle. French, indeed, seems to be only Latin, in a far advanced stage of disintegration and decay. Italian is Latin dipped in music.

Our drive through the streets of Savona I remember chiefly for the curious study of contrasts it presented. It would seem that in these Italian cities there touch almost the extremes of civilization and the savage state. The traveler visits them to find them stored with the highest achievements of genius in all departments of the fine arts, and he discovers also that the commoner arts of life among the people are still at the

lowest ebb of development. Every time the Italian goes to church he kneels under the most splendid of sculpture and looks up, perchance, at canvas which the brush of an Italian has made priceless; but he ploughs his land with a thing that is little better than a sharp stick, or digs it with a sort of potato fork. He goes at night to his theater and hears artists sing what the divinest composers have written; but his wife twirls the distaff in her hands all day, and the utensils of her kitchen would scarcely put those of a female Feejee Islander to the blush. In fact, walk through the farthest frontier village of the American West, and you shall find more evidences of an advanced civilization, as far as the useful arts and the science of common things are concerned, than I saw in passing through Savona. On the other hand, that little second-rate Italian town contains treasures of the chisel and the brush, such as could not be paralleled in all the broad extent of the world Columbus discovered.

The mention of which famed voyager reminds me that the fourth of the sea-side towns lying across our path, after leaving Savona, is Cogoleto, his veritable birth-place. Tradition even points out the very house,—a high rickety old pile, now faced with a wretched bust of the discoverer and a painted tablet stating his claims to the admiration of men in Italian and Latin. We drew up at the door, whence a woman issued with a little printed copy of the inscription for sale, and duly rendered homage to the memory of the spot. There seemed to be a manifest propriety in the performance of such an act by Americans; for, if the whole human race stands personally indebted to Adam, we of the

New World must surely extend the feeling of grateful obligation to Columbus. Cogoletto is so closely built upon the sea, so essentially amphibious in its situation and habits, that a more appropriate birth-place for a great sailor could scarcely be selected. The infant Christopher must have learned to walk upon the sand and pebbles of the beach, and his earliest gaze was surely bent into the dim immensity of that west from which he was destined to elicit a long-lost hemisphere. I do not know that the grand curve of the sea-line ever looked quite so poetic to my eyes as there, where it hung across the distance out of which had glimmered upon the eyes of the discoverer the vision of the trans-Atlantic El Dorado. Following the circle of the horizon round to the Orient, I could not but fancy how that vision may have risen upon him from the sea, a golden reflex in the west of the reality which now gleamed, in all the splendors of sunlight, upon the misty verge of the far east. For there, in very deed, against a hazy background of the mountains, and above the blue rim of the sea, shone the hundred towers and spires and palace roofs of Genoa, ‘the Superb.’

NAPLES, *February 16, 1866.*

Thomas Buchanan Read’s poetry has become for me a simple statement of fact :

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
 My wingèd boat,
 A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote :—

In other words, behold me sit, at open window, with the gleaming semi-circle of the shore sweeping away to either hand, round the Bay of Naples. Where is there another such prospect? It is not an arm of the sea stretching into the land; but the arms of the land stretching lovingly out and almost closing in their clasp around the ocean's waste of waters. The soul cannot choose but follow these matchless coast-lines. Yea, verily,

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Further let poetry do service as a substitute for prose:

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates!

It is all true, save that Vesuvius, for the present, may almost be said to have stopped smoking. While I write, he looms majestically from sea to sky beside me; but it is only in a long and steady gaze one discovers that the thinnest wreath of vapor curls from

the peak of the cone and melts into the blue. This is the pennon of the terrible craft, floating to show that he is still under commission, though with orders sealed. His black flag of destruction, known in history, is hoisted not yet.

Let me conduct you lightly and gingerly, dear *Courier*, over the three of Murray's well-stored volumes which lie in the tourist's path between this and the point where I wrote you last. It was Genoa at which we had then arrived, a city well worth the week we spent in it, trying to become familiar with its quaint and curious individuality; built, like most of the cities of the Italian westerly coast, on a mere shelf of land, between high mountains and the sea. Genoa, 'the superb,' with all its splendor and commerce of seven centuries, is comprised in a space about a third, I should think, of that inclosed by the city limits of Buffalo. As a consequence, the heart of the town is a dense labyrinth, amidst which the narrowest of streets wind distractedly, the population lodging six or seven strata deep in the high houses on either side. Looming above the spires and towers of the town, on the mountain-side, are the massive fortifications by which it is defended; *vis-à-vis* are the docks and harbor to which have come, in days past, the treasures of either Ind, and which still are busy with a commerce, cosmopolitan in its character. Third almost any of the winding thoroughfares, and you shall see, even yet, abundant testimony of the ancient wealth of Genoa. Churches built with marble and glittering with treasure inside rise at the contracted street corners; palaces of the costliest architecture and decorated by the priceless

canvas of the old masters, in some localities, fairly line the way. We visited these for the sake of their pictures and of the old names—Balbi, Doria, Brignole or Durazzo—with which they are linked; we gorgonized the fiddle of Paganini and the autograph letters of Columbus in the municipal palace; we ‘did’ the suburban villas, where, as at the Pallavicini, for instance, wealth and taste have made of some rugged hill a sort of delectable mountain, all beset with fairy surprises of fountains and temples and grottoes and bowers; we stood, too, in the old hall of the Compera, where the ancient Bank of St. George began in the middle of the fourteenth century to demonstrate that organized capital is the Archimedian lever of the world, and where, amid the statues of her merchant princes, the thrifty genius of Genoa still loves best to dwell; lastly and chiefly, we walked or lounged up and down the quaint streets, where the tinkling bell of the loaded donkey, but not the rattle of the carriage wheel, is heard, and where the women, with the long white muslin veils over their bonnetless heads, look as if they were tripping from a perpetual marriage-feast; all this we did, and then said a regretful farewell to ‘La Superba.’

The little steamer in which we departed from Genoa skirted closely the mountainous and picturesque coast as far as Spezia, where, after a voyage of seven hours, we safely debarked. There is nothing about this place particularly notable, except its fine scenery and its splendid harbor. It was in the land-locked Gulf of Spezia that Napoleon the Great thought to establish the maritime capital of his Mediterranean empire, and

Victor Emanuel has also had its advantages in contemplation in connection with the growing naval power of united Italy. The fleets of the whole world, it is said, could ride safely at anchor, defying every wind, within its castled entrance; yet it was the hungry waves of Spezia which swallowed, one dark day, a costlier-freighted bark than any even that large phrase includes,—for Shelley was drowned there. His white wraith hovered between my vision and the sea all the while, until we rode away inland, by rail, towards Pisa.

We arrived there at night, but morning showed us all the queenly, familiar features of the quiet old town. There, first and chief of all, was the Leaning Tower, leaning in very deed before my bodily eyes, as it has leaned in the wonder-book of universal boyhood for ever so many generations. As everybody knows, the Tower is one of a quartette of wonders which, near together, and in the same open space, maintain among them a sort of solemn society of the middle ages. There is the Cathedral, of which the Tower is the Campanile; then, a stone's throw off, the great Baptistry; then the famous Campo Santo. I will not wrong the guide-books, or insult the memory of school-boy study, by describing any of these. When we entered the Cathedral the lamp of Galileo was swinging from the lofty ceilings to the vibrations of the music of high mass, and I saw the great pictures, and the miraculous carvings and sacredly kept reliques, all as if in a dream of the old time, rather than in the actual present. Passing to the gorgeous but less solemn Baptistry, we witnessed the ceremony of christening performed on a day-old subject of King Victor. The

font, if not the holy water, put in requisition for the youth, has stood in its place while melodious Tuscan names have been pronounced upon the Pisan infancy of seven centuries.

Next we crossed to the Campo Santo, whence comes the generic name of all Italian burying-grounds, and which, perhaps, is the most notable of cities of the dead in Europe. The soil of the central open square was brought, in the ships of a baffled crusader, from Mount Calvary. The massive structure surrounding this is a vast parallelogram, half built of mural monuments and paved with sepulchral tablets. An indivisible part of its walls and floors, rest the sculptured sarcophagi, which held the illustrious dead of the Roman period, first, and which now are tenanted anew by the noble and fair of Italy for eight hundred years. Around the sides of the building, where tombs do not displace all else, are frescoes, in the broken lines and faded colors of which may be read one of the earliest chapters of the history of Italian art. The pencil of Giotto has left its traces there. It was vain for us to attempt to survey even the surface of this holy field, far more to search after the hidden treasures of its strange inclosure. So I plucked a flower from what was once the soil of Calvary, and mused my way back to the Leaning Tower. From its summit there is a comprehensive view of the fair province of Tuscany. Northward, I could see the range of mountains, which we had followed all the way from Nice, bend away from the coast at last and become the blue Appenines in the west. Pisa, squarely set within its mediæval walls, is the central figure of the wide alluvial plain,

whose limits are the hills, the horizon and the sea. Softly, in the gentlest line of beauty, through this campagna curves the Arno, blue messenger from Florence, for whose passage Pisa seems to open gladly her western gate, and regretfully her eastern. The spirit of the past survives in Pisa as in few cities I have ever seen; for scarcely elsewhere have I found a place whose present seems to be one of so dreamy and poetic a repose. We left it with all the more reluctance as our next stage was the quite unromantic though prosperous seaport of Leghorn, or Livorno, as the musical Tuscans have it. The railroad thence to Civitâ Vecchia is still uncompleted, so that the last fifty miles is necessarily performed by diligence. . . . It was late when we reached Civitâ Vecchia, a place celebrated for its historic associations and execrable hotels. From my bed in one of these latter I could hear the sea break upon walls which had once been battered down by the Saracens, and whose foundations were laid by the Emperor Trajan.

Next morning was a feverish one to me, for in the gray and misty light I saw the Eternal City. We were but to glide a moment within its awful gates, and speed away again from the shadow of Rome to the sun of Naples; so I tried hard to sit with bandaged eyes and a steady pulse. But it would not do. The 'yellow Tiber' drew me first to look, and fascinated me with the gleam of its livid wave. Then of the queen herself, sitting among the ages, there came a swift vision, never to be forgotten, and I felt for a moment as if the goal of all travel had been reached.

But steam is stronger than enchantment, and it

whirled us away even from Rome. The rail is laid across the Campagna, upon earth which serves as the tomb of the buried centuries, and out of which great heaps of ruins obtrude, like the half-sepulchred remains of an older world. Southward thence our course lay, past hills on which white cities glitter, and over smiling plains that are the garden of Italy. If this be winter, I thought, what must the summer of this land be? Everywhere was verdure, save that the trellised vines swung stripped of their foliage, and the almond trees were white with blossoms instead of green with leaves. At last we were where this letter began. . . .

NAPLES.

NAPLES, *February 12, 1866.*

Man and nature have vied in overlaying this vicinity with a surpassing and manifold interest. Not in a single stratum, but layer upon layer, is folded its wealth of story and renown. It was here that the muse of Homer alighted, to find a site at once for ‘the kingdoms void of day’ and for the Elysian fields of the blessed. Virgil lived here, and here was buried; and the traveler of to-day makes the same tour of sulphurous lake and haunted cavern which was accomplished by Æneas in search of his father. Among the near ruins of Roman villa and temple and bath, we may trace the more sainted footsteps of Paul, the apostle, who, on his journey to Rome, was comforted by meeting the brethren of Puteoli. The temples of Paestum remain upon these shores, the most splendid monuments of Grecian greatness in the world; while of the Romans there is left, not the testimony of isolated ruins, but of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Norman and Spaniard, Austria, Napoleon and the Bourbons have held here successive sway, and of each nationality Naples still holds some legible memory. So, likewise, nature has made a sort of palimpsest of the locality; for while upon its surface she has drawn the softest

lines and painted the brightest hues of scenic beauty, the record everywhere underlies of phenomena the most striking which earth has known. Where I have seen so much, it almost defies me to elect of what I shall write. Perhaps I may as well begin, however, with Vesuvius, which demands at least a full day's attention from every traveler to Naples.

We started the other morning by carriage, taking the line of streets which skirts the bay towards the volcano, and soon passing the city limits into the succession of suburban towns beyond. These towns, which are really a continuation of the city along the shore, are five in number, and contain in all over seventy thousand inhabitants. Taking the quay streets of the city and the high road through these suburbs, we had a full opportunity of seeing the lower and more characteristic class of the Neapolitan population. All along, for mile after mile, the way is through an avenue of maccaroni-eaters, comprising fishermen, laborers, the wives and families of each, and what now remains of the far-famed lazzaroni of Naples. A dirtier, poorer, more easy-going and, on the whole, jollier multitude it would be hard to find anywhere. Men, women and children of them seem to live in the streets; there they sit, lounge and lie; there they eat, work, beg, and amuse themselves.—the pleasures of a peculiar kind of chase being apparently their principal resource in the latter connection. I can give no adequate idea of the picturesque and varied scenes which are thus presented to the passer-by. Here, the eye rests upon a group of the men whose forefathers left their fishing-nets to cut throats with Masaniello. They are gambling away

their coppers, or sleeping away their time, while their women are knitting nets or twirling the distaff near by. A step farther on, a circle of donkey-drivers are taking in maccaroni, hand over hand, for breakfast, washing it down with Falernian from a shop which is a perfect reproduction of those uncovered at Pompeii. Anon we pass a *carretta*, a public conveyance having for a basis something like a dray, and in which a poor little horse pulls from ten to twenty passengers, piled in two or three deep and hanging on in most precarious fashion. A party of priests in the costume of their order; a clamorous knot of beggars holding up their choicest sores and deformities to the public eye; a string of donkeys, all but lost to sight beneath the huge loads they bear into the city; all sorts of peddlers with all sorts of cries; itinerary cobblers and other artisans, and everywhere family groups, comprising beautiful children and frightful old women, lounging at the doors and enjoying the national hunt for a nameless insect,—these are only a few of the myriad points in the street-perspective of Naples. I despair of competing with the stereoscope, and so pass on toward Vesuvius.

Resina, the third of the line of suburban villages, is the place where one first finds himself broadly *vis-à-vis* with the mountain, and where carriages strike off from the high road towards its foot. A little way on, the path begins to ascend and grow rough, and presently a pack of ponies and guides is seen in full cry to meet the tourist's vehicle. Thenceforth, for five or six miles, the journey is done on horseback. At first our path was upward, among the rugged but rich vineyards, where sunshine and volcanic soil together distil the

exquisite Lachryma Christi ; but at last the prospect grew suddenly black, ahead, and our ponies' feet struck upon the lava-stream which descended the mountain, destroying a large tract of vineland, in 1858. Following the windings of the difficult road, we were soon in a high mid-region, from which the view immediately around us was one of blackness and desolation, and these only. It was as if we were traversing a realm blasted by some potent malediction. The torrent had cooled in myriad shapes, the most fantastic which can be conceived : here were great fissures opening at the side of the path ; there were piled up huge coils of twisted and serpent-like matter which suggested the Laocoon, or a war of dragons, snaky monsters and 'chimeras dire.' Lava, I discovered, is not the clear, alabaster-like material of which brooches and cameos are made, but a black, porous substance, resembling more the emptyings of a blast-furnace, upon a terrifically exaggerated scale, than aught else I can think of. The so-called lava ornaments, in fact, are really made from blocks of limestone, rendered semi-crystalline by heat, which are found in the vicinity, but quite apart from the true lava deposits. Crossing several of these last, of various dates, we arrived in due time at the Hermitage, a sort of half-way house, near which a government observatory is built, and where horses and travelers are accustomed to take a short breathing spell. About half an hour more on horseback took us, over other fields and acclivities of blackness and desolation, to the entrance of the weird valley from which rises the cone of the volcano.

It would be difficult to imagine a darker, wilder

scene than here opened. On our left rose the cliff of Mount Somma, a fragment left of the crater whence Vesuvius first discharged itself, in the eruption, the first recorded in history, by which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. On our right towered Vesuvius itself. The valley seemed to close in after us as we entered it, and its savage gloom was rather heightened by the far-away glimpses we had, on either side, of the Elysian landscape lying so serenely, inaccessible remote, beneath us. At the foot of the cone the party halted, and the guides began, with any amount of vociferous and superfluous conversation at the top of their lungs, to prepare for the ascent. The ladies of the cavalcade were set in chairs and the sterner sex took to its legs. The climb I found to be a tolerably sharp heat of about thirty minutes, the footing being loose blocks of lava averaging nearly the size of a man's head. Bad luck seems to attend us on mountains, for we stepped on the summit only to find ourselves wrapped in a wet cloud of mist, to which the masses of sulphurous vapor now swirling upward from the crater gave flavor and density. I do not know that I am sorry, however; for the fact that our vision could not penetrate, more than a few fathoms, the obscurity of the abyss, gave imagination full swing and perhaps increased the peculiar effect of the scene. At any rate, the sensation was all I had expected, as I walked round the sharp rim of the gulf and snuffed its suggestive fumes. Losing no time, my guide let himself quickly over the edge, and the two of us were soon sliding rapidly down a soft and very infernal sort of mixture, toward what to me were worse than unknown depths.

We descended about three hundred feet before striking what seems to be at present a partial bottom of the crater, and, arrived there, I had a brief opportunity to contemplate a most Tartarean locality. I noted first that the hard substance beneath my feet sounded at the slightest tap remarkably like the head of a barrel. Next I saw that from a rift in the rock near my side smoke was issuing, and the heat at nearer approach I found to be intense. A sound as of a large-sized pot boiling saluted my ears and added cheerfulness to the scene. My guide accepted the culinary hint and deposited some eggs on the rock, to be cooking against our return. There were sulphur and ammonia, and I know not what other devilish chemicals, oozing soft and hot from the lava wall, by way of seasoning.

Leaving the side of the crater, we scrambled out over a surface of the fiercest chaos. There were jagged edges of hot scoriae to be surmounted, and reeking fissures of unknown profundity to be jumped. The all-pervading fumes of sulphur became so thick and stifling that I had to breathe through a handkerchief to prevent strangulation. My guide, who owned no such article of protection, turned livid in the face and coughed incessantly. All the while, be it remembered, I could see scarcely more than a dozen feet around me, and upon this circle of vision point after point of the scene impinged with the grandest sensational effect imaginable. Now a black mass of grotesquest outline rose in our path, as if some dusk monster of the abyss stood to dispute the passage: and anon, out of the mist started a yellow cliff, upon whose face the exuding sulphur painted what seemed a ghastly and awful sunshine.

About two or three hundred yards of this sort of travel brought us to what is called the little crater; a point where nether fire and the molten mass it holds in solution are visible on the surface. The rocks there seem to have gathered into a sort of angry red pustule, the heart of which is white, seething fire. It is not an aperture on the top, but rather a protrusion from beneath, which thus constitutes the little crater; neither is there more than a mere point of the great subjacent furnace visible. Still, the place is one which I inspected with a strange curiosity; for there, in very deed, I saw the demon sitting unveiled. I stood in his hot, shimmering presence and breathed his breath.

Still on we fared, but not far. There was another scramble among madly distorted masses of scoriae, and over beds of gleaming and many-colored volcanic minerals, and suddenly I was made aware that we had reached the farthest hell. I pointed to the awful deep which yawned at my feet, whence evermore there rose a murmur of appalling interest, and asked the guide if there was still a downward path. He shook his head significantly and took me by the arm, without speaking. We had not stood thus many seconds when the sound of an explosion far beneath us broke upward from the pit. It seemed as if a great sob had been uttered, deep down in the heart of nature, and with its muffled, hoarse report came a shock which lifted the crust we stood upon and made it tremble like a smitten plank. The terrible sublime, to me, of small experience, could go no farther, and I was well content to turn backward from the infernal gates, feeling too insignificant to be longer curious. Sooth to say, moreover, when I heard

a certain familiar and never unwelcomed Buffalo voice at that moment hallooing to me through the cloud, I thought it music sweeter than any that ever sang to me in opera.

Together we made our way again through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Apollyon of suffocation fighting us and falling back as we advanced. A tough but brief climb, and we stood at last where we could spit the taste of Satan from our mouths and draw a long breath of God's untainted air. Such was my descent into the crater of Vesuvius.

The descent of the cone on our return was perhaps the most rapid piece of foot travel I ever saw performed. A short distance round the mountain from the stony section by which one is compelled to ascend, the declivity is formed of a soft and yielding slope of pulverized igneous material, into which the foot sinks as in a bin of grain. The resistance thus offered to progress renders it safe to fairly throw one's-self down the steep, and the rate of descent accordingly may be regulated almost *ad libitum*. It took the more frolicsome of us only about five minutes to retrace the steps of our thirty minutes' pull, and the whole motley cortege of ladies in chairs and men without came tumbling after, in the style described by the poet of the well-known Jill. Our ponies awaited us, and we were home, the day's work finished, before dark.

NAPLES, February 16, 1866.

We have just returned from a second day's pilgrimage, over a region where history seems to have tabernacled in all the ages; the wondrous interest of which I do not expect to find rivaled, save amid the ruins of Rome and the hills of Jerusalem. Take a map of Italy and observe the bold promontory jutting into the bay in a southerly direction from the place where I now write. That is Posilipo, whose curving rampart closes around Naples and shuts it in from the west wind and the sunset. *Vis-à-vis* with its purple headland rises the lofty cape of Misenum, the confronted heights standing like the pillars of a portal, northward from which bends the charmed circle of sea and shore they were built to guard. Off Misenum, Procida and Ischia lie asleep, while from the cape the coast turns north again and loses itself at last in the blue distance of the Gulf of Gaeta.

To the shore whose wild and broken outline I have thus tried to indicate there clings a growth of poetry, of history and tradition, dating back to the days of the world's infancy. As thickly as the sea-shells, the bright things of legend and literature strew the beach; the barbaric splendor of an Asiatic civilization, the grandeur of Greece and the glory of Rome, have successively shone upon the hills and been mirrored in the sea. The gods and muses forgive, while I intrude upon their ancient haunts, and chronicle for a newspaper my ramble over the birth-place of the old mythologies.

From Naples the classic region has a unique and worthy pathway of ingress. I have mentioned the

curving extent of 'Posilipo's steep,' upon whose sides the jovial Romans were wont to build their villas, and live in such a manner as to justify the meaning of the poetic name—Posilipo—'free from care.' The road to the farther side does not cross the mountain, but is cut through it, the grotto or tunnel being about half a mile long, and, in places, of majestic height. A queerly interesting cutting is this; for regarding its origin there remains an insoluble mystery, and over its entrance, moreover, perched upon a high narrow ledge, is the Roman tomb which scholars have generally agreed to consider that of Virgil. A dilapidated blacksmith is porter of the entrance to the steep path by which Petrarch, and a host of reverend pilgrims following him, have climbed to the resting-place of the poet's ashes. The tomb, which is marked by a wooden tablet, is all dust and dirt within; but ivy and vines and some almond trees stretch towards it in an atoning way, and make the place as like a poet's grave as may be. Passing through the grotto, the rocky little isle of Nisida is seen lying close to the shore. On its crest is the state prison in which the Bourbons have immured, in days not long passed, some of the choicest spirits of Italy, the pioneers of her present free government. It is built nearly on the site of the Roman villa to which Brutus retired after the assassination of Cæsar, and in which Cicero and the great republican held several conferences.

The traveler, still fareing onward, discovers speedy evidences, as he advances, that the whole country before him has been a field of the most energetic volcanic action. On his right gleams the little sulphurous tarn

known as the Lake of Agnano, on the banks of which is the familiar Grotto del Cane, a vent, from time immemorial, of carbonic acid gas. Some sulphur baths are built in the vicinity, in which the bather has heat and vapor and sulphur, all at first hand from the nether laboratory. A mile or two farther on, you come to the scarcely extinct crater of Solfatara, between which and Vesuvius there is still a perceptible bond of infernal sympathy. As I tried to describe the crater of the latter in my last, I need only say that its twin brother has had some six or seven centuries of repose, and is shorn of its terrors and overgrown with a kind of soil, to an extent commensurate with that lapse of time. On the slope from Solfatara to the sea stands Pozzuoli, the first of the three dead cities, with whose colossal ruins the hills are ribbed and the coast literally strewn, in all this region. Occupying a small portion of the ancient site, stands the modern town, in the quaint, unclean market-place of which one may find a fitting text for meditation on the uncertainty of things generally. One eruption, several earthquakes, a plague or two, the Turks, the Saracens and the Goths, have each made a visitation upon the devoted town; but not all combined, nor the added calamity of an almost entire submersion, at one period, beneath the sea, have sufficed to destroy the traces of its ancient greatness. Chief among these are the vast pillars of the Serapeon, or temple of Jupiter Serapis, several of which still stand, bearing a legible record on their surface of the wonderful changes of the sea level during the past two thousand years. The bronze rings to which the sacrificial victims were tied, and the vases which received

their blood, are still to be seen. Perhaps even more imposing than the Serapeon, however, is the wonderfully conserved ruin of the amphitheater, an immense ellipse of massive masonry, where twenty-five thousand people could have sat to witness the mortal combats of men and beasts waged on the arena beneath. It was to astonish a visiting Asiatic king, as well as to please the groundlings of this amphitheater, that Nero himself is said to have leaped, on one occasion, upon the stage and dispatched several wild animals in the most approved fashion. Underneath the arena and extending, indeed, entirely beneath the building, we found a substructure, two stories deep, the masonry of which is as sharp as if it had just been left by the workmen's trowel, and which one explores with peculiar sensations. Here were the cells, it is supposed, of the gladiators, and also the dens of the wild beasts. The apertures by which these latter were led to the view of the populace are also visible. The remains, as I have said, are so perfect that it is not difficult for the imagination to work its will in their solitary and silent midst. There are a few broken arches to be rebuilt; drapery is to be spread in the place of dust; the niches must reclaim the statuary of which they have been robbed, and then all is ready for the Roman multitude and the barbarous spectacle they come to enjoy. History records that several of the fathers of the early church suffered martyrdom to make a holiday in Pozzuoli, and the place is otherwise hallowed by Christian memories; for the apostle Paul found a haven among brethren in the city, after his long and eventful voyage from Cæsarea, *en route* to Rome.

The road leaving modern Pozzuoli follows for some distance a shore, along which at intervals great masses of stone and brick work obtrude, both from the soil and the sea. The ruins of what is believed to have been a favorite villa of Cicero are passed, carrying the mind back to the golden age of Rome; while heap after heap of far more ancient débris bear strangely eloquent testimony of the elder civilizations of Phoenicia and Greece, which flourished here in ages long anterior. Journeying forward, we saw how, amid the decay of human handiwork, the beauty of nature remains immortal and young; for the Bay of Baiae, with whose soft lines and hues Greek and Roman fell enamored, broke full upon our view, its wave as deeply blue, its shores as fair as classic pens have painted them. Here, while Rome was still mistress of the world, her sons built the chief of their earthly Elysiums; their luxurious baths vied with palace and temple in magnificence, and the surrounding hills were studded with palatial residences in which splendor and vice held an unbridled revel. Classic literature abounds in allusions to the Sybarites of Baiae, a class of voluptuaries who might furnish a good pulpit illustration of the temerity which accompanies sin in all climes; for they chose as the scene of their elaborate debaucheries a region which was fissured by still active volcanoes, and shaken, ever and anon, by menacing earthquakes.

The whole site of ancient Baiae is covered now by the wrecks of its olden renown, among which the lofty dome of a so-called temple of Diana and the walls of a temple of Venus are conspicuous. There is also a huge circular and dome-covered temple of Mercury, in

which the visitor is called upon to witness the dancing of the Tarantella by a couple of girls always on hand for the purpose. I suppose they shake the fantastic toe, in this particular locality, in serio-comic memory of the exploits of the dancing girls who enacted a prominent part in the Baiænorgy of Roman times. The visitor, however, will not be ravished by the manner in which the old woman sounds the loud timbrel, while her daughters tread the giddy measure of the Neapolitan national dance, all for the moderate consideration of one or two francs.

After the pilgrim has refreshed himself with a draught of vintage which is native here, and has looked his fill upon the gray hills, repeopling them with emperor and senator, their ancient owners, he may pass by a brief journey to the theater of a yet older drama than that which the Baiæ of the classics knew. Scarcely three miles across from the bay, at the head of the long, indentured peninsula of Misenum, stands Cumæ,—or rather there it stood, its greatness past the zenith and the very name of its founders a question of dispute, in the days of Strabo. The solitude which once was its populous place is grandly guarded by a colossal archway, known as the Arco Felice, which spans the space between the two heights left by a deep ancient cutting in the hill. Within this portal there is nothing now but desolation, the huge remnants of some temples of the Greek period and some scattered remains of the age of the empire. The Naples Museum contains some relics, found in tombs as old as Greece, which confirm the report of history as to the wealth and lavish grandeur of the Cumæans. It was at Cumæ, the school-boy

will remember, where Tarquin, the Superb, purchased the three sibylline books. The odes of Pindar, also, preserve imperishable the record of the naval victory won by the city over its Etruscan enemies. Three centuries later its streets rang again with the clash of arms, the foiled invader, that time, being Hannibal. No faintest echo of all that warlike uproar haunts the silent shores of Cumæ to-day. The very donkey-driver seemed to me to pitch his voice in a lower key as he traversed the solitude, and the beggar whose ragged shape emerged, at our approach, from the dust of a way-side tomb, was less vociferous, if not less importunate, than the generality of his race.

But I pass, now, to speak of the indescribable fascination with which poetry has invested this wonderful region. I felt the spell first when, leaving the Posilipo range behind me, at the mouth of the dim grotto of that name, there stretched full in view the vineclad surface of the Phlegræan Fields. It was difficult to view the place from the old Grecian stand-point, as the battle-ground of the wars of gods and giants; for on all sides the eye rested on rocks upheaved by manifest volcanic agency,—on valleys which might have been scooped by such preternatural force as Milton has employed in his struggle of the fiends with Heaven. The plain, thus scarred by world-old agonies of the elements, extends as far west as Cumæ; but it was before we had reached the defunct city that, climbing to the crest of an adjacent hill, we saw the literal force of the Virgilian line: ‘*Facilis descensus Averno*'; for beneath us, almost entirely closed in by rugged mountains, lay the sable surface of the mythological

Avernus. Descending to the classic shore, we saw little to justify the terror and sense of mystery with which the lake for thousands of years was regarded. The Romans cut down the gloomy forests which formerly surrounded it, and Agrippa, by a couple of canals, converted it into a sort of wet-dock for his shipping; so that moderns may be excused for failing to see Avernus in the visionary shadow thrown over it by Virgil. None the less religiously, however, I made the tour of the dim lake and explored the several curious caverns still open in its vicinity. One of these latter retains the name of the Grotto of the Sibyl, for reasons which the reader of the *Aeneid* will well understand. We groped along its visible darkness, led by the torches of guides, for a considerable distance, and finally came to a stream of tepid water, filling the floor of the cavern for an unknown breadth in advance. On the backs of our torch-bearers we splashed through this part of our subterranean journey, emerging at last in a broad chamber of Egyptian night, wherein, according to local authority, was the bath of the Sibyl, and near which opened the very *Fauces Orci*. This and two other caverns cut in the tufa hills around Avernus remain open to this day; and those critics who view Virgil as a topographer rather than poet find no difficulty in linking all three with the world-familiar pilgrimage of *Aeneas* to the realm of shades. Not so exacting in my own exegesis, I was abundantly satisfied in the simple recognition that the region, with its remarkable physical features, was beyond a question that which had invited the elder poets to make it their mystic stage of action for heroes and demigods. I saw how, from one or

other of the still steaming craters in the vicinity, at one time the burning torrent of Phlegethon might have rolled. The astonishing and suggestive way in which the mountains of the neighborhood are honey-combed with immense artificial excavations made a belief in the Cimmerians and their abodes of impenetrable gloom quite easy. Calling up again, moreover, the blackness of the vanished forests, and passing, in their imagined shade, from Avernus to the sister wave which once was Acheron, it was not impossible to muse the dark-visaged charm back to his olden haunts, or to make the river of the dead return to its wonted channel. Imagination has a harder task, I think, in reclothing what is shown for the Elysian Fields with the divine brightness they wear in poetry. A level tract of land, stretching from Lake Fusaro (the ancient Acheron) down the Misenum peninsula to the Mare Morto, is that which authorities agree to consider the region of those happy souls who had safely made the passage of the stream of mortality. It is moderately fertile and seems to afford, with vineyards and gardens, a tolerable subsistence to the *contadini* whose huts mottle its surface; but alas! the place would not have furnished Claude Lorrain a study for his Egeria, leaving lands more heavenly fair out of the question altogether. Following the road southward, through these dilapidated Champs Elysées, I could not but jump at some conclusions as to the caliber of the men and nations who had thus, in the localities around me, fixed the chief arena of their mythology and given physical shape to their hell and heaven. The idea I formed is complimentary to the imagination, if not to the religious faculty, of the Greeks, and much the reverse

both as regards the one and the other element of the Roman mind. It was great, undoubtedly, in Homer to take possession, as he did, in the name of the deities, of a shore so wild in its natural features, and of which the Greek colonization had not yet destroyed the mystery. So, to Homer's countrymen there may have existed a possibility of reverent belief in dramas and a *dramatis personæ*, the scene of which was still a little removed from the highways of every-day life. But I cannot help thinking, with all reverence be it spoken, that Virgil showed a lack of inventive fertility when he used again, for a similar purpose, the much betrodden stage and badly used-up properties of the old Homeric theater. And as for the religious faith of any well-posted Roman in the supernatural attributes of Avernus, or any other adjacent spot, the luxurious rascals knew better. In their splendid Baiæ villas, surrounded by all that art and ingenuity could gather to pique or satiate the sensual man, religion and the gods were not a vital subject in the Roman thought, it seems to me.

However these things may be, come with me, dear *Courier*, ere I close, hither from this sandy edge of the fields Elysian, and, by the windings of yonder sedgy isthmus, to the base of the lofty height, vine-girded and olive-sandaled, beyond. That height we shall climb together; it is the promontory of Misenum, amid the foam of which perished the trumpeter of Hector and to the soil of which has clung his name. Virgil was indeed, after all, one of the masters of the earth; for it was at his bidding the name has fastened in its place; *he riveted it to the rocks with a prophecy forevermore: . . . eternumque tenet per saecula nomen.* It is

surely always remunerative to climb hills,—to rise above the dead level of things in any way; but the brow of this Misenum gives to the climber a special and great reward. Over the whole of the classic, the storied realm in which I have been wandering distraught, the eye looks down, now, with a perfect command of its smallest and farthest details. At the foot of the cliff some fishing shallop ride at anchor; they rise and fall with the same wave which floated the elder Pliny's fleet, when the brave man set forth across the bay to view Vesuvius and perish with the people he thought to save. The mountain of destruction stands before us now, mid-figure in the wide round of coast, which is the girdle of the Bay of Naples, with Capri for its brooch of amethyst. From the skirt of Vesuvius there extends toward us but one continuous line of white city, till Posilipo intervenes to hide the view; and, hitherward still, you can see along the shore, contrasting weirdly with the living Naples, the gray tombs of her buried sisters of the elder time. But it is vain for me to linger over the exquisite outline of a shore with whose beauty all the muses in the old days fell in love. Knowing well that no dimmest suggestion of its ineffable charm can pass to paper from pen of mine, I trudge down from Misenum's mount of vision, reluctant. It is only a selfish consolation, to be sure, but memory is skillful in photography when there is sunlight in the soul; and I think it will be long before I cease to see these shores, in all their brightness, on the one hand circling from Sorrento to Baiæ, on the other stretching from the blue of Ischia's peak, northward, to where the spirit of mighty Scipio hovers, on the sands of far Liternum.

SICILY.

CATANIA, SICILY, February 25, 1866.

We—that is, three of us who claim Buffalo as *Alma Mater*—left Naples, by steamer for Messina, a week ago. It is time I should write up for you a few of the Sicilian notes already accumulated on my hands. Let me premise by saying that a tour in Sicily has long been a hobby of mine. The historical interest of the island is in a manner quaintly emblematized by its geographical position. It lies at the toe of the boot of Europe, as the school-masters used to tell us, and it has been indeed a sort of football of the world, from the days of Dionysius to those of Victor Emanuel. Greek and Roman, Saracen and Norman, Frenchman and Spaniard, have successively occupied its soil and left traces of their occupation on its shores and in the composite character of its people. The island, too, has experienced the paternal care of nearly all the chief dynasties of European rulers, among which, last and worst, must be mentioned the Bourbons. It would be impossible for such a country to disappoint the tourist. Thus far, although my expectations were high, Sicily has far more than met them. . . .

It was about four in the morning when we passed Stromboli, whose volcanic lighthouse I was disappointed at not finding in full operation. An hour after the

bright sunrise, however, the straits of Messina opened gloriously before us, and soon we were steaming through the classic channel, with the village-crowned rock of Scylla clear in sight on the left, and the rather mythological Charybdis somewhere or nowhere on the right of us. All there is of that ancient whirlpool story seems to be, that at a certain stage of the tide there is occasionally a little commotion between a central current passing north and a counter-current moving at the side of either shore, southwards. I saw the line of broken sea at several points of our inward course, but doubt whether even a small boat would find Charybdis, though it were to go in diligent search thereof.

Messina is a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, built on a shelf between high mountains and the sea, and possessing a harbor the shore of which makes a protecting curve in the very shape of the sickle from which the old Greeks gave the place its original name, Zancle. In this safe haven a considerable commerce finds the requisite facilities; and all along the wharf, where the massive and extensive Doric front of the Palazzata takes the place of the line of warehouses of an American dock, we saw ships in the process of being freighted with raw silk, sulphur, oil, wine, kid-skins, and fruit in cornucopian abundance. The desolations of war, beginning with the invasions of Greece and Carthage and ending with the siege by the Neapolitans in 1848, have left little for Messina to show in the way of antiquities,—the fact that earthquakes the most terrific are a staple product contributing to make a still cleaner sweep in this respect. . . .

On Wednesday morning we started from Messina to

go by land to Catania, a distance of sixty-six miles, our conveyance being a three-horse carriage. The road nearly all the way skirts closely along the sea, and has many features in common with the Corniche, from Nice to Genoa; for here, as there, the mountains rise, height above height, from the very shore, away to the impenetrable fastnesses of the interior. I felt this inspiring difference, however,—that, scaling the Sicilian hill-sides, crossing the scores of Sicilian *fiumare*, and astonishing by our passage the main streets of the Sicilian villages, we had at last left the high road of Anglo-Saxon pleasure-travel, and were traversing what is still to the tourist comparatively new ground. Our journey the other day, moreover, showed us much which is distinctive, both in the scenery and among the people of the island. The latter, as compared with the Italians of the southern provinces, seem decidedly to have been advantaged by the more copious infusion of Saracenic and other foreign elements in their blood. I did not see that utter abandonment to mendicancy which is to be met at Naples, and not a few additional branches of industry appeared to be prosecuted. Cotton-weaving and the preparation of raw silk may be specified as prominent in the last-mentioned connection. . . .

In only one way did we discover that February is really the worst month of the Sicilian winter. At the end of our first day's journey, we had turned the high headland of San Andrea and stood among the gigantic ruins of the Greek theater at Taormina. It was the poetic thought of the Titans, who hewed in the face of the lofty rock the foundations of this building, that it should command the resources of nature, as well as

demonstrate those of art; for one of the sublimest landscapes of the world stretches beneath its stage. One of the spectacles prepared by the manager of the antique time, accordingly, still lies open to the modern eye, and we saw it, but only in part. Far over sea and land our vision ranged: the green cape of classic Naxos; gray cliffs which mediaeval castles crown; terraced hills of olive and the vine, and plains which not even in Sicilian hands have ceased to be as the Garden of Eden—all these we saw, set in a frame-work of broken arch and crumbling pilaster; but above these, where Etna should have sat enthroned, the envious February had hung a veil. Not a dimmest glimpse of his majesty of snow and fire was vouchsafed to us, and we were forced to turn elsewhere for consolation. The theater is a magnificent relic of the time when Sicily was a second Greece. Its seats, capable of accommodating 40,000 persons, are cut out of the solid rock, and rise grandly in semi-circular form, in face of the ruined orchestra and stage. Behind the place of these latter stands the wall of the *scena*, in better preservation, it is said, than any other in Europe. Even out of the mass of fallen columns and débris, which fills up much of the interior, careful science has been able to gather much of what is known regarding the nature and usages of the Greek and Roman stage. The most interesting fact impressed upon my mind by the whole was, that the ancients really must have combined, with their keen love of artistic excellence, some sense of the beautiful and imposing in nature.

The town of Taormina, which hides beneath the dirt and squalor of a modern village a vast deal of both

classic and middle-age antiquity, is built on a cliff adjoining that of the theater. We penetrated a few of its narrow and filthy streets, and presented, in doing so, a comical spectacle of curiosity-hunters under difficulties. The village mountaineers, of every age and sex, came out to aid or cumber our search, and seemed in an amused perplexity as to what we could be wanting there. In looking up a Roman ‘Naumachia,’ especially, to which the omniscient Murray directs attention, we had curious luck. As to its whereabouts, a swarthy Sicilian inquired of a small boy in rags; who held a conference with a little girl ditto; all of whom jointly addressed an elderly female; with which accumulated and still accumulating escort we proceeded on our way. The path led round all manner of dirty corners, and, at last, through a house, in one dark room of which grimy people sat over a brazier, with a donkey overlooking the scene; from this into a stable, and from the stable, over a wall or two, into a back garden;—and we stood face to face with the Naumachia. Travelers in Sicily should not fail to ‘do’ the Naumachia. . . .

The clouds hung lower and thicker than ever as we started forward the second morning, and Etna still remained a myth. We knew that it was towering in the heaven before us; for, although forty miles from its summit, we had left the lesser mountains behind and entered full upon the vast lava plain with which the volcano, from ages uncounted of the past, has encircled its base. It became possible as we advanced to pronounce upon the differing antiquity of the various streams over which the road is made. Where the torrent had rolled in prehistoric times, its black deso-

lation had turned to richest verdure, the soil being deep and of unequaled fertility. Again, we crossed belts of country where, although fifteen or twenty centuries had bleached the lava surface, scarcely a blade of aught green had yet found root. Pioneer in the slow march of vegetation, at such points we noted invariably the cactus, which stretches its grotesque, lobster-like arms over the volcanic matter before even a spire of grass can obtain lodgment. Our way lay, still, for the most part, close to the sea, and we saw how, time after time, the lava had rolled therein, bearing back the ocean with its mountain masses of fire, and causing such seething war of the contrasted elements as makes some of the descriptions of classic mythology scarcely a fable. The shore, indeed, is sacred to the Cyclops and the divinities of Etna, and, about seven miles from this city, we passed the rough outlying islets of rock which Polyphemus hurled at the head of the deriding Ulysses, as illustrated in these later days by the glorious pencil of Turner. To those who have seen the picture I need not say that it is true to fable, only, and is not a portrayal of the actual shore.

The afternoon was well advanced when, after traversing thirty miles of lava, now smiling in greenest oases of tropical vegetation, now frowning in dread deserts of universal blackness, we entered the gates of a city built upon strata of the same unique material. Catania had been to me, before coming here, little more than a name; and I shall never forget the poetic sensations with which, sauntering into its chief public square and noting our strange and quaint surroundings, we seemed almost to have discovered a rich, populous

and strikingly individual city. There had been a dash of the preternatural about our approach to the place, and now, so much of the mystic and queer appeared in the scene around me, that I almost fancied we had been cast on the shore of the fabled Atlantis, and stood in the streets of one of the lost Seven Cities. Facing us, in the square referred to, rose the rich *façade* of the cathedral, from the bells of which, and of more than a hundred other churches, at short intervals, a chiming music went forth, flooding the city and dying away toward Etna or the sea. On the other of its sides the square shows much of peculiar architectural ornament, while in its center stands an object which at once attracted and piqued our curiosity. The monument, for it is such, consists of a broad, sculptured pedestal, on which rests the figure of an elephant, carved from a block of lava, and bearing on its back an Egyptian obelisk covered with hieroglyphics. It seems that the elephant has been from time immemorial the device of Catania, and the obelisk was left here by some Crusaders on their way back from Palestine; but the un-European look each gave to the scene was not destroyed at first for us by that explanation. It was heightened indeed, materially, by another little feature which met our eye, a short distance off, toward the wharf. There, a crowd of people, some standing, some sitting, had formed a circle round the sitting figure of an old man, who was holding forth to his auditors in a style at once dignified and impassioned. It seemed to be a narrative of stirring and lofty deeds which engaged his powers, and the eager, breathless attention with which old and young hung upon his recital gave the soul of a picture

worthy the pencil of a southern Hogarth. I find that these *contifavola*, or story-tellers, the legitimate and last surviving posterity of the ancient bards, minstrels and minnesingers, are still quite often to be met in the old towns of Sicily. Surely the age of romance is not wholly past, when one may yet see a crowd halt from its labor in the sunny afternoon, and listen entranced to the recital of Orlando Furioso's exploits among giants, demons, and captive ladies fair. Such a crowd may always be found in Sicily. They listen to the story-tellers in the day-time, and in the evening, while the rich go to operas, the common people rush to theaters, such as I have visited, where marionettes, or puppets, are put through all the motions of the chivalric romance; enchanted castles, doughty knights and afflicted damsels appearing as duly as in the rhyme of the old troubadours.

It is twenty-nine miles of more or less steep ascent from Catania to the summit of Etna. The first twelve miles of this distance, to a village called Nicolosi, may be performed by carriage, and by that conveyance accordingly we started, on the afternoon of Friday last. It was a journey of faith we undertook; for not yet had the February sky permitted a glimpse of the great mystery before and above us. As we passed out of Catania, however, sufficient testimony of the volcano's presence met the view in every direction. At three points we saw where the great lava deluge of 1669 had struck the city wall; here, crushing to débris its massive masonry and ploughing a broad furrow of ruin through the town to the sea; there, overleaping, without destroying the barrier, and pouring a cataract of fire

into the defenseless streets. The whole of our upward path lay over the volcanic matter, and the view on every hand afforded an impressive illustration of how out of death is evolved life or the means of life; for to the inhabitants of Etna lava becomes more an article of utility than snow to the Esquimaux. The road we traveled is made of it; the fences on either side, the houses, all are constructed of the same black, porous material. Nay, the soil itself is but lava pulverized and decomposed; so that the stream which swept away life in one age, supports it in another, and what was fire, once, in due time becomes food. Impressive, also, it was to see the contrast between these remote extremes, of which the road to Nicolosi affords frequent views; as, for instance, when you stand with one foot on a green margin of wheat, dusk with the shade of almond, orange and fig, and the other on a crust of impinging lava, than which the shores of Tartarus itself were not more black and deathful.

It took us three or four hours to reach Nicolosi, where we found a *locanda*, with something to eat and a place to rest until after midnight, the time for resuming the ascent. Guides, mules and other requisites of the climb were also arranged for, and by sunset we had naught to do but take observations and pray devoutly for good weather. As yet, the clouds remained inexorable, and the depositaries of the village weather-wisdom looked dubiously on our project. As the night began to fall I sauntered up through the village, and took a view of the scene above, from its upper confines. I was visibly on the slope of the mountain, the surface of which at this point seemed to be composed of soft

ashes, utterly barren and black. Looking upward, I could see half-a-dozen or more volcanic cones, which had been craters in their day, and which rose like little warts on the vast side of Etna, himself. Above these were only cloud and mystery. As I turned to go back I passed a woman who was trimming a lamp at a shrine of the Virgin built among the lava, a bow-shot or two above the village. Every night, while the Nicolosians, and the people of twenty villages, and of Catania itself, sleep, that little light glimmers above them; and on the edge of the awful waste, between the sleepers and the destroyer, stands always the interceding image of Madonna of the Lamp. Returning to the *locanda* I found at its door our guides and a surrounding crowd of swarthy and interested observers. In the midst of an animated discussion on the weather and cognate subjects, the bell of the village church rang vespers,—a strange, melancholy chime which died, up the dark side of the desolate mountain, in the ‘eeriest’ way imaginable. Instantly, at the sound, the hats of my companions were doffed; every breast was crossed, every lip moved in supplication, and for several minutes, in the deepening twilight, the rough children of the volcano stood around me, a group of devout worshipers.

We lay down, but the sense of that dim and awful presence above was too palpable to permit sleep. I could only lie and listen to the bell, which broke the hours into quarters with a sound more like a cry than a chime, as if all the night, before the dread altar of Etna, some watcher were sending up a voice of wild and pleading prayer.

SYRACUSE, SICILY, February 28, 1866.

We had gone to bed at Nicolosi, twelve miles up the slope of Etna, when I left you last, dear *Courier*, and at that same point, accordingly, I resume. The night, I told you, up to the time of our latest observation, had remained cloudy, and, as clear weather is an absolute essential of the ascent, we had lain down with many misgivings. It was a jubilant sound, therefore, which roused us, at one o'clock antemeridian, when our friendly landlord broke in, his whole being a transport of delight as to the auspicious change which had taken place in the weather. '*Il tempo e magnifico, Signore buonissimo, chiarissima. Non una sola nebbia, Signore!*' Sure enough, when we turned out, there was not a cloud in the sky, and every individual star seemed to have a special, distinct and particular mission to shine. A grander horoscope there could not be; so we mounted our mules, and, with two guides also mounted and a lamp-bearer who was to take care of the mules when we left them, we started gleefully on our way. It was a beautiful and yet a solemn ride we had over the lava in that starlight. At first, it was not permitted to see much of the region we traversed, save that we were ascending continually, by a path now of soft ashes and anon of ruggedest lava. We left the cultivated country behind us at Nicolosi, and entered what is called 'La Boschiva,' or the middle region of woods; but not much sign of woods could be detected, although we closely scanned the dim outlines of cone and mountain around us. We had not gone far, however, when, in the sky before us, a white figure dimly

defined itself, and we knew that, though seventeen miles off, the phantom-like shape which seemed to fill the near mid-distance was none other than royal Etna. A pillar of cloud, but not of fire, rose from the height of his sanctuary, and served all night to signal us onwards.

We were over two thousand two hundred feet above the sea when we started on our night march, and as thousands were added to these, one and another and another, it began to be abundantly manifest that we were getting up in the world. The air grew bracing and sharp, and it took all our double supply of clothing to keep us comfortable. The heavens, too, became every moment more and more populous with stars, and from each of the celestial lights pulsed a keener, intenser light. The Great Bear I noticed swinging solemnly over us, and pointing as ever to the pole, which now stood but a few degrees to the east of Etna's summit. A large planet, also, went in our van, and hung like a great prism, palpitating many colored light, until it sank at last and quenched its radiance on the snow of the mountain's shoulder. Looking backward, it seemed as if we could see the end of the world, for the stars were beneath as well as above and round us. The lights of Catania and of the villages glimmered few and dim, apparently close at the mountain's foot, and the sea-horizon beyond was near and low also. Observing these things and the occasionally scrubby outline of a dwarf tree which became visible, one had not leisure to think of cold ; and yet it was a welcome sight which met us, a little before five o'clock, after we had been riding two hours and a half, when

suddenly from the hill above us a friendly blaze was visible, inviting us to warmth and a moment's rest. The fire awaited us in a little lava cabin, built, even at that height of six thousand two hundred feet above the sea, for the accommodation of tillers of the soil ; for around it, at the very edge of the 'Boschiva,' there are patches of soil, into which a little barley is scratched, and from which struggles up a stunted growth of chestnut trees.

We rested but a quarter of an hour in the hospitable shed of the Casa del Bosco ; yet, ere we started upwards again, there had impinged on the eastern horizon a faint and delicate white hint of the coming day. There was excellent inspiration in the sight, and we pushed forward with vigor, anxious to reach as high a point as possible before the wonder of the Etna prospect, sunrise, should arrive. It was into what is called the Desert Region that we had now to make our upward way, and the crescent light was soon strong enough to reveal its melancholy nakedness. Etna was high and white above us, still, but all else was grayish black ; a steep and savage chaos of lava, in the crevices of which the *santa spina*—holy thorn—alone finds scanty root. Take any descriptions of Vesuvius and multiply any estimate of that pocket volcano by a hundred times, and you then will have but little idea of the vastness, the grandeur, the fierce, chaotic desolation which the daylight made visible at this point of our ascent. It was all the stranger and more thrilling, accordingly, to hear, as we did then, the songs of birds come up from the skirt of the Boschiva far beneath, and to know by that sweet sign that we had not yet,

even upon this mountain of death, passed the confines of the beautiful of earth, and therefore of the mercy and love of heaven.

We were making our painful path, still, on the mules, over an unusually steep and rough brow of lava, about seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, I calculated, when the breaking glory of sunrise made mules and men of us instinctively halt. For some time past I had observed the east to be traversed by waves of many-hued auroral light, each passing flood being followed by one of more living, dazzling radiance. Upon the western side of heaven, meanwhile, a full-size shadow of the mountain stood portrayed, the silver of the stars being still visible in its violet deeps. Strata of delicate green, of light amber and of dark crimson lake, lay next to the horizon of the east, and I saw that in the last and lowest of these a few clouds floated, their grotesque heads just emerging from the sea. As the light grew stronger, these clouds took the form of bronze lions, rampant, as it were, on either side of the expectant portal of the sun. We had not a minute more to wait, when, suddenly, the lions of bronze became rampant lions of gold,—as if from the depths of the near ocean a globe of fire rolled up; and so, with one soaring motion, the chariot of the god was let upon its circling pathway of the sky.

We had reached the point where the *santa spina* keeps dreary tryst with the snow, when our guides invited us to dismount and eat some breakfast. Not loath were we to meet the tender, and, although the cold was rather biting, so were our appetites, and we ate and drank like vikings. Sooth to say, however, some

of the gyrations and anties, on the snow, of the break-fasters, with chicken drumstick or such-like in hand, would have made sticklers for table etiquette stare. After our meal we bade good-by to the patient beasts which had borne us so far, and began the steep remainder of the way on foot. Seven miles was the estimated distance, still, to the summit of the cone, to perform which the guides allowed us three hours and a half. Fortunately, a surface of hard snow extended all the way to the plane from which rises the cone, so that we had no extra difficulties to contend with from the loose or ragged nature of the ground. It was simply a hard pull of over five miles, or two hours, the rise being quite steep enough for comfort at every step; and at last we stood on a bit of level ground and drew a long breath, beside the walls of the *Casa degli Inglesi*, or house of the English. This structure, reared fifty years ago for the shelter of the climbers of Etna, the traveler owes in part to the public spirit of some English officers, but more to the persevering efforts of three brothers, named Gemmelaro, one of whom still lives at Nicolosi, and was to us, as to all who seek his aid, the oracle and friendly genius of the mountain. In summer, it is possible to climb with mules to the door of this casa; but in winter, from five to ten miles of foot-travel must be substituted, and no admittance can be expected at its snow-blocked threshold. To us, the roof of the casa served as a welcome landmark, although its shelter was thus denied, and from our resting-place close by we took a good view of what yet remained to do.

From the plane we had reached, if plane that can be

called which is only such comparatively, the great cone of the volcano, a mass of black ashes and scoriae, rises at an abrupt angle of forty-five degrees to the height of one thousand one hundred feet. To surmount this yielding and brimstone-scented mass is the tug of war ; so, advancing to its foot, and passing on the way thither a little crater from which sulphur was oozing and vapor copiously rising, we girded our loins for the last heat. Of the nausea and other sensations commonly experienced at such an elevation as we had gained, I felt nothing. One's wind, indeed, did not last long at a time, but a few moments' halt invariably brought heart and breath back again. An hour and a half is usually reckoned as the time for the ascent of the cone from the casa ; we did it in an hour, stepping at the end of the sixtieth minute on the lofty beetling rim, from the one side of which sinks the abyss of the crater,—on the other side of which lay visible, as it seemed, the land and sea of half a world.

Including all stops, it had taken us just seven hours and a half to reach, from Nicolosi, that sublime height of almost eleven thousand feet above the sea-level. One moment's sweep of the eye round the horizon, when there, was recompense sufficient for all the fatigue of getting there. At first one's vision roamed outward to its furthest limits, and would not be sated with the ecstatic sensation of traversing so vast spaces at a glance. It threw its greatest radius everywhere out into the dim distance, and, drawing its grandest circumference therewith, sought only to make explorations on that misty line. To bring up the rocks of Lipari from the sea ; to trace the Calabrian coast till

its far heights melted to an orient haze ; to conjure the mirage of Malta from the wave, and to draw the blue ring of ocean round Sicily itself—these were the first efforts of elated vision. Descending at last to nearer objects, we saw easily the sites of Messina, Palermo and Syracuse, the three points around which is roughly described the triangle of the coast of Sicily. The shore, indeed, from Catania to the latter town, seemed in its apparent nearness to rise vertically from the sea, while the greater part of the island was a simple, sunny map beneath the eye, on which could be traced the endless details of stream and lake and hill and champaign and village. But the view around the mountain is, after all, scarcely so wonderful as that of the mountain itself. From its summit, the enormous mass of Etna, over a hundred and twenty miles in circumference at the base, lies clearly within the comprehension ; and, gazing down its prodigious sides, here seamed with vast ridges of lava, there torn into abysmal glens and fissures, one is at no loss to understand why the terrors of such a monster are written in the earliest pages of human history. Perhaps it would be more correct, indeed, to describe Etna as a system of volcanoes, rather than as a unit of the class ; for, although there is but one grand mountain, with a grand crater at its apex, its flanks are pimpled with at least two scores of cones, the tumuli of more or less recent eruptions, each of which in its day has perhaps been as formidable as Vesuvius.

The crater of Etna, at the present time, indicates a state of tranquillity in this part of earth's infernal regions which is never transcended. An eruption from

one of the lower pustules occurred a little over a year ago, and the reaction of repose from that event continues. Although two and a half or three miles is the average outer circumference of the abyss, I should not judge it to be now over a mile round. Its sides, of soft material, brightly variegated by abundant efflorescences of sulphur, ammonia and other elements, slope steeply downward some three or four hundred feet toward the center, where, with a narrow margin or flange around its rim, yawns the smoking gulf of the deepest deep. At times, while we looked, the wind held in this smoke and vapor, until the whole cavity of the crater was filled and became a seething caldron of white hell-broth; anon the pit swept clear again, and we had full opportunity to overlook all its diabolical furnishings and appointments.

It is computed that the radius of vision in clear weather on the top of Etna is over one hundred and fifty miles, which would give a circle of nearly a thousand miles to the eye. During the hour we stayed on the summit, however, a low stratum of heat-clouds began to spread over the land, and these, with the haze which lay on portions of the horizon, eventually very much restricted our view. By way of compensation for this loss, we had a succession of cloud-phenomena of a wonderfully beautiful character. At one time the mists settled and formed a false horizon line above the sea, on the level of which extended far and wide a counterfeit ocean, the very reflex of that which lay still visible beneath. Over this upper deep, betimes, floated myriads of white clouds, now taking the form of vast fleets passing toward the Levant, and

again melting to the likeness of fields of ice, the arctic expanse of which stretched from the very foot of our mountain to the remotest boundary of the sky. Toward this enchanted region of cloud, from our high stand-point of intensest sunshine, we started at last, our pace being something between a slide and a gallop. About two miles down, we stopped to look at the remains of what is called the Philosopher's Tower, a structure of Roman times, in which popular tradition has located the Greek philosopher, Empedocles. A little lower, we skirted the cliff of the Val del Bove, a tremendous chasm, shut in by precipices of lava and other volcanic rock, which rise at some places to a sheer height of four thousand feet. Into the Val, however, had rolled a small ocean of surging cloud, and we could see but little of its awful grandeur. On our downward path, accordingly, we slid, without delay, and in due time, or about one o'clock P. M., reached our mules, whose saddled backs seemed softer to us than cushions of eider ever did. A short ride took us down through the layer of cloud which had wrought such scenic wonders for us above, and, passing that, we were soon on the rugged slopes of La Boschiva. It was among the scrubby white oaks and chestnuts of this zone that the warm airs of the south began again to meet us, and the effect upon our physical man of the rapid change was as enervating as its converse of the ascent had been bracing and full of healthful inspiration. My short experience of a southern climate at this season has led me to exalted ideas of the uses and benefits of the northern winter.

We traversed the Boschiva briskly, observing better,

by the daylight we now had, the numerous cones which occur along its lower edge. Some of these are now, from top to base, under cultivation, even the hollow of the extinct craters being planted to the bottom with the vine. The grape grown on these volcanic slopes produces a very delicious, sweet wine, which has a suggestion of the cherry in its flavor, and, in my opinion, is superior to any *lachryma* of Vesuvius I tasted. To finish our journey, however, it is sufficient to say that at three o'clock we arrived at Nicolosi, and the same evening drove, tired but triumphant, into Catania. We were the third, of America, and about the sixth party of any nationality, I believe, who had attempted the ascent since last autumn. I know many people will be skeptical, but my verdict is, nevertheless, that the trip pays.

Our progress to Syracuse, and subsequent sojourn in Sicily, must form the subject of another letter.

CATANIA, SICILY, March 4, 1866.

Six days ago we took steamer from this town and bore southward, with a short programme made out, the first item on which was a flying visit to Malta. It was late in the afternoon when we started; so that the moon was up and regnant over the glorious kingdom of a cloudless Sicilian night ere we reached Syracuse, and, rounding the classic point of Ortygia, cast anchor in the greater port of that strangely interesting city. We stopped but an hour or two there, and no passengers went ashore; but even from the deck I could

identify some of the historic landmarks. I was trying to fix the whereabouts on the shore of the Fountain of Arethusa, when, at my side, I perceived a person in the garb of a Benedictine monk, who appeared equally with myself absorbed by the associations of the scene. It was not at all an unpleasant surprise to discover, on exchanging remarks with the stranger, that he was none other than our old friend Father Ignatius, whom we went to hear, and of whose curious mission I wrote to you, in London. He had been very sick, had left his Norwich monastery on a tour to recruit his health, and was now, as he said, on his way to keep the feast of the Passover at Jerusalem. His white, intellectual face was thinner and sadder-looking than when I saw it pleading for the establishment of the monastic system in the English Church; but all the old fanatic fire came back to his eye when he spoke in exposition or defense of his favorite idea. He had a beautiful boy of three or four years of age with him, who had been confided to his care for monkish purposes, and who was even now attired in the garb of a mimic Trappist. It was partly comical and partly painful to witness the struggle of this little fellow's childhood with the bad lesson of silence he had already begun to learn, which taught him, as he whispered to one of our party, that he 'must n't talk to世俗人.' The monk, however, seemed to have the full love and confidence of his little charge; and I saw the sweet face of 'Brother Ignatius'—so he called the child—upturned in rapturous attention to hear how St. Paul 'abode three days in Syracuse,' on his way from the Jerusalem to which the curious pair of friends were making pilgrimage.

Syracuse is fifty miles from Catania, and over a hundred miles nearer Africa is Malta. By seven o'clock in the morning we lay at anchor in the great harbor of Valetta, Malta's capital, and an hour later had fought our way through a crowd of boatmen, porters, and beggars—all talking the Arabic *patois* at the top of their voices—to a good English breakfast at the Imperial Hotel. The line of somebody's (Byron's, was it?) farewell to Malta—‘Adieu, those cursed streets of stairs,—leaped into my mind with its meaning elucidated, when I first set foot on the island; for the principal streets, leading from the wharves to the high ground of Valetta, are indeed in good part staircases, traversable only by the foot of man or donkey. The tremendous system of fortifications by which the city is defended is something which strikes the stranger's attention, however, even before this little peculiarity of its streets. The initiative of our day's sight-seeing in Malta was taken by climbing to the esplanade of one of these strongholds, and therefrom surveying as much as possible in a bird's-eye view. About midway, on the easterly side of the island, occur two deep and commodious inlets, between which rises a bold, rocky peninsula. On that peninsula, in 1566, the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, John de la Valette, built the city of Valetta; the southern one of the inlets is the Great Harbor; the northern its lesser or quarantine harbor. Nothing can be finer, in a war-like way, than the view of the works by which the city and its ports are guarded. On the promontory of populous Valetta frowns the triple front of St. Elmo, famous for its siege and capture by the infidels,

after one of the bloodiest struggles of mediæval times, in 1565. On the opposite point, south, is the splendid castle of St. Angelo, the key of the whole position; while, in an almost continuous wall of stone and iron, the fortresses of Bargo and Lenglea extend to the west, stronger, to-day, than when, after two months of day and night assault, the Turks retired baffled from their moats, leaving 25,000 slain. These are the chief fortresses of historic name; but nearly the whole line of the rocky shore, and almost every point from which entrance to the harbor can be commanded, bristles with English cannon, and testifies to the importance of Malta as a foothold for the Lion in the Mediterranean.

From viewing the battlements their wealth erected and their valor so bravely held, we went naturally to the grand Church of St. John, where the Knights of Malta have made their graves. There is nothing in the spacious nave of this edifice, or in its elaborate central altar, to distinguish it above many other imposing Catholic temples I have seen; but turn into the line of chapels which form its aisles, and he must be insensate who is not moved by the spectacle there presented. Seven of the twelve of these chapels have been appropriated for knightly sepulture, and in each of the seven rests the dead of a nationality, or language, comprised in the Order. Portuguese, Spanish, Provençal, Austrian, Italian, French and Anglo-Bavarian are thus laid together,—all within an easy clarion call, but the men of a common tongue in still closer relation, side by side, beneath their own particular chapel dome. The floors of these chapels are entirely made up of

memorial tablets, wrought in costly mosaic, of the knights who slumber beneath; while around each nationality's shrine rise the magnificently sculptured tombs of its grand masters. In a crypt beneath the church lie the sarcophagi of La Valette, L'Isle Adam, and other of the most eminent who wore the master's cross. All my stock of knightly romance and rhyme came into mind as I walked those chapeled aisles, rich with damask and gilt, yet dim and silent, as befitted their solemnity; and, leaving the place, with a strange persistent emphasis the homely lines rang in my ears, a fitting epitaph for the buried chivalry, *en masse* :—

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust ;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

By the way, not a few of the swords, and some fine specimens of the armor of the knights, remain in quite a good state of preservation in the armory of the governor's palace, which we visited. This is a large edifice, originally built for the residence of the Grand Master of Malta, and now occupied, since the capture of the island by the English in the year 1800, by his political successor, the English governor. The armory already mentioned is the chief attraction in the palace. Besides a great many curiosities in the way of ancient weapons, such as I briefly described in writing once of the Tower of London, there are preserved the grand charter of the Order of St. John, with the signature of the pope who granted it, and also the deed of the Island of Malta to the knights, with the bold fist of Charles V. attached thereto. Still more interesting

was the sight of the long silver bugle, preserved carefully under a glass case, which sounded the note of the retreat of the knights from Rhodes, when, in 1530, it was resolved to accept the emperor's cession and move the seat of the Order to Malta. As if the silver mouth, long mute, had become vibrant again with the memorable blast, suddenly there came thronging round me, as I looked at this relic, a full vision of the chivalry of St. John of Jerusalem. In sooth, there have not been many more notable associations of men, in ancient or modern times. We talk of the superior texture, the longer fiber, so to speak, of the fabric of civilized contemporary society; but where is there an organization, now, like that of Malta, uniting men of all nations of Christendom in a brotherhood of life and death? Would such be possible to-day, even if the common danger of the middle ages were to come again?

Passing out through the quintuple walls of Valetta on the west, a large portion of the island lies in view, presenting in nearly every feature a strongly oriental aspect. The rule of the country, as I marked it, is an undulating surface of glittering white rock; the exception, a green strip of field or garden or orange orchard, or a slope mottled with a plantation of olives. The houses outside the city are all built on the eastern plan,—square, with flat roofs, and with doors and windows mostly invisible. In the center of the fields, also, I noticed the eastern cistern of irrigation; and in all else, save the spires of the churches, the scene was not of Europe, but Syria. We drove first, some eight or ten miles, through several Arabic-looking

villages, each with an English grog-shop in its street, to what is called St. Paul's Bay, from the fact that tradition points to the place as that where the shipwrecked Apostle to the Gentiles landed, as related in Acts xxvii. The bay is a beautiful one, with a green island at its mouth and a shore of such verdure as is not general in Malta. It sufficiently answers to Luke's very slight description, and I, for one, was not disposed to question a single one of the localities which are pointed out: this as the spot where he shook the viper from his hand; that where he made his brief Maltese residence, etc., etc. As might be expected, there is a plethora of statuary in the island purporting to set forth the bodily presence of the great apostle, a life-size or colossal figure and a chapel having been erected at each of the several points identified with his visit to Malta. At Citta Vecchia, the old capital of the island, there is a cave, called St. Paul's Grotto, in which one set of authorities fix the habitation of him and his companions. The attendant monk gravely gave us a piece of the rock of this cavern, telling us of its miraculous power to cure several diseases. The same individual was our guide into the remarkable catacombs, which open near by, and which rank, after those of Syracuse, as the most extensive and interesting I have seen.

But I must not attempt to write an itinerary of the sights of Malta. Altogether it is a queerly interesting and suggestive bit of *terra firma*. It may be said to stand as a sort of landmark in the ocean of time, as well as in the Mediterranean; for upon it has been left a record of all the historic tides which have ebbed or

flowed over Southern Europe. Its population is as complete a specimen of human mosaic as may be met. Beginning as a Phœnician colony, it has successively been overswept by Greece, Carthage, Rome, the Goths, and the Saracens; while nearly all the European powers have had their say in its government. It gets its religion from Rome, but it worships in a dialect of Arabia, while, at the same time, Italian is the language it writes and teaches in its schools. Lastly, the impress of England has been added, and now, while the women of the middle class still wear the Spanish *manto*, the Maltese aristocracy get all their modes from London. Whether it is this extraordinary mingling of elements which causes an equally remarkable tendency of the population to multiply and replenish, I wot not; but it is true that the almost barren rock of Malta is the most densely inhabited portion of the globe,—*i. e.*, comparing its average to the square mile with that of any other country.

It would be ungrateful in me to leave Malta without an acknowledgment of the benefits of its English occupation, from which incidentally accrued to us some special blessings. Chief among these, let me mention a hearty greeting, in our own tongue, to the gracious interior of an English home, and to the never-to-be-sufficiently-estimated luxury of an English dinner. With all due respect to the continental countries, I shall always think of Malta as a sort of half-way house from home to ‘home again.’

It was yet early morning when we rowed from the steamer to the wharf of modern Syracuse, and clambered up its dilapidated streets in search of a

hotel. The quest was more successful than we had dared to hope, and soon, after a breakfast of which the genuine honey of Hybla, redolent of Hybla's thyme, formed a luscious relish, we were started on our tour over the site of 'the London of antiquity.' The shabby town of five-and-twenty thousand inhabitants which, to-day, represents the olden mistress of Sicily, is built on the peninsula, or rather island, called by the Greeks, Ortygia; and, as at Valetta, on either side of this lie the greater and lesser harbors of the city. On the broad, rocky table-land, stretching back a distance of five miles from the sea, were the other four cities, or divisions of the city, which made up the great pentapolitan Syracuse. Perhaps a score of houses and a half dozen churches or convents might be counted at present on this space, which it needed a wall of fourteen miles, in other days, to inclose; apart from these, what was a populous city once is utter desert now.

We made a brief round of the objects of interest on Ortygia before proceeding to more distant explorations, and, of course, first of all, paid our respects to the watery heroine of classic song, Arethusa. It is fortunate for the fountain so yclept that the poets of antiquity sang its waters sacred, for I doubt whether any amount of modern music would have done the business for it. Imagine a large semi-circular excavation, about twenty feet deep, walled up with masonry, and separated from the sea by the city wall, and in the center of this pit a spring of clear but not very pleasant-tasting water. That, with the addition of a waving hedge of the papyrus reed, and a flight of

steps leading from the street to its edge, is the Fountain of Arethusa. Any little nameless rill of crystal, laughing its way from the wild hills, were, in itself, to me, a hundred times more poetic; but I thought of the freshness that had flowed from the fountain into ancient minstrelsy, and of the idea of beauty which still lives and seems to flash and sparkle in its very name, and so thinking I cast no dirt at Arethusa.

The other sights in this immediate neighborhood, are a trio of antique baths and the vestiges of two temples,—one of Diana, the other of Minerva. In the baths, which are fed by the spring of Arethusa, a splashing, shrill-voiced crowd of washerwomen, with petticoats tied high above the knee, blend the pursuit of cleanliness with the enjoyments of social reunion in a truly Sicilian manner. A few pillars and slabs, half excavated, in what we would call a vacant street lot, are all that is now apparent of Diana's ancient splendor, while two rows of massive Doric columns, built into and supporting the structure of the modern cathedral, represent the once superb temple of Minerva. This practice of placing a Christian roof upon pagan pillars is universal, I find, wherever the requisite ruins are forthcoming to permit it, and one is tempted sometimes to challenge the apparent incongruity. Not by any means, however, that the structure of Christianity is founded on paganism, do I read the symbol, but, rather, that under each, the false as well as the true, stand the grand archaic columns, planted by God Himself, of man's religious nature.

The *latomie*, or vast excavations, supposed to have been first quarries and afterwards prisons, are chief

among the wonders of ancient Syracuse shown to the visitor. Passing through a gate at the foot of a steep little descent, we entered one of the largest of these, the Latomia de Greci, which tradition assigns as the subterranean dungeon of the 7,000 Athenian prisoners,—the wreck of the army which besieged Syracuse under Nicias. It is of irregular form, quite labyrinthine in its spacious extent, indeed, and with a level floor and perpendicular walls of the solid rock. Evidently, in procuring from these immense quarries the material of which the city was built, the surface of the ground was left unbroken, and furnished with supporting piers, as in a coal mine; so that no receptacle of unfortunate humanity could be more hopelessly secure. The roofs of rock have long since fallen in, however, and in the shady nooks of the one we first visited have been planted a fruit orchard and flower garden. Where the captive Greeks ate the crust of bitter captivity, in gloom of perpetual midnight, we sat, accordingly, and ate delicious oranges; and the caves which once resounded with cries of anguish, to us were musical with the chant of the matchless nightingale.

It is in one of these *latomie*, that whose latter-day furnishing of birds and fruit and flowers has won for it the name *Del Paradiso*, that the famous Ear of Dionysius is to be sought. I need not repeat the story, which used to take the school-boy fancy so famously, as to the purpose for which this cavern is said to have been constructed, but am bound to remark, instead, that I was not able to discover exactly how the tyrant could have got the practical service from it which tradition alleges he did. The ear-shape of the

excavation, too, is rather dubious, unless it be the shape of a horse's or ass's ear which is meant, to which indeed the outline of the cave's mouth bears a marked resemblance. Winding back into the rock some 200 feet, the 'Ear' of course gives some stunning echo-effects, and it may have been that some chamber, now inaccessible, existed at its inner extremity, where the old eavesdropping tyrant sat, and to which were borne for his prying benefit the whispered opinions of himself uttered by his forlorn captives outside.

But time and paper would fail me, to deal in detail with the really wondrous antiquities of Syracuse. There is the theater, hewn, like that of Taormina, out of the rock, and of whose splendor history speaks, ranking it as the rival of the largest of Greece. Notable, also, is the Ara,—an altar of colossal dimensions, its length being 640 feet; an institution well adapted, you will say, to the classic weakness for hecatombs. Then, too, there are the huge ridges of rock, stretching the city's breadth, almost, whose mass is perforated with tombs, and in which a fond tradition has fixed the last dwelling-places of Archimedes and Timoleon. These, and many other individual objects, such as temples, baths, etc., we duly investigated, at the rate of about one wink of the eye for each thousand years of their antiquity. The truth is, where a whole world of the past is rolled back upon you, as at Syracuse, you cannot do much with details. The most I achieved was to wander over the vast spaces, once covered with the homes of an imperial nation, and hold some sort of wondering converse, not all unprofitable, I trust, with the demon of desolation now in sole

possession of the whole. For there are square miles of stony slope across which you walk, meeting at every footstep the hewn foundations of ancient dwellings, or the ruts in which rattled of old the iron of the chariot-wheel, but on which is no greater vestige of human occupation or human pride. Though here and there are patches of soil, planted with the famed Muscat of the modern town, for the most part, over the ancient sites, scarcely aught of vegetation has crept,—as if nature took care to keep visible the record of history, and would let no plant grow up to make illegible these solemn runes, which say: ‘This was Syracuse.’

We found great interest, besides, in overlooking the ground, outside the walls, whereon the Athenians made their successive camps, in the great struggle which really broke the power of Athens and made her a bankrupt among the nations. These places of warlike note lie mostly on the south side of the city; but on the north are to be traced the topography and memorials of the Roman investment, under Marcellus, by which Syracuse, in turn, was forced to limp, vanquished and discrowned, from the arena of history. At Euryalus, a high fortress nearly five miles from the sea, may still be seen much of the elaborate system of fortification, planned, it is said, by Archimedes himself, by which the city so long withstood the assaults of the mistress of the world.

We spent one afternoon in a boat excursion up the classic river Anapus to the fountain of Cyane, the nymph who attempted to stay the abduction of Proserpine, and came to grief thereby. The stream enters

the sea at the head of the Great Harbor, from which, to the left, curves the shore of the ancient city, and to the right the green coast of Plemmyrium. Navigating its not copious waters upwards, the channel becomes narrow and almost choked with water-plants, chief and most plentiful of which is the papyrus reed, whose tall, graceful stem and bushy head wave wild over this one, only, of the streams of Europe. The Anapus, to say sooth, is not an imposing stream, now, whatever it may have been in other days; and, pushing up its weedy current, some travelers might haply be tempted to ask to what end they essayed the navigation, so laborious, of a ditch. But it was a beautiful as well as historic plain through which it led us, and the view westward was bounded by the purple range of the hills of Hybla, whose honey drips from the lines of Virgil and Ovid, and of whose thyme that honey was and still is sweetly redolent. By and by, too, we came to the stream's fountain, and saw, in its marvelously clear deeps, exactly how the fair Cyane was changed to water, while the angry god made straight tracks to Hades, or Etna, by the subterranean cavity she was left to fill. Well pleased, therefore, we turned downward, plucking some papyrus on our way, and stopping, afterwards, opposite a ridge about a mile off to the south, on which still linger the remains of the great Syracusan temple of Jupiter Olympus. Two massive Doric monoliths, against which have vainly beaten the storms of two thousand years, and which stand, dominating the solitude with a majesty almost awful, are all; but the walk to reach them is not a bad investment. We had an opportunity in the course of it to get an inside view of

Sicilian agriculture; for a couple of boys were plowing in one of the fields as we passed. Their teams were oxen and their plows were each constructed of two pieces of wood.—one piece serving as the beam, the other as coulter, share and handle.—not even an iron nail being in the whole structure. After holding the primitive apology for one round, I could not but wonder that Sicily does not resent the insult, and cease to be the glory of Europe for corn and wine and oil, and for fruits and flowers more numerous than Solomon ever catalogued. Well she might; but she doesn't.

The sun had set behind Hybla when we pushed from the reeds of Anapus and set sail across the bay towards Ortygia. The island, of old, was peculiarly sacred to and under the protection of Diana; so I hailed it as a special grace, that over its spires and towers, as we approached, rose the full form of the heavenly huntress. Scarce a wreck remains of the shrines Syracuse built to her honor; but, with a splendor all undimmed by time, she soared above the ruins and laid all the scene, from the plain of Plemmyrium to the far snows of Etna, under the enchantment of her matchless light. It did not need much of fancy, then, to beget meditation; for over the gray and storied hills came trooping the specters of the past, and every wave that whispered on the lonely shore awoke its echo in the thought. With all that thought unuttered, but with the moonlight still upon its rock and sea, let me leave Syracuse.

We came by carriage, fifty miles, back to this place, of which I have left myself scarcely space to say another word. Catania is a very daughter of Etna, familiar with eruptions from her Grecian youth and

inured to the rough handling of earthquakes, as Buffalo is to the breath of her zephyrs. The present city may almost be said to be a second story; for beneath a great part of its foundation, covered by lava or débris, lies the Catana of the Greeks. The lower walls of a massive theater lie half-exhumed in its streets, and at a number of points there are openings to the baths, temples, etc., of the regions below. As I mentioned in a former letter, the lava of 1669 flowed in a double torrent through its midst to the sea, and, several times, it has been almost levelled to the ground by the sympathetic throes of other volcanic outbreaks. Yet, a city with a cheerfuller, more intelligent and more business-like set of inhabitants I have not seen south of Genoa. That its reputation for kindness and courtesy to strangers is well-founded, we have good reason to know. Thanks to the warm hearts of the Catanese, we can say, in bidding Sicily good-by, that its shores are not now to us altogether those of an alien people.

PÆSTUM AND POMPEII.

NAPLES, *March 9, 1866.*

There may sometimes be difficulty, dear *Courier*, in doing very common things; and I own I find a difficulty even in getting together these random scribblings, arising from the perpetual conviction that I am going over ground which has been trodden familiar as a highway to everybody. Because it is a little, just a very little, out of the present beaten track of travel, I must tell you of the trip we have made to Paestum, one of the pre-eminent sights of South Italy. . . .

The road to the temples, from Battipaglia, leaves the mountains, blue and beautiful, on the left, and strikes over a wide alluvial plain, the population of which is sparse and primitive in its character. From the occasional huts we passed, children sallied forth and made long runs after the carriage, for *baiocchi*, in costume scarcely less slight than that which art allows to its cupids and other mythological young people. The men and women, ragged, generally, but picturesque always, seemed mostly pastoral in their pursuits, and herds of buffaloes (other than ourselves), as well as of wild-looking sheep and swine, roamed over the plain in great numbers. Through such a region the traveler fares, until the mountains are seen curving round to meet the shore, and, at last, between the loneliness of

the sea and the loneliness of the hills, you look and descry the mysterious pillars of the Pæstum temples.

Some say Phœnicians, some Etruscans, but, of a certainty, who built this city of Poseidonia,—who reared its grass-grown walls and these sublime monuments of its greatness and piety,—who covered these now desolate shores with the fruits of a mighty civilization,—history saith not. Whatever its origin, however, the place, some time in the dim past, became Greek, and its ruins are conceded to be, after those at Athens, the grandest, most venerable and best preserved memorials of Grecian genius in the world. The temples are three in number,—by far the finest being the central one of the solemn trinity, called that of Neptune. It is of the oldest and purest style of Doric architecture, and not one of the thirty-six columns which bound its sacred parallelogram but stands as if, surviving the past, it defies the future. So with the massive pediments and the broad entablature: scarcely a single block of the giant masonry of these has fallen; and, though interior walls are crumbled to dust, and a million storms have washed from its floors the stain of sacrificial blood, to the outward view the temple is still perfect,—a miracle of symmetry, a paragon of art, to-day, as it was when Athens was young and Rome unborn.

The temples on either side are dwarfed by the majesty of the central structure; for not only are they of smaller proportions, but their architecture exhibits some departure from the stern simplicity of the pure Doric, and to a corresponding extent they fail in impressiveness of effect. Although less ancient, more-

over, these inferior edifices have suffered more at the hands of the centuries than the middle temple, whose unshattered columns, shielded by the spell of their consummate art, seem to proclaim that perfect beauty is the conqueror of time. These temples stood nearly in the center of the city, the walls of which, running to the sea at each side, can still be traced in a ridge of massive blocks, tumbled from their places and nearly covered with soil and vegetation. There is even an arch of one of the gates—that opening towards the mountains—remaining, with strange hieroglyphs of wind and weather written over its gray masonry, as if nature had sought to keep a record of the forgotten time when, within it, perhaps,—

. . . a mighty people rejoiced
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim was rolled
Through the open gates of the city, afar
To the shepherd watching the evening star.

The shepherd drove his flock past me while I stood, and the star, fair as of old, came over and set in the Tyrrhene wave; but the ‘mighty people’?—

Two sizable farm-houses and their respective clusters of huts have straggled into the once populous limits of the city, and do not contribute anything to the æsthetics of the scene; but coming back, as I did, once again, to the front of the great temple, I had these all behind me, and it, and the sea, and solitude, alone in view. The ruins are of a kind of limestone, termed travertine, which has bleached to a grayish brown hue, itself expressive of immense age, like the brown parchment color which Sellstedt has given in

the face of that centenarian Indian chief of his. The venerable red-skin takes me to America again; and, indeed, it was a thought of mine own land which sprang into mind, as I gazed on the marvelous outline of the Grecian temple. It rose before me in wedded grace and strength, a monument of that dim era when Europe, like America, was still a new world, with its rude portals just opening to the march of eastern civilization, and the star of empire just dawning over its dusky orient. First came the ships of Phœnicia, exploring the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, as into our own waters came the pioneer sails of Spain. Then, if Virgil sings sooth, it was the exile band of Troy who sailed towards the sunset, as other exiles have sailed since. The galleys of Greece, as well, came pressing on, with splendor in their wake, and the shores rang with the din of the building of cities and the founding of new states. Curious to think of, but some time, long ago, Italy was a ‘far west,’ as was our Wisconsin. As with us the guiding vision has shifted, while we followed, far and farther to the occident, so, once, its light must have gleamed from cape to purple cape, along these old-world shores, until to the Roman mariner, watching its latest ray, the pillars of Hercules grew dark, and upon his ear, as upon Balboa’s, there broke the music of another ocean. The analogy, if it be such, must stop here; for the arts and religion have taken, in our west, no material embodiment like that which rose sublime amid the populations of young Europe, and whose ruins are yet the world’s wonder. It seems to have been given to that early age to be supreme in the genius which creates the visible forms

of beauty. Standing beside the majesty of the Pæstum temple of Neptune, I could see that it presents a model, from which to depart, in many respects at least, is but to err. It is of a different order of architecture, and with another and nobler material, that our later civilization is building its monuments; but who would not fain learn of the future whether, in very deed, the pillars of our temples shall outlast those of Pæstum?

We leave Naples for Rome to-morrow, and I have scarcely yet named to you half the beautiful things of it and its enchanting surroundings. I picked up a letter, you remember, among the wonders of the bay's northern curve; but of that still lovelier region which bends southward, with glittering Sorrento and Vico and Castellammare strung upon its emerald strand, I must take leave in eloquent silence. Following the shore last mentioned toward Naples, you pass the site of the ancient port of Stabiæ, where the elder Pliny landed to perish in that darkest night of history; and farther on, but back a mile or more from the sea, is the point in the low Vesuvian ridge at which you enter Pompeii. It is a curious day which the tourist spends loitering about in that city of preternatural stillness and solitude, and he would write many letters, I fancy, before he succeeded in wording his impressions of the place to his own satisfaction, or in communicating even a faint idea of it to others. The every-day world comes as close as possible to the unearthly spot and does its best to rid the visitor of superfluous illusions. A railway station is built in convenient proximity to the excavations, and the guard of the train shouts 'Pompeii!' in the same tone of voice which announces

a halt at Tonawanda. Walking forth, with Bulwer and history boiling in your mind, you find that a common-looking inn is the ‘Hotel of Diomede.’ Then, too, at the gates of the strange realm of the past, there are modern buildings; and the uniformed individual who acts as your cicerone answers not at all to one’s ideas of a Roman soldier. But all in vain; the place will *not* be disenchanted. The central recesses of the American wilderness may become as Saratoga, but Pompeii cannot be modernized or made commonplace. The instant you step into its silent streets, between you and the world of to-day there is a great gulf fixed, and, until its gates have shut you out again, it is another age, or rather it would seem another kind of existence, which enwraps you with its atmosphere and weaves about you its sympathies. To speak of any sort of burying-ground or ‘city of the dead,’ in connection with Pompeii, gives no aid to a comprehension of its peculiar character: think rather of some realm to which one might gain entrance by vision or trance, in which there is everywhere such mingling of the familiar and the strange—the real and the unreal—as we meet, yet do not wonder at, in the twilight of our dreams.

Although it is considerably over a century since the buried city was discovered, as yet not more than a third of the space its walls enclose has been excavated. Under Victor Emanuel, however, the work has been prosecuted with greatly added vigor, and it is believed that the next fifteen years will suffice to lay the whole open to daylight. The layer of scoriæ, pumice and ashes to be removed (for no lava ever reached Pompeii)

seemed to me to be not over thirty feet deep at any point. A strong stimulus to the work is furnished in the belief held, I understand, by its superintendent, to the effect that a vast quantity of invaluable relics, if not of actual treasure, is yet to be recovered. From the fact that the remains of but a handful of the Pompeian population are left among the ruins, it is known that the victims of the catastrophe succeeded in making good their flight, almost *en masse*, out of the city; but it is thought more than probable that many of the fugitives, loaded with all that was portable of their possessions, were overtaken, bewildered and overwhelmed by the fatal storm, and now lie entombed not far from the gates where they made their exit. It is abundantly established that, for the treasure which was left in considerable quantities by the flying citizens, a diligent search was subsequently made, by persons who must have been acquainted with its location. The visitor is shown, for instance, how a mine has been opened to the money-chest found in the house of some public officer; and several other dwellings of wealthy citizens have manifestly been reached in the same way. It is fair to suppose, however, that outside the town there may be strewn untold riches, of which the grim guardian is death.

It was solemn to pace the empty arena of the great amphitheater, lacking only the Pompeian crowd to make its restoration complete; solemn, also, it was to hear one's footstep echo in the silent forum, and to enter temples, the altars of which seemed waiting for the sacrifice; but even more impressive to me was the strange journey we made among the private houses of

the exhumed city. Although nearly all the furniture and movable contents of these, such as articles of food, kitchen and other utensils, etc., have been taken to the Naples Museum, enough remains in each to suggest vividly the innermost domestic life of the vanished occupants, and to make one almost expect, with a nervous anxiety, *some* apparition of the departed. A ghostly hospitality, I thought, as door after door opened for us, and we passed unchallenged over costly mosaic floors and into rich, frescoed rooms, the secretest and sacredest of the Pompeian homes. ‘Welcome!’ and ‘Hail!’ are the words imprinted in Latin at some of the thresholds; how little wot the host to whom should come his greeting!

How much of its customs and ways of doing modern Italy inherits from the Roman ages is manifest, over and over again, in exploring Pompeii. The narrow streets of the latter are paved with lava blocks, just as Naples is; the houses have the inner court and much else common to the domestic architecture of Italy to-day; the stores or shops are almost precisely similar to those of modern Naples, even the distinctive signs of some being the same. So, too, the modern wine-jar is exactly the Roman *amphora*, and in the Pompeian frescoes there is demonstration of many other points of identity. The moralist, moreover, may obtain material in the ancient town for comparisons in his line of study, and he will doubtless be encouraged to find that, here at least, the present does not suffer by collation with the past. If Latin literature had borne no testimony to the noisome rottenness of the Latin life, we should still have had confirmation sufficient of the

first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, in the chambers of nameless abomination which survive among the Pompeian ruins. We might have wondered at, perhaps questioned, the justice of the city's dire doom, had not the Power which passed the sentence preserved to all ages the witness, self-recorded, of its guilt.

But I linger among the silent streets, the empty homes, the gray desolation of Pompeii too long; especially as unnumbered written and pictorial descriptions, which every one has seen, make my talk of its wonders a work of supererogation. I have read that the mysterious and happily rare disease, catalepsy, is wont to strike its victim with such sudden and terrible effect that the fresh imprint of his latest action is stamped upon his rigid and unconscious clay; he is left, as it were, within the pale of being, and yet is smitten with the icy torpor of the tomb; and to describe his state you might say, either that it was life in the guise of death, or death masquerading in the habiliments of life. I thought of this phenomenon in pathology while I walked within the walls of Pompeii; it seemed to me a city smitten with an awful catalepsy.

Herculaneum disappoints every one who has first visited its subterranean sister. The suburban town of Resina is built over its site, and we passed the trig little office which covers the descent to the excavations a score of times, without suspecting what it was up to. The material which covered this town, by some means, became mixed with water as it fell, and it has accordingly hardened into a substance vastly more difficult to excavate than that at Pompeii. In deference to the town above ground, also, the modern surface is neces-

sarily left in great part intact, which is an added inconvenience. Indeed, Herculaneum is scarcely worth noticing in a tour from Pæstum, *via* Pompeii, to Naples. What letters could be written of the latter place, however!—of its queer, motley, lively, picturesque people; of its magnificent museum, a little world in itself of the beautiful and strange; of its churches, its palaces and what not! But churches and museums and palaces get a bigger growth at Rome than even at Naples, and you shall hear from the Eternal City next.

ROME.

ROME, *March 20, 1866.*

An Italian railway terminus, with its awkward baggage and passport regulations and its vociferating multitude of hangers-on, is the vestibule by which the modern sentimental pilgrim enters Rome. It brings him to a sense of the practicalities, if anything can. The palpitation of heart he felt, approaching the magnetic pole of history, sweeping past the long lines of ancient aqueduct and over miles of the ruin-strewn Campagna, ceases while he runs after his trunk and bargains with the omnibus. The gray, discrowned World's Mistress folds him in her bosom of dingy streets, like any other old town, and he asks after his room and his supper before a single thought goes forth in homage to the august presence into which he has been whirled. I suppose I only shared the universal experience in finding my first impressions of Rome tinged with a gloomy disappointment. . . .

But what can I write you of Rome? A week has passed: from each of the seven hills I have looked over the thrice classic ground; I have met the majesty of the emperors in the Coliseum, and of the popes in St. Peter's; the galleries have opened to me in which the white ideal of the Greeks is shrined; it begins to dawn upon me what a world, or rather

world's center, I am in, and it seems the purest presumption to touch even the garment's hem of such a subject with the pen. Imagine, if you can, the sensations of a member of the 'Murray brigade' as he sallies forth, his first morning in Rome. He passes along the Corso, the street which traverses, nearly, from north to south, the more modern part of the city, and, perhaps, emerges first, as we did, at the foot of the hill of the capitol. What a seat for contemplation is there! Gone are the temple of the Roman Jove and the citadel from which Rome commanded the homage of the world; yet, wherever the eye turns are relics of that mighty past. Dismounted beside their marble steeds, to guard the steep ascent, are Castor and Pollux, the white warriors who fought for Rome at Regillus. The magnificent antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius stands central on the summit, the horse seeming as if, next instant, it would respond to its rider's word, and bear him away from a vicinage which is no longer Augustan. Michael Angelo, whose genius almost arrested the decline of Roman glory, was architect of the quadrangle of palaces on the capitol, and there, in the rich museums of the Senator and the Conservators, one may form some idea of the antique Rome whose mere fragments are more precious than the rounded splendor of modern cities. The Antinous stands there, the breathing grace of his youthful form as fresh as youth itself. There, too, the Venus of the Capitol dwells, in the hush her own beauty makes; and, grandest of all to me, the Gladiator, prone at the very feet of death, and yet immortal. The bronze figure of the Wolf, the 'mother of the mighty heart'

of Rome, and the mosaic picture of doves drinking at a basin, are among the other peculiarly interesting treasures of the capitol; for the finger of Cicero's eloquence pointed to the first, and the pen of Pliny has anticipated description of the latter. One notices, perhaps, first on the capitol hill, and with a sort of melancholy feeling, that the chief officer of the Roman municipality still bears the proud name of senator, and the once dread initials, S. P. Q. R., attest the official acts of the city to-day, as in the time of the empire.

But I return to the first morning in Rome. From the Tarpeian Rock, whose not dizzy precipice a swarm of degenerate young Romans besiege, clamorous for *baiocchi*, we come back and descend the hill of the capitol toward the south. Suddenly opens a wide field of ruins, to whose outskirts the mob of modern buildings have fallen back in reverence,—for, lo! the Roman Forum. It is known that a stratum of soil and débris, varying from ten to forty feet in thickness, lies above the streets of ancient Rome,—the shroud of the dead city. Always, in the Forum, however, have stood those ruins with which the world is familiar: arch and column lifted weirdly above the soil of sepulture, as if broken masts and spars, half seen above the sea, would tell of a great ship of state which lies a wreck beneath. Around these guiding marks excavation has laid bare a wilderness of ruin; for it would seem as if all the gods had thronged thither to obtain place for their shrines near so august a spot. Well might the splendid street have been called the *Via Sacra*, which led from such a serried square of temples. We

follow its upward and southward course (Horace once loved to loiter here), and now it is the arch of Titus we have reached, its heavy bas-reliefs still telling the story of Jerusalem's fall, and picturing the spoils of the temple in which Jesus worshiped. Stop, O wayfarer, Murray in hand,—halt here a moment; for the very dust you kick is classic; the spirit of the past inhabits here; from her immemorial watch-towers History looks down on you! The Forum with its chaos of monumental stones lies behind; this is the Palatine hill close on the right.—the height on which Romulus built his city and all the Cæsars their palaces; and yonder, with the sunlight mocking its hoar antiquity, rises the vast, the indescribable, the awful ellipse of the Coliseum. . . .

ROME, March 31, 1866.

We have had the never-to-be-forgotten experience of a Holy Week in Rome. To-night's darkness has at last closed on the dazzling spectacle with which it is the Church's wont to end the jubilant yet solemn ceremonials of Easter. The week has been a grand one to me, if for no other reason than that it has taken us often and kept us long beneath the dome of St. Peter's. You know the trite traveler's saying that the grandeur of that edifice must be permitted to grow upon one, before it can be estimated or appreciated. Well, I have viewed the wonder from almost every stand-point and in every light, and it *has* grown upon me, till now

it stands in my mind a dim and vast temple of the soul,—in which the soul must henceforth always shrine its greatest thoughts, and marshal its grandest pageants. One is struck at his first visit with the seeming attempt to belittle the proportions of the structure which has ruled in the arrangement, both of its outward and inward ornamentation. Colossal statues loom white in all the niches; dome and roof and walls and altars are loaded with the most gorgeous embellishments, carried out on such an unequal scale of vastness that one's standard for measuring the true proportions of the temple itself is temporarily taken away. But the truth comes out at last. By quick degrees one learns justly to survey the immense area of marble pavement, and to realize the extent of a space into which great multitudes stream only to scatter and be lost; for I noticed that, in the height of to-day's services, though thousands upon thousands were massed around the high altar, still there remained great breadths of the nave and depths of aisle and transept which were lonely, and to which the far-off voice of the choir came like a sound from the shore to a ship at sea. So, too, at each new look upward, the ball of the dome, sitting on its four piers as if it were a thing of air, seemed to swell, and swell, and rise, till the eyes grew dim in exploring its dilated curves. The best conception one is able to form, thus gazing and wondering upward, receives tangible confirmation when the ball above the dome is visited. From the roof of the church, on which ranges of inhabited buildings stand, and from the successive galleries within the dome to which visitors are admitted, all

that one had imagined is fully corroborated. The view from the summit, also, is well worth the toil of the upward journey.

I have found it strangely pleasant, too, to go, of a sunny afternoon, *out* of Rome and look back at all the greatness of it from beyond the walls. Seek the Appian Way, for instance,—that historic thoroughfare from Rome to South Italy, and thence to the Orient, by which the imperial legions went forth hungry for conquest, and returned, as well, to pass under triumphal arches amid the shouts of Rome, leading captive kings and bearing the spoils of nations in their trains. Before reaching the gate of San Sebastian, which stands on this classic highway, you cross the valley of Egeria; but the fountain, I discovered, is scarcely a gutter, now, and Numa's nymph must long since have abandoned the fortune-telling business. A little way outside the gate is the church of ‘*Domine quo Vadis?*’ built, the beautiful legend says, on the spot where Peter, flying from Rome, met and knew his divine and well-beloved Master. ‘Whither goest thou, Lord?’ said the wondering apostle, and Jesus answered him: ‘I go to be crucified afresh at Rome.’ Let no unbeliever smile the thrilling tale away; for did not He come hither? or were His martyred children, who died exulting in His strength, deceived? Not a bow-shot from where we stand, the ground is hollow under foot, and under the green Campagna I have walked for hours, thridding the dread subterranean mazes of the catacombs. It is no longer a speculation, but a certainty, that to these vast vaults and to the solemn society of their secretly buried dead, the hunted

Christians fled for safety and worship in the centuries before Constantine. The history of the early Church is written on the walls of these streets of tombs, and this, among other facts, one may plainly read: that of the thousands who were laid by their brethren there to rest, hundreds were they whose names are written in Jesus' book of martyrs. Yes, verily, not seldom nor briefly was He a sojourner near these gates; and the Via Appia is not classic, alone, but sacred, too!

The cemeteries of the Romans were the way-sides. All along the ancient highways which issued from their cities stretch the long parallels of their tombs. The Appian Way, especially, seems to have been lined, for twelve or fifteen miles out of Rome, with their illustrious or opulent dead, and the road-sides to-day are strewn with the fragments of sepulchral monuments. Does this style of burial seem strange? Perhaps so; and yet it is not without its poetic meaning. Life was a journey, I fancy, in their philosophy as in ours; and when the traveler grew weary on his way he only stepped aside and, at the road's edge, lay down to rest. The dead were taken, moreover, away, out from the cities in which their busy lives had been spent; and perhaps there was even a thought, in placing them where the tide of travel flowed, that the journey might, peradventure, be resumed, towards some unknown goal beyond the grave. The Scipios, Seneca, the Horatii and the Curiatii are among the great Romans whose tombs are supposed to be determined on the Via Appia. Vast and massive, a few miles out, also, rises the round mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, of whom it is only known that she lived, because she was there, with such

architectural circumstance, interred. Beyond all these, eight miles from the city walls, let us stop, and, stretched on the grass of yonder monumental mound, we shall see again how great is St. Peter's. Larger, broader, grander, indeed, the dome looms now to the eye, than when we stood in the piazza before it. Vanished is all else of Rome, save the merest points of glittering spires and cupolas, and, regal above them all, towers the embodied thought of Michael Angelo. Nor does it matter if a yet wider détour is made; for when we went to Tivoli, the other day, eighteen miles from the city, the mighty dome still swam above the horizon, sole landmark of the wide Campagna, if landmark that may be called which seemed rather a floating cloud, moored off the haven of the setting sun. . . .

I grew weary of crowds, and even of St. Peter's, this afternoon, as I fear you will be, also, dear *Courier*; so I hied me from the Vatican to the nearest antipodes of it I could find, and had a season of rest. My way lay with the course of the swift and turbid Tiber: at first through the dirty alleys of the Ghetto; for Rome retains that relic of barbarism, yet, and pens its Jews up in a quarter not fit for a respectable pestilence to inhabit. Emerging thence, I had to traverse a very thicket of antiquities. The house of Rienzi shows its quaint, incongruous brick face on the road, and *vis-à-vis* is the temple of that Fortune which played him so false. The 'Ship of the Tiber,' with its old ribs of travertine still turning the Tiber's current, lay long on my right, and, leaving that, I struck the shrine of Vesta, the *bijou* of the temples. There, the roses of Mons Aventine hung over the garden walls on my left,

and I was close upon the sunken piers of that Sublician bridge which grand Horatius held ‘so well, in the brave days of old.’

On, a little further, in the shadow of the Aventine trees,—and soon appeared the object of my quest. It lies close against the old Aurelian wall, with the freshest of verdure covering its sunny slope; for the tall umbrella pines and cone-shaped cypresses of its enclosure serve rather for the winds to sigh in and the birds to sing in than for shade. It needs only that one enter, to discover that this is the Protestant cemetery of Rome: the tombstones tell the story, with the carving on them of familiar names; and the little city is peopled with those of our faith whom death has overtaken far away from home. The grave of Shelley, so often described, lies at the very foot of the Roman wall, about the middle of the cemetery’s south side; and its plain marble slab, lying horizontal, has a little hedge of periwinkle and other shrubs round it, with violets nestling at their roots. ‘*Cor Cordium*,’ is the motto on the face of the inscription,—everyone knows why; and then follows the epitaph of the drowned poet,—the finest quotation, I think, that ever was made:

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Many and many a reverent pilgrim comes, I suppose, and sits where I sat to-day; and yet the grave of Shelley looked to me sad and neglected. Not one of all his lovers, seemingly, since the flowers came, had laid even

one of these upon that gentle ‘ heart of hearts.’ So cold and careless a thing is fame.

There are two cemeteries which the charity of the Church permits within the walls to unbelievers; it is the new one of which I have just been talking. The old is a little, level, grassy square, lying between the Gate of St. Paul and its newer neighbor; a deep fosse joining the Aurelian wall to form its defense, while at its south-east corner rises the pyramidal mausoleum of Caius Cestius. It is near the rickety gate of this almost deserted enclosure that, over forty years ago, one of the brightest young spirits of his age sought for his outworn frame a resting-place. Utterly crushed and broken in heart and hope, he would not let his name be placed upon his grave; so the stone tells simply that ‘a young English poet’ is laid beneath it, who, on his death-bed, composed his own epitaph: ‘Here lies one whose name was writ in water.’ ‘Poor John Keats!’ we hear people say sometimes. How mistaken!—for the gods loaded him with their gifts; and, because they loved him, he died. ‘Writ in water’ was his name? Then death has smitten the water to a tablet of precious crystal, and, like the graving of an antique gem, the name is written for all time. It was while asleep on Latmus that his own Endymion was seen and taken by the enamored goddess to herself; so has the green couch of the poet-sleeper been visited, and though, like the Latmian youth, he may never wake again, he is the beloved and the spouse of Fame forever.

One cannot help noting the contrast presented by the grave of Keats and that of Cestius, his Roman

neighbor in death. The Englishman lay down praying to be forgotten; but the name which he would not have graven on his tomb has written itself high on the scroll of song. The Roman, on the other hand, blazoned his patronymic on the marble of a pyramid, and there alone it may be read. That his death must have been a windfall to the Roman undertakers, remains the sole vital fact with which it is linked.

A few hours ago we returned from viewing the illumination of St. Peter's,—the gorgeous spectacle with which Rome concludes its celebration of the day of the Resurrection. No description can convey an adequate idea of this seemingly magical display, to manage which about four hundred men are employed; those stationed on the more perilous heights being prepared, it is said, for the giddy task, by reception of the sacrament. The first illumination—for the spectacle is a double one—is produced by the lighting of about six hundred white lanterns, which took place at dusk, and which we viewed from the piazza. The lamps were hung on all the architectural lines of the immense structure, from the doors to the tip of the cross above the dome; so that, at the given signal, St. Peter's seemed to start out from the darkness, its every lineament described in living fire. Hurrying away from the wilderness of carriages which filled the piazza, we drove toward the Pincian Hill, intent on the better realization of the scene which is secured by a more distant stand-point. Just as we reached the Bridge of St. Angelo, the clock struck the first chime of eight, and the change from the silvern to the golden illumination began. Looking back, we saw what seemed a

stream of fire falling from the cross to the dome, and thence pouring in a cataract of yellow light over cupolas, cornices, columns, and all else, until the whole gigantic edifice stood in a panoply of flame. It could not have taken more than ten seconds, thus to carry the torch to the seven thousand lamps which constituted the fairy tableau. From Monte Pincio, a distance of over a mile, the view was magnificent and suggestive. Not in the likeness of any earthly temple, loomed the glorious fabric over the city; but, rather, as if the domes and pinnacles of a new Jerusalem, descended from heaven among men, had flashed upon the night and were shining above the courts of the redeemed, with the radiance of a celestial festivity. So we dreamed, with half-closed eyes; but the beatific vision went out, and—the millenium is not yet in Rome.

ROME, April 4, 1866.

To visit the Coliseum by moonlight has come to be an inevitable thing in the tourist's programme at Rome. You select a fine night and go, with your permit from the French captain of the guard, to find the ruins alive with people who have done likewise. Associated thus with a throng who have come prepared to gush, it will not be strange if you find the fountains of sentiment fail on the occasion. We climbed to the high summit, and to our ears, as to Manfred's, 'from afar the watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber'; but the owl in the

Cæsars' palace did not fill its contract, and the scene was made prosaic by a party of hooting Englishmen. Their voices, however, will not echo long, and the memory of the dread ellipse, one-half in light, one-half in shade, and all in solemn silence, will remain, I doubt not. In the center of the arena, too, I shall see rise against the moon that single figure of the cross, weird symbol, at the mute sign of which such tides of change have risen and compassed all the world.

I went yesterday to the Vatican, specially to see the colossal statue of Hercules, which was excavated here less than a year ago, and which has just been set up in an honorable niche of the great museum. The statue was found by some laborers engaged in digging for a house-foundation, near the site of the theater of Pompey. As often happens here in similar cases, the excavation caved suddenly into the half-filled up cavity of a subterranean edifice, and in this, on due search, was discovered the long-hid Hercules. The figure is colossal, about eleven feet high, and is considered one of the finest works in bronze recovered from the wrecks of antique art. It is notable, also, from the fact that the gilding with which the bronze was originally covered is remarkably well conserved,—more so than in the instance of any other antique extant. The demigod is represented as an upright figure, entirely nude, the right hand resting on the conventional club, the left holding a trio of apples or similar fruit, while over the left arm is thrown the usual lion-skin. The small, unintellectual head, the heavy bull-neck and the gigantesque development of muscle on trunk and limb, combine to make the statue a most expressive representation of that in-

carnate animal force which the Greeks named Hercules. I could not help thinking, as I looked the great creature over, that he must have been a prize-fighter before his promotion to a place in the mythology. Both in form and feature, he is almost a fac-simile of the ‘Staleybridge Infant,’ or the ‘Champion of England,’ or some other of that amiable ilk whom I have seen squaring violently in colored lithographs.

But come away from the Rotunda and Hercules, and the grand head of Jove which confronts him—the might of spirit set against the might of matter—and the Vatican shall show us even better things! We pass, first, through the Hall of the Muses, where the nine are met in stately council; thence to the Hall of the Animals, into which one might think a zoological garden had been emptied, to be gorgonized thereafter; for scarce a brute or a bird can you call to mind which the Greeks have not there metamorphosed to marble. Out of this, and we stand at the portals of the Belvidere Court, chief trysting-place of the beautiful,—*sanctum sanctorum* of art in all the world. From this wondrous quadrangle extend, right and left, I might almost say miles of sculpture, the garnered labor of Greece and wealth of Rome. Wandering in the mazes of that marble wilderness, you forget after a time that *color* is, and all your mind is tense in sole and eager perception of *form*. It is almost a dream of form, at last—of radiant lines and curves—which swims around you, white and colorless, and which scarcely unwinds its web of reverie from the sense, for hours after you have gone out to common earth again. But, of the Court of the Belvidere, to which I am

paying a parting homage, I must need say a few words. There are four high-domed cabinets erected, at each angle of the grand portico, and, in the softly-tempered light and the still seclusion of each of these, one meets the reality which had hitherto been to him only a great name. In one of the hushed enclosures it is the genius of Canova which makes the marble live, and his Perseus is a figure which might stride unchallenged to the midst of a convocation of the early gods. The Belvidere Antinous is the dweller in the neighboring shrine,—a form so bright, so lithe, so graceful and so young, that we marvel whether youth, in those far days of the world's prime, were not a younger, happier, more elastic thing than it ever can be again. But, enter the third of the cabinets, and what a shock of contrast numbs the sense; it is the Laocoön which stands white and gigantic before us,—a struggle held forever at its terrible climax,—an agony changed suddenly to stone. Ah! it was a cruel mythology which peopled Mount Olympus; a merciless religion which dwelt in the fanes of Greece. For the power which folds the old man in its serpent-coils is that which they called divine, and it does not take this horrid shape to punish evil, but to wreak revenge upon fidelity. Truly, one of the very darkest, most inverted phases of human belief is that which finds expression in the Laocoön. That the devil was God seems to have been the hideous delusion which for a time possessed the minds of men, and the mortal anguish of their strife with omnipotent Ill has left its record in this awful marble.

There is one more cabinet—that of the Apollo of the Belvidere. He did not disappoint me, as I feared he

would. Hour after hour I saw the crowd pass through, of those who came to pay him court, and the flippant criticism and stale remark were stopped on every lip within the charmed circle of his presence. What wonder is it that antique sculpture, in many respects, so far surpasses the modern? The Greek drew his subject from his religion, and yearned to mould a fitting body for the being he worshiped. In seeking thus to make divinity and humanity meet, although he must needs degrade the former, he could not but exalt the latter. And thus it is that, from such a height in the white realm of the ideal, the Apollo looks down upon men.

The mention of modern sculpture reminds me that Rome of to-day swarms with studios, and that our own practical, matter-of-fact country has put into some of them professors of the art who rank among the first in the world. Strange it is, but the hard, nervous genius of America seems to find marble the very material it likes to work in. We visited, of course, nearly all the American studios, and found much to admire in each. . . .

But the time hastens when we must leave Rome, and I scarcely know how to bid it farewell.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!

At least, let that good-night be said at the charmed fountain of Trevi; for the legend holds that whoso bends beside the rock-throne of the Trevi river-god, and, the last midnight of his stay in Rome, quaffs a draught there, shall surely come again and see the

Eternal City before he die. That service done, let me lead you gently hence, by the path which shall keep us nearest her gates and longest in sight of her glories. It is a splendid morning, as we ride between the Aventine and Cœlian mounts, again upon the Via Appia; verdure and flowers are thick upon the desolate places, and Spring sits singing among the ruins. Away upon the left the sunshine lights the rich façade of old St. John Lateran, ‘mother and mistress of all the churches,’ and before us the line of the Appian bends across the Campagna to the distant mountains. Let me say, here, by the way, that all description must fail in attempting to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the mountain distance, wherever that is beheld in Italy. This is a characteristic of Italian landscape which always strikes the stranger forcibly, and upon which he feasts his unsated vision with a never-lessening delight. The calcareous formation, which is almost universal throughout the peninsula, is perhaps the chief cause of this peculiarity; to that is mainly due the infinite scale of colors, from dark to dazzling white, which the sun develops on every hill-slope, and to that, also, I attribute the gentleness of form which rules everywhere, even among the highest Appenines. To follow the soft curve of an Italian hill-horizon is like listening to a strain of far-off music, and when the highlands slope to the sea it is in a cadence so gentle and sweet that the soul is filled by it with a sympathetic sense of rest and joyful calm. The true lotos land, indeed, I think, must lie in some green valley of Italy; for there is a nepenthe in her bright and balmy air which is sovereign against unrest.

But it is to a point in the mountains which girdle Rome with beauty that we are bent. About fifteen miles to the south is the town of Albano, set on a hill near the border of its famous lake, and amidst a region which the Romans in the old time covered with luxurious villas. Seven miles thence of winding road, traversed on donkey back, takes us to the summit of Monte Cavo,—that ‘Alban Mount’ which has served as a hill of vision alike for the poetic and the historic muse. Up its steep side led the Via Triumphalis, the firm pavement of which is still visible here and there among the underbrush, and by which a Cæsar and a Marcellus climbed, of yore, to receive the ovation awaiting them in the temple of the Latian Jove. It was on this summit, too, an age before the temple crowned it, that Juno stood, if Virgil’s tale be sooth, and reviewed the marshaling for the Æneid’s closing clash of arms. Aye, and if these heroic reasons be not ample to inspire the traveler in his upward course, there be other, still: for it was hither Childe Harold came, his matchless pilgrimage at end, and here, with face toward the gleaming ocean, his muse gave forth the climax of her mighty song. In truth, if inspiration do not dwell in this high air, I know not where it may be sought; for never yet did eye command a fairer view than Monte Cavo gives. Sixty miles of classic sea and shore lie easily beneath the eye towards the west; the azure wall of the Appenines curves against the far orient, and between the mountains and the sea, with Rome a glittering island in its vast expanse, there spreads the plain of Latium.—arena of human history and strife for three thousand years. Far as the eye

can see, the map-like plain is studded with classic sites; on every blue hill-summit legend sits. From the epic grandeur of such a scene, even the exquisite natural beauties which lie near us have scarcely power to draw the thoughts; yet one may search long for a sweeter vignette than that which shines among the woods at the base of the mountain. Lake Nemi's oval amethyst is set in verdure there, and yonder—

. . . Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley.

But from these, and all, I turn perforce away; and, as to many a previous pilgrim's saddened gaze, so to ours, at last, the lessening spires of the Eternal City are hid, and even St. Peter's looming dome sinks level with the bare horizon.

NORTHERN ITALY.

FLORENCE, April 15, 1866.

We came to '*bella Firenze*' by way of Perugia,—a route which I can recommend, from experience, as vastly more interesting and pleasant than the more frequently traveled road from Rome by Civita Vecchia. Starting early one morning, by rail, about noon we reached the station of Terni, a town about eighty miles, I should think, north from the city of the popes. One cannot carry much of a library with him in traveling, but I manage to keep Childe Harold, as well as the guide-book, always at hand in Italy, and, as a consequence, we of course stopped at Terni. The celebrated falls, at which the Velino, a sizable mill-stream, tumbles over a mountain brow more than nine hundred feet high, are about five miles from the town and may be easily reached by carriage. The road winds finely to the woody summit of this hill, and on coming near there is a grand view of the white cataract as it takes the plunge to invisible deeps below. A rugged foot-path conducts to the lower level, half-way down which you stop, and from a jutting ledge get the view, I think, which Byron has transferred with such graphic force to the canvas of his poem. The river reaches the abyss in three distinct leaps, the second of which is five or six hundred feet in depth; and it was above this

matchless sheet of hurtling foam that I saw the poet's Iris sit, 'like Hope upon a death-bed,' or 'Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.'

The full front view is the grandest, however; for, looking up, you see not only the whole fall, from its birth in the upper to its wild death in the nether cloud, but also the stupendous wall of rock which forms the background and surroundings of the scene. Perhaps, upon the whole, considering the volume of the descending stream, the Byronic picture is a little overwrought, and I could not help wishing that the Childe had chanced upon Niagara instead of Terni, the day he drew it, with pencil dipped in thunder. It is a curious fact, mentioned by the poet in a note to the passage of his poem, that this cascade of Terni, and that at Tivoli as well—the finest perhaps in Europe—are artificial. The Velino fall is part of a great draining scheme which was set afoot by the Romans in the time of the republic, nearly three hundred years before Christ.

We walked part of the way back to the town, down the valley of the fallen river, and through groves of ilex and oranges as deep and shady and beautiful as ever dryad dwelt in. Were it not that the whole lovely vicinity is infested with even more than its due Italian share of beggars,—beggars with the rapacity and persistence of human mosquitoes,—I cannot think of a more perfect little paradise of the picturesque than is hid within the walls of Terni.

Leaving the town early next morning, by rail again, we soon reached Foligno, a thrifty city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, which once had a grand school

of painting of its own, and for one of the churches of which Raphael painted his ‘Madonna di Foligno.’ When I used to look long at this, in the Vatican, I always fancied I saw the faces of other angels than those the master drew,—real faces of light emerging among the painted ones,—so near to open heaven the Virgin seems to sit.

At Foligno we left the unfinished rail (oh, for a Yankee contractor or two in Italy!) and struck off into the rich heart of Tuscany by *vetturo* or private carriage. One wide, unbroken garden is the plain of Topino, which we traversed for some hours, keeping within hail, however, of the hills on the right, from every other green peak of which a quaint mediæval town or village looks down. Along in the afternoon, we began to ascend towards Assisi, which shone on us from its high and far-off perch upon the rocks, more like a gigantic dovecote than an abode of men. To help us up the steep, we had a yoke of milk-white bullocks in front of our four horses;—which gives me a chance to say that the cattle in this part of the country are all white, and as handsome, every cow and steer of them, as the pictures we see in the farmers’ magazines. It is a little curious,—this monochromatic tendency among the Italian herds,—but it seems to obtain widely throughout the country; for, on the road to Naples, I remember traveling at least fifty miles, along which no beeves were to be seen which did not sport a suit of uniform iron-gray. But, to return to Assisi, the gates of which we won, at last, and thence looked down upon a very Canaan of smiling verdure and fertility, stretching far away, on either hand, to the mountains!

The little town had shut its shop doors and gone to dinner when we entered its silent streets,—all the lesser Italian towns do that in the afternoons; so we went straight, scarcely seeing an inhabitant, to the great church of St. Francis we had come to see.

One could scarcely imagine a more forgotten-looking little place than we found this Assisi, lifted, as it is, away up into the retirement of the hills; yet the church I have just mentioned is a structure which, from its high place in history, looks down on the mediæval centuries, as it does on the physical plain below. Both in religion and in art it may be said to stand as a landmark, and almost to mark an epoch. It was somewhere about the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the church had sunk to the very chin in luxury and corruption, that St. Francis rose with his protest against these, and sought the sterile rock on which we stood, as the site of a temple sacred to poverty and inexorable purity of life. He died in his bleak retreat; but his pure memory became an object of the intensest veneration, and the order he had founded advanced, on the strength of his virtues, to speedy influence and wealth. Then it was that a monument worthy of the saint's fame was demanded for the place of his sepulture, and art awoke from the long death-like torpor of her Byzantine period, at the very stroke of time, to obey the monastic behest. Architecture till then had spawned only weak monstrosities; but, suddenly, from the steep hill-side, and resting on a line of arches, solid as the rock itself, a building sprang up, which displayed in its fullest development the masculine beauty of the Italian Gothic style. Not one, but rather

a trinity of churches, was thus mortised into the face of the cliff ; for, while the bones of the saint lie in their dim crypt below, the Franciscans worship in a rich and spacious edifice directly above ; and, square again upon this second fane, rests the uppermost church, which is open only on days of festival and solemn note. To decorate this triple temple came pictorial art, from her slumber of seven centuries ; or, rather, was it not a new-born muse which rose, and gave to Cimabue's hand the brush that afterwards was Da Vinci's, Raphael's, Michael Angelo's ? Dante tells how the wonder of the day, aroused by the unheralded excellence of Cimabue's performance, was in a brief time qualified by the greater admiration which attended the subsequent apparition of the young Giotto. A memorial of his, as well as of his elder's labors and genius, still looks down upon the visitor from the roofs and walls of these Assisi churches. Some of the frescoes are dim and stained with damp and years ; others glow with a warmth and freshness which would make the color of many a modern picture I have seen look tame and dead beside them. Without pretending to judge these famous works critically, or to discover beauty in every trace of their decay, I yet found myself walking among them with a mingled feeling of pleasure and awe. It was through the gloom of almost six centuries that the figures glimmered upon us, in the long-shadowed aisles, and over the altars of the dim chapels ; and there were pale faces in the ranks of the pictured saints which made one linger and look back, as if it were a voice which commanded to pause, rather than the mute signal of a steadfast eye. It was a good place, too,—there above

the tomb of the saintly Francis, with the solemn organ-hymn rising as if from his very crypt,—to note a grand fact in the history of art, to wit: that in all ages the religious sentiment has been art's true, its highest and powerfulest source of inspiration. May it not be that this great essential principle is overlooked by those who, now, are reverently going back to study the manifold excellencies of the 'old masters'? At all events, to me, the religious motive of these early painters seemed to loom above all else in the church of Assisi,—that sacred shrine at which Catholicism began to make, for all its other shortcomings, so glorious an atonement to art.

We started down the hill again, and, reaching the magnificent church of Our Lady of the Angels, which is built over the little chapel and cell of St. Francis, were once more on the great garden plain whence we had ascended. The afternoon shadows had begun to lengthen when the Tiber met us, and, crossing his yellow stream, we stood within the borders of ancient Etruria. Our stopping-place for the night was to be Perugia, of old one of the chief cities of the Etruscan league; but, half-a-dozen miles before its southern gateway came in sight, the ancient necropolis of the city lay across our path, and we halted to examine some of the strange tombs, whence has been recovered so much of the history of a civilization dominant in Italy before Rome was founded. Everybody is familiar with the characteristics of the Etruscan vases found in these tombs;—the Portland one, for instance, of which more or less accurate copies are to be seen by the dozen, even in Buffalo, where a dealer is reported to have said that

‘the real article comes very high at present, madam’? Upon these vases, which remain peerless to this day as models of beauty and elegance, is written the most that we know of the people who made them; and I was naturally curious to examine a specimen of the sepulchers from which knowledge and beauty have emerged, living, after so long an entombment. The ‘tomb of the Volumnii’ was that to which, following a flight of steps deep into the hill-side, we were ushered by a local guide and torch-bearer; and in this we found ten sizable apartments, all excavated in the solid, but not very hard, tufa rock. In the central and largest room were seven cinerary urns, to which, two thousand years ago, at least, had been confided the Volumnian ashes; and on these, as well as upon the walls and ceiling, we noticed numerous interesting pieces of sculpture. The ruling style of the art is, of course, Greek; but it is mixed with an element more barbarous and grotesque than ever owed origin to the classic mother. For instance, from the center of the roof looked down a colossal Gorgon, with an expression in every line of the terrible stone features which might well be interpreted into an awful menace from the Etrurian hades; and in other of the chambers the intruder found his shoulder, perhaps, grazing a head of a serpent or dragon, which could almost be heard to hiss in the black subterranean silence. A people of vigorous character and ideas the Etruscans must have been; for no small-minded race would either have hewn itself such tombs, or built such massive masonry as still underlies the circle of Perugia’s mediæval walls. At these last in due time we arrived, and it behooves us to say that

they enclose a wealth of material for observation and study, which we had scarce time in one brief visit to more than glance at. Let me, with proportionate brevity, sum up the results of that glance.

We *climbed* to Perugia ; for, like nearly all the most ancient cities of Italy, this one is set on the summit of a high, green hill, and the site is such a close fit that it would be difficult to enlarge the city without removing it to a larger hill. Thus it happened that, moving in any direction through the quaint, narrow streets, we continually ran across blue vistas of far-away landscape, or came out upon esplanades above the old walls from which half of Italy seemed to lie visible. I shall not forget the sunset which we made ours by one such strategic movement to the Perugian battlements. It shone over purple mountains ; it shone over rivers of silver and gold ; it shone over sea-like widths of plain, upon which spring had spread such gladness and glory as might have been Eden's before the fall. ‘All, save the spirit of man, is divine,’ was the thought which came to my mind ; for the heraldic emblem of Perugia is a savage-looking griffin, and we stood on the rocky eyrie of the monster, to which it has come back in days past from many a cruel swoop, and dragging many a bleeding prey. The battered walls were beneath our feet, upon which, successively, Etrurian, Roman and feudal Tuscan has fought and fallen ; the same heaven was over us which looked down on them ; but oh, what pen shall portray its ineffable softness, its eternal calm !

Perhaps it should be said, however, that a little spark of the divine *has* lighted the story of Perugia. It was here that the Umbrian school of painters held their

chief rendezvous and court ; here Perugino painted and taught the young Raphael ; here, chiefly, art became great because of the worship it blended with its work. We had time, of course, to look at some of the master-pieces of the Perugian painters, which are still guarded as the most sacred treasures of the city whence they sprang. Two badly-lighted rooms of the Sala del Cambio, a sort of Board of Trade hall, are walled and roofed with paintings upon which Perugino and his gifted pupil wrought. The Pinacoteca and many of the churches, too, contain priceless works by nearly all the masters of the school. As I have intimated, the invariable characteristic of all these is their intense devotional feeling, and the gentleness and purity, rather than power, which they bespeak in the several artists. Something like a religious ‘revival’ must have given these men their first impetus. Sad to say, their school declined into a sort of pictorial cant.

Much else we saw in Perugia of which I should like to speak. There was the grand duomo, or cathedral, with the marble pulpit fixed on its outer front, which old John of Pisa carved, and from which St. Bernard flung gospel to the people before he retired to his bleak monastery among the Alpine avalanches. There, too, was the richly-sculptured fountain which has been the pride of the city for six hundred years ; and, near by, the kingly figure of Pope Julius III., clothed in raiment of bronze, about which has been thrown the charm of romance by an American hand ; for it was at the foot of this statue, if I remember aright, that Miriam and Donatello held their curious tryst. But I must not linger even on this storied ground ; for

Florence is still a day's journey to the north, and over all lesser attractions the centripetal force of 'the Etrurian Athens' prevails.

A little more than two hours' driving from Perugia brought us to another classic stage,—namely, the banks of the Lake Thrasimene. Where the Romans met their bloodiest defeat, we met the railway. There was an hour given us, however, in which to explore the sedgy margin of the sad waters, and to recall the points of the great tragedy, which was, to Rome, almost what the first Bull Run was to Washington. We were able, easily, to follow the vivid description of Livy; for, away upon the east side of the lake, the mountains still form the fatal semi-circle which Hannibal held with his fiery veterans, and within which the unsuspecting Flaminius encamped at sunset, to be roused by a terrible *reveille* in the morning. A brook which ran blood, then, holds the crimson name of Sanguinetto to-day, and the fishermen who lounge about the lake shore know the story of the place almost as well as Livy did. It was a sultry, summer-like noon when we were there; a white, shimmering mist of heat hung over the plain and the glassy waters, and nature, which delights in contrast, seemed to have fallen asleep upon the olden field, in conscious remembrance of the wild tumult of a former day. Away from the path of conquerors and conquered we sped, and duly, by and by, the hill of Fiesole rose upon our left. Then the Arno gleamed on either side in the afternoon sun, and into fair Florence we rode, to alight where Dante sat, in the great shadow of the dome of Brunelleschi.

FLORENCE, April 24, 1866.

I remember, dear *Courier*, when we used to do the ‘local column’ together, and fulminate our trenchant art criticisms therefrom, that a picture found its way to Buffalo, upon which the editorial eye was wont to rest in delectation. Its foreground was the southern bank of the Arno; the stream, all golden with sunset, flowed softly across the canvas, and dark against the heaven beyond rose the great dome and the curious campanile of ‘*la bella Firenze*.’ I am, to-day, in very deed, where, then, only fond desire and dreams could go, and I cannot hope at any future time to collect a larger dividend from poetic expectation than has been freely paid me here. Howbeit, let me warn you, the place is one to hold sweet revel of the soul and sense within, but not to write letters from. I shall repeat a few names to you, which already are familiar as household words: the names only can be yours—the things are mine.

And, first, as the great cathedral dome was the dark central figure in that long-ago picture, let it be under its shadow that I begin. About the center of that part of the city which lies north of the river, opens a wide, irregular clearing, from which the high old buildings and narrow streets have been pushed back, as the forest is from the first field of a western woodman. In the midst of this piazza,—a great, symmetrical, checkered mountain of dark and white marbles,—looms the cathedral,—a temple which stood for more than a hundred years without a rival in Christendom, and which then scarcely yielded the palm to St. Peter’s; for of Michael

Angelo's work this miracle of Brunelleschi was in part the inspiration. As every one knows, the dome at Florence is even a trifle larger than that at Rome. 'I fain would not copy thee, and yet I cannot improve upon thee,' said noble Angelo; so, without seeking to excel the masterpiece of his teacher, he fashioned its duplicate. There is this difference, only, between the works: the one I look at now springs massive from the roof of the cathedral; the other sits lightly among the clouds.

But a contrast much more marked exists between the interiors of the respective temples. Nothing can be graver and more sternly simple than the view as we step through the doorway, here. St. Peter's is a fane of the church glorified, triumphant; this, of the church repressed and enshadowed. Only when one looks up through the high, stained windows to heaven, does the mind get a faint glimpse of glory to be revealed. A few memorials of the great men of the Florentine republic are round the cathedral walls. The architect Brunelleschi was buried here, as also Giotto; their tombs testifying a people's gratitude to genius. A portrait of Dante, also, looks sadly down from a height near the choir. 'Ungrateful Florence!' She exiled the man, and now half lives upon his memory. There is, also, behind the high altar, an unfinished group in marble by Michael Angelo,—a dead Christ with the two Marys and Nicodemus,—which he intended for his own tomb, and which is inscribed as his '*postremum opus*.' Not even the thick veil of unpolished stone in which it is wrapped, can conceal the sublime thought that was yearning here, beneath the master's chisel, to be unpris-

oned. But death decreed that the thought's captivity should be eternal.

The cathedral is not alone in its grand piazza; for by its side rises the exquisite campanile which Giotto designed and ornamented,—so square and perfect and single in its beauty that you think of one of Handel's oratorio solos in looking at it, and then turn to the cathedral itself to receive the impression of a full, swelling, harmonious chorus. Near by, also, is the Baptistry, completing the marble trinity,—of whose bronze gates, heavy with beautiful designs, is recorded the saying of Michael Angelo, that they were worthy to swing at the threshold of Paradise. In full view of the three splendid structures has been placed a colossal statue of Brunelleschi. One hand lifts the compasses, the other holds an open scroll, and the head is raised, so that his eyes look proudly yet serenely up, at the dome which must ever be his grandest monument.

With the things I have already catalogued, alone, '*bella Firenze*' might almost make good her ancient name; but I remember that we have only begun to explore her treasury of beauty. Passing from the cathedral square, through a labyrinth of narrow streets, in a southerly direction, we emerged on another piazza which scarcely yields in interest to the first. On its east side stands the huge structure of the Palazzo Vecchio, or Old Palace, above whose frowning battlements, six centuries old, the banners of the republic and of the Medici have hung, successively, and in whose great hall, to-day, I saw the prouder spectacle of the representatives of a free people, met to legislate for the weal of united Italy. It is between the river and the

south side of this same square that the great parallel lengths of the Uffizi extend,—the building in whose unending halls the Medici family enshrined their peace-offering to history. Even a democratic posterity may pardon despots whose reign was the golden age of art, and whose luxuriousness created for itself such an abode as the galleries of the Uffizi. Permit me to pass these for the present, only noting that their wealth seems fairly to have broken from the building's limits and scattered itself in the streets; for, under the arches of the adjoining *Loggia*, open to the square, are placed some of the masterpieces of modern sculpture. The bronze Persens of Benvenuto Cellini, and the Rape of the Sabines, by John of Bologna,—priceless works, both,—stand *vis-à-vis* in this slight shelter; and near these, in the piazza itself, is the colossal David of Michael Angelo. Proceeding hence to the river, with the Uffizi's opposing piles on either hand, we traverse an avenue of sculpture, in which nearly all the great men of Florence are ranged,—their marble effigies for the most part conceived with exceeding taste and skill by the later Florentine artists.

And now we are on the Lung' Arno,—the noble street which skirts the river bank the whole city's length, and on which, in these soft spring twilights, the beauty and bravery of Florence nightly throng to lounge or promenade. The bridge directly below us, with its line of little jewelers' shops, hiding the balustrade all the way across, is the Ponte Vecchio. Above the shops extends the covered passage by which a grand duke could walk in slippers from the Uffizi to his other palace, the Pitti, three-quarters of a mile off, on the

other side of the Arno. I do not wonder the Florentines are so fond of this river-street of theirs. Leaning over its stone balusters, one can see how fairly the stream sweeps down from its mountains, through the city of temples and palaces, and away to the great plain below, whose green pastures and woods, bending to the water's edge, form the end of the comely vista. To the south, rise the terraces of the Boboli Gardens, and Bellosuardo, a smiling acclivity of villas and pleasure groves, takes its favored place in the 'theater of hills' with which the city is girt. Climb to the belvedere, on either of these delectable heights, and you shall see still better why Florence is adored by her own citizens and courted by strangers from every land. A nobler view of fertile fields and vine-clad hills than forms the background of the picture, it were vain to seek; while, high above the city's serried roofs, rises here and there a dome or tower upon which glitters the whitest sunlight of historic interest. Yonder, for instance, rises the steeple of Santa Croce, the sainted pile in whose shadow Michael Angelo, Galileo, Machiavelli and Alfieri sleep: it is the Westminster Abbey of Italy. In the piazza of Santa Croce, moreover, it was, that, more than six centuries ago, the oppressed and indignant Florentines assembled and, to use their own expressive language, 'made themselves a people.' That all power inheres in the people, and that government exists of right only by the consent of the governed, were the inspired propositions that were reached in that momentous meeting; and, for centuries, Florence defended and sustained them with her best blood, while scarce a glimmering of the thought of civil liberty had dawned

upon the rest of Europe. Yonder, too, is the Church of Lorenzo, where the ashes of the Medici rest, with the mightiest creations of Angelo's genius guarding their slumber. On the right, as you enter the chapel of sepulture,—whose solemn classic architecture is also Angelo's,—rises the marble tomb of Giuliano de Medici, and it is above his sarcophagus that, famous alike in poetry and art—

. . . the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastinglly.

Not even in the Vatican, I think, does marble exert such an absolute sway over the imagination as it does in this imposing group. All the mystery of darkness and sleep is suggested in the female figure, which has sunk upon the tomb as upon a couch, and which seems to breathe and dream, although its shaded face is laid, as it were, in the very lap of death. The colossal form of Day, also, which has partly risen from the same weird resting-place, is still half-enveloped in the visionary shadow which shrouds his sister. It is Dawn, indeed, rather than full morning, which begins to move in his place beside the grave;—Dawn still clothed with mortuary mists, and feeling the inward impulse of resurrection, but not yet its external sunlight. Opposite this grand memorial pile,—worthy to cover the dust of a Julius Cæsar,—is the tomb of Lorenzo di Medici, with a marble group, called Aurora and Twilight, also sculptured above his sarcophagus. High over these figures, and *vis-à-vis* with a statue of Giuliano, is the sitting statue of Lorenzo, of which Rogers wrote a poetic, yet exact description:

Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchers.
That is the Duke Lorenzo. Mark him well !
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls ?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull ?
'Tis lost in shade ; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.

So the genius of Michael Angelo wrought, to people with shapes of immortality the dark approaches of the tomb. But, as if to show that not in this field lay solely or chiefly his power, the same chapel holds, also, a group of the Madonna and Child,—unfinished, it is true, like so many of the master's works, but which, nevertheless, sheds a mild glory of tender feeling and life in that place of the dead. Infancy and the gentle love which guards it could scarcely be more beautiful than as there they sit, in that strong light of contrast.

One meets in Italy and her history so many proofs of the greatness, both moral and intellectual, of Michael Angelo, that it is not strange his house in Florence should be visited with eager interest. A little closet-like study in which he was wont to immure himself, as Walter Scott did at Abbotsford, is the part of this mansion the warmest with his memory. The table at which he used to work, the sword he wore but never used, and the iron-pointed staves which served him, long after the sword was laid aside, when the streets of Florence knew him as an old man,—these and a few other relics are carefully kept in this study of his. Some of his models and drawings, and a number of works in which later artists have paid tribute to their master's fame, ornament the larger rooms.

The starting- and perpetual rallying-point for sight-

seers at Florence, however, is ‘The Tribune,’ in the center of the Uffizi gallery. You are wandering at will, along endless corridors of paintings of all the schools, of sculpture in marble and bronze, both modern and antique, of mediæval jewels and Etruscan vases, when, perhaps by chance, you open this Tribune door, to find yourself suddenly beneath its cupola, face to face with the masterpieces of art in all the world. Not content with hanging the Tribune walls with the chief glories of Italian painting, the Medici have placed upon its floor some of the rarest bequests of Grecian sculpture. Costlier and larger shrines have been built for the beautiful, before and since, but never one which the goddess has filled so full of her presence. Rather for epicurean banquet and revel in her honor, indeed, than for her calm and secret worship, is the place designed; for the sense is bewildered amid so much wealth, and the mind runs riot with the eye. It is here, as every school-boy knows, that the Venus de Medici stands and ‘loves in stone,’—her name a synonym of beauty in all lands; and the Apollino is her near neighbor,—that tender form in which the Greek sought to embody a grace too pure and abstract to be joined to sex. At one glance upwards from these, the eye sweeps over canvas on which Raphael and Angelo and Paul Veronese and Del Sarto and Perugino and Correggio have each painted the heavenly legend of Mary and her Child,—a theme their art forever found as fresh as the mother’s love it apotheosized. Above the Venus of the Greeks, too, one may see the less chaste divinities of Titian; the Venetian’s color—which our own Page has tried, alas! how coldly, to

reproduce—as perfect as the Grecian form. But it were vain to attempt a catalogue of even the most shining things of the Uffizi; and equally were it foolishness for me to try the task in the scarcely less bewildering halls of the Pitti Palace. In the latter gallery the collection—excepting the stately Venus of Canova—is exclusively one of paintings, and as such it is, so far as I have seen in Europe, unsurpassed. Three of Raphael's finest Madonnas are among its treasures, and all the schools of Italian painting are represented on its walls by their *chefs-d'œuvre*. The hours and days fleet by too swiftly in these galleries; where one sits feasting the never-sated sense, or weaving a many-colored web of reverie, or taking mental photographs of Madonna and saint, for memory to delight herself withal, in after-time, in a land where art has not yet prevailed on religion or history to sit for its picture.

But, unmanageable as the subject may be, I must not quit the fine arts without telling you of an hour we spent in the studio of Hiram Powers, with the grand old man, himself, as our cicerone. Powers seems, to me, to be to sculpture what our other great artist, William Cullen Bryant, is to poetry. The gentle fancy, the calm strength and the moral nobility of the poet, are equally characteristic of the sculptor. Neither is impassioned in his nature, but each not seldom in his art soars to the sublime. There is genuine sublimity, for instance, even above what inheres in the subject, in the statue which sits regnant, like a new Jove, over the rest of the studio, and is named Daniel Webster. So, also, Mr. Powers' Washington gave me a conception of the *Pater Patriæ* which, unlike all other portraits I

have seen, confirms history and makes it credible, intelligible. . . .

A study for a colossal statue of Christ is the last of Mr. Powers' collection I wish to name. As one might expect, art approaches this awful theme, in general, only to excite the deepest disappointment in the beholder. Correggio succeeded once; Raphael, in his great Transfiguration, I could not criticise; and there is a statue by Thorwaldsen in an obscure church at Rome, which was almost all I desired; but, with these exceptions, I do not remember having escaped an unpleasant sensation whenever I have stood face to face with the Christ of the artists. To that small list of exceptions I am inclined now to add the study of Mr. Powers. He has tried to unite the expression of divine strength and inspiration and grandeur with that of heavenly meekness and acquaintance with grief; and I think, if the work is ever completed, men will confess that a new and pregnant sermon has been preached on the attributes of the world's Saviour.

I began this letter with one reminiscence; I must approach the close of it with another. Long, long ago, when I used to read *Paradise Lost* for the sound of it, rather than its sense, there was a passage which smote my school-boy ear and fancy with ponderous force. It was that in which Milton travels to earth from farthest hell to seek his simile, and tells how the rebel angels

. . . lay entranc't,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High over-arch't, embow'r, . . .

There is poetry's subtlest magic in that one leafy, somber word, 'Vallombrosa.' Without having the slightest idea where the specific Etrurian shades were to be found, I always felt resolved, some time or other to go there, and see the leaves in question. And when I discovered that the ground they strew lies off among the sub-Appenines, within twenty-five miles of here, mine ancient vision of the forest came up all fresh again, and we started straightway for Vallombrosa.

The first ten miles of the way is accomplished by the railway which runs east of Florence. At a station called Pontassieve we debarked, and thence did about five miles more of very up-hill road, through a fine, picturesque, highland country, in a light vehicle, somewhat resembling a Genesee-street swill-wagon. This brought us to a romantic little village named Pelago, which stands high, overlooking a valley and a brawling mountain-stream,—but quite out of the way of newspapers, I fancy; for a prominent-looking inhabitant whom I questioned had never heard of the United States nor of President Lincoln. Henceforward our path lay among steeper hills, to be traversed only on horseback or on foot. I chose the latter method, and advanced, under a broiling sun, with the mountains full in front, my longing for the Etrurian shades increasing at every step. Sooth to say, I even prematurely pronounced the Miltonian simile far-fetched, and averred in my heart that the muse of Paradise would never have traveled to Vallombrosa on foot, at this time of year, in search of the best trope that ever was set in verse. We pressed on, nevertheless, passing through a lonely monkish grange called Paterno, and, soon, there

was a torrent flashing beneath our path, whose song was shadow and coolness made audible, and we were at the opening of the umbrageous valley — *Vallombrosa*. But not yet did we walk ‘embowered,’ as I had hoped. A few stunted oaks and beeches clung to the slopes, the mountain looming boldly in front seemed to be no more richly garnished, and I thought of our own abundant forests, with a little sense of pity for Milton and contempt for Italy. The road, however, was a grand one in its own way. It wound around a steep hill-face, almost out of hearing of the white waters, far below ; it looked down, anon, upon a little hamlet, that seemed just ready to leap from its green ledges into the nether gorge ; it clambered next to the jutting shoulder of a higher height, where, beside a way-side cross, it made us pause for very wonder at the glorious scene beneath. Only in Italy does nature compose such pictures as that,—such a purple amphitheater of hills, such a smiling arena of plain ; and, over all, an air of soft enchantment, as if Italy were the Danaë of the earth, upon whom the gods were raining a sunshine of living gold.

The way-side cross just mentioned reminds me that it was not to the valley alone we were bent, but also to the monastery of *Vallombrosa*,—a Benedictine establishment, founded in its mountain solitude by a miraculously-converted knight of the eleventh century, named Gualberto. It was to this remote retreat our rugged road conducted, presently entering a dense forest of fir, which seemed to stretch endlessly up the height. We had journeyed half an hour or more, upward, through this greenwood, and still no break appeared in the

impervious shade, from whose depths only the call of the cuckoo, clear and mellow, rose at intervals to interrupt the silence. Suddenly, above us, the peal of a great bell rang out, with a sound that was almost startling in its nearness and solemnity, and a few minutes more brought us in front of the stately quadrangle of the monastery. A venerable monk stood at the imposing portal to bid us welcome, and, ushered into the interior of the sanctuary, we were soon refreshed by its hospitality. The verse kept ringing in our ears, however,—‘thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,’—so we sallied forth again for further explorations. The monastery is situated on a green table-land, at the upper end of the valley which gives it a name, and a clearing of the forest has been made around its walls, so that the view to the westward, over thirty miles of hill and vale, is unbroken. Behind the ample buildings, which, of course, include a richly-furnished church, rises a wooded mountain, whose summit is over 5,000 feet high, and from the rocks of which, in a long chain of sylvan cascades, the Ellero torrent tumbles, to seek its way through Vallombrosa to the Arno. Following backward the course of this stream, we clambered to the mountain-top, and had the satisfaction, not only of discovering scenic beauties the most exquisite at every step, but of proving that, after all, the Miltonic muse was right when she came so far for her leafy simile. Thick and dark, indeed, were the woody mazes through which we made our way, and soft with the shed leaves of many autumns were the banks on which we threw ourselves, often, to rest. Lying there, in the wild solitude, the brook hurrying past us with its sweet tinkling of

crystal bells, and the tiniest arrows of the sunlight darting on us through the trees, my vision of Vallombrosa and its forest was realized. The Pan of Etrurian fable might have led a dance of his sylvan train into our presence, and we would scarcely have been astonished.

From the summit we had, not only wide Tuscany spread beneath us, on the one hand, but, on the other, a view far extended over the very central wilderness of Italy—the secret recesses of the houseless, brigand-haunted Appenines. When we had had enough of that, we bethought us of the good cheer awaiting at the Benedictine hospice, and descended. It was no unworthy finish to the jovial day, to sit after dinner in the hall of the hospitable monks, and enjoy the cheery warmth of the wood-fire, which the chill of the night air from the mountains had made necessary. The long corridors and echoing halls of the monastery grew dark and silent, soon; and out of their gloom seemed to gather, round the light and laughter in which we sat, the ghosts of their monkish history of eight hundred years. Many a brave heart had come up hither to serve its God; many a sad soul had hid its sorrow here; many a dark deed had sought this seclusion, to be forgot, since the days when bold Gualberto became first abbot. Great men, too, had sat around these hearths in their days,—scholars, poets, philosophers; for Guido Aretino, who invented the musical scale, here, and the universal system of musical notation, made but one in the line of shining names which stand on the monastic register. Then, moreover, we thought, what noble visitors had come hither before us, to hold learned converse or cheerful revel with their

Vallombrosan hosts, until the luckless day when the first Napoleon dismounted at the gate, and departed only when he had loaded himself with a spoil of costly paintings and many a rare book and manuscript. In sooth, dear *Courier*, that glimmering fire-light was so friendly to romantic musing, that, should I ever lust to enrich your columns with a historical novel, after the manner of Sylvanus Cobb, I shall seek lodgings again, and inspiration, in the goodly hospice of Vallombrosa.

RAVENNA, ITALY, May 1, 1866.

From Florence to Ravenna is rather an abrupt transition; and yet there is a poetic link between the places, as well as a railroad. For, remember, how sings the bard and prince of travelers:—

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;
Thy factious, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name forevermore
Their children's children would in vain adore,
With the remorse of ages.

The grave of Dante is in the midst of Ravenna's grass-grown streets; and we came hither from the capital of regenerated Italy to see, not only the retreat to which she banished her greatest son, but the remains of a city which, in the elder day, was a greater even than Florence, and in whose midst the early centuries of our era have left unique memorials. But, before I speak more of Ravenna, it behooves me to tell something of our journey hither.

The railroad from Florence northward to Bologna actually crosses the Appenines,—carrying the passenger from the plain to the mountain-top and thence to the plain again,—in a way which engineering, I think, has not equaled elsewhere. Looking up at the range of hills to be passed, the feat seems to more than verge on the impossible; yet, by dint of forty-five short tunnels and any amount of heavy grading and ingenious tacking and winding round the mountain-sides, you are brought at last to a summit which is the very watershed of the peninsula, and from which you look down on a sea-like expanse of plain, with Florence and Pistoja and a score of lesser places glittering thereon, like coral islands. Almost at the foot of the mountain range, but still flat upon the alluvial level which stretches thence to the far Alps, lies Bologna,—celebrated for its sausages, you will say, but also for very much else. In truth, I never knew till now how much of true historic importance attaches to what may be called the second class of North Italian cities, of which Bologna is a specimen. They are usually treated only to a passing nod by the traveler; but they cannot be thus lightly disposed of by the student of history, or art, or politics. Each one of those cities, provincial and dwindled in influence to-day, was metropolitan once, and had as strongly marked an individuality, as distinct a history, as London or Paris. Within their walls, men first began to recover from the chaos which the fall of Rome had brought upon the world; the battle of freedom and of the right of self-government was fought, and the principles of political order and liberty were evolved and vindicated, by their citi-

zens, while the rest of Europe lay weltering in the night of barbarism. As a consequence of their political advancement, the free cities of Italy became centers of literature, science and the arts; and scarce one but had its university, illustrious with the learning and genius it sheltered, and its school of painters, whose works are, yet, a characteristic ornament of their native municipality, such as all the wealth of modern capitals cannot buy. For, be it remarked, although Paris may buy or steal the great pictures of the Bolognese school for its Louvre Gallery, it cannot make these pictures cease to be Bolognese.

We went to Bologna, then, first, and found the few days we spent there well bestowed. The peculiarity of its domestic architecture is its porticos. It looks as if the Bolognese had made a vow, never to walk in the sun or rain; for the front of the ground-floor of every building is a portico; and thus every street is an avenue of noble columns, of all the architectural orders, which support the indispensable, all-ramifying portico. Then, too, like Pisa, the city has its leaning towers; in fact, nearly all its higher spires and turrets have a slightly inebriated lean from the perpendicular—a circumstance occasioned by the character of the soil on which the foundations are laid. Another striking feature in a bird's-eye view of Bologna is the great portico, some two hundred years old, which issues from the city and zig-zags thence, in a line of 635 arches and about three miles long, to the top of a neighboring hill, crowned by the Church of Madonna di San Luca. Such an extraordinary display of architectural energy, for no apparent adequate purpose, can scarcely be cited this

side of the pyramids. The buildings of the university, in which, for two centuries, the ‘Glossators’ led the study of law in all Europe, and where, too, for the first time, dissection was practiced on the human subject, are still thronged with students, and filled with memorials of the great alumni of seven hundred years. The medical department contains the apparatus with which Galvani first demonstrated, here, the existence of galvanic electricity, and the library includes the collection of its famous librarian, Mezzofanti, who could speak forty-two languages, and whose polyglot acquirements were celebrated by Lord Byron. I noticed, also, some statues and memorial tablets of celebrated female professors, who, at Bologna, have divided the honors in mathematics, law, medicine and the classics, for ages past. The fact bears upon a question that has been much mooted in our own country. In the Pinacoteca, or fine art gallery, is a splendid collection of works of the Bolognese school,—a school which, under guidance of the three Carracci, and naming itself ‘Eclectic,’ succeeded in maintaining, into the seventeenth century, the excellence and grandeur of art which belonged to the fifteenth and sixteenth. Here we saw, not only the *chefs-d’œuvre* of the school-founders, but also some of the best of Domenichino, Guercino, and other of its less illustrious pupils. In the great hall of the gallery, Guido, the most gifted of all the Carracci’s disciples, shines resplendent, represented by works the grandest he ever conceived. Lastly, the world-famous St. Cecilia of Raphael is in this Bologna collection,—a picture which draws in the spectator to share the ecstasy of

the saint, and makes him almost hear, with her, the anthem of celestial music that bursts above her from the rifted heaven.

Connected with Bologna by rail, and lying to the westward, on the same rich, perfectly level plain, are the cities of Modena and Parma, once independent republics, and, till the new birth of Italy made their respective grand-dukes take to their carpet-bags, distinct and contemptible little despotisms. There is but one type of landscape spread over the whole extent of this fertile region, but that is so beautiful that you almost forgive its monotony. Far and near, the plain is green with wheat and other grains; traversing these crops in wide and regular rows are lines of mulberry and other trees, kept closely trimmed of their foliage, and from trunk to trunk of these swing the leafy festoons of the universal vine. Such is the aspect of all level Italy. Modena contains a quaint little world of mediæval antiquity within its trim pentagonal walls. Its cathedral, outside and in, is fairly alive with the grotesque sculptured imagery which distinguishes the Lombard style of architecture; and its ducal palace, in which art and literature now reign, *vice* tyranny abdicated, is full of interesting things. A little more than thirty miles further west is Parma, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, which was wont, in times past, to bear a lively part in the feud of Guelph and Ghibelline, and which now throws its patriotic strength as vigorously on the side of united Italy. Aside from the historical memorials it contains, its chief interest to the traveler consists in the fact that Correggio lived and labored here, for more than half of his too brief working life,

and that here, accordingly, can best be enjoyed the exuberant wealth of his transcendent genius. The works upon which he expended most of his energy are those, in fresco, which cover the cupola of the Parma cathedral and parts of the roof of a church in the city. In each of these buildings, sad to say, time and ill-usage have grievously defaced the master's design; and one looks up at the heaven he made to open over their gloomy altars, only to descry dimly its celestial groupings, and to feel that its glory has almost faded into night. In the gallery of Parmà, however, are many copies by later masters, from which one gathers, at last, a vivid idea of what the superb originals must have been. The chief subject in the cathedral is the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' who is represented as borne through mid-heaven toward the higher regions of the blest,—a throng of angelic beings composing her train, and innumerable hosts of such lining her way to the heights of light ineffable, above. This grand epic, of the Madonna's entry and welcome at the heavenly gates, covers all the surface of the dome proper; but around the base of the picture a circle of figures is drawn, which also enters into its magnificent design and makes its majesty complete. These figures are the apostles, who stand, as it were, around the place where a sepulcher has been, and view from thence, with uplifted heads, the apocalypse of glory I have tried to describe. I shall never forget the several expressions of ecstasy which gleam on the faces of these apostolic spectators. A 'Hallelujah Chorus' made visible is what the whole must have been when the master's hand left it.

A painting scarcely less grand is the vision of St. John, in the church of that saint, close by the cathedral. The light of this, too, has almost gone out; but before it had quite faded, one of the Carracci (all honor to him) climbed to the dim cupola and transferred to canvas of his own some random fragments of the glorious ruin. Thus it is still possible, as if through the smallest aperture of a broken cloud, to obtain a glimpse of the sky which Correggio painted here, and, after his custom, peopled with the creations of his exuberant imagination. Beneath his brush, it seems, the air was wont ever to grow rife and swarm with a celestial progeny; the light with which he filled his pictures became on the instant quick with forms and faces of angelic youth and ardor and beauty. The whole realm of poetry or art, so far as I know, contains no other such race of beings as these sky-children of Correggio's. Perhaps it is incorrect to speak of them as angelic and spiritual, for their's is rather an idealized and enriched human nature; a life such as might have been developed from the luxuriant soil of Eden had Eve been discreet; a humanity joyous, fervid, full of the richest, purest blood and the brightest essence of human genius. So much I cannot help saying, even in this newspaper letter, of them and their painter; for, truly, nothing in Europe has seemed so beautiful to me as some of these works of Correggio at Parma.

Still on the same level, fertile plateau, but about forty miles east of Bologna, stands this ancient city of the exarchs, Ravenna. Time and events have wrought some strange changes here. Firstly, such is the vast amount of alluvial matter constantly carried by the

rivers of Romagna into the Adriatic, that the 'upbraiding shore' of that sea, which formerly washed the city's walls, is now some three or four miles distant. Again, the rich and populous suburbs which rose, in the age of the emperors, almost like sister cities, outside the actual limits of Ravenna, have utterly disappeared, and an expanse of rice-fields covers their site. Finally, the city itself presents the queerest, most melancholy picture of a city used up and 'gone to grass.' Wide and widening spaces of 'common' occur frequently within the walls. It is a contest between man and nature, in which the latter seems to be getting the best of it: for defiant tufts of grass have planted themselves in the principal streets.

It is to this moribund old place, nevertheless,—to this still breathing mummy of a city,—that the historian of Christian art perforce must come, to find some of the most important links in the chain of his study. Men did not suddenly leap to that acme of power which enabled Raphael, for instance, to paint his Transfiguration; what record, then, exists of the first stages of progress toward that high perfection? On the blackened walls of the Roman catacombs, where Christianity hid during the pre-Constantinian age, the historian discovers his first clue to the problem's solution: he comes next to the mosaics, glittering through the dust of twelve and even fourteen centuries, in the churches of Ravenna.

We visited, first, to-day, the two oldest existing temples of Christian worship in this vicinity, the mosaic pictures in which date from the early part of the fifth century. In one of these rude circular piles of brick

are the huge sarcophagi of the Empress Galla Placidia, and of two of the oriental Cæsars, her imperial relatives. The art which decorates the walls and dome above these famous dead is decidedly primitive in its character. The stiff, elongated and staring figures of saint and prophet remind one, instantly, of that other infancy of art which is to be studied in the nursery and school-room. Nor had the Christian artist made much progress after a century more of experiment and practice; for in Ravenna are, also, splendid specimens to be seen of the sixth century's faith and worship, done in costly mosaic of crimson and azure and gold. A little more command of his materials, and some remote approach to an idea of nature, it appears, began to characterize his attempts from this time forward; but before the end of the seventh century the Byzantine seal had been set upon further progress. The church in which this last-mentioned phase of pictorial effort is most grandly exhibited we visited last of all, so that I shall speak of it by and by.

Close to the sidewalk of a sort of back street, near the center of the town, sits a little square chapel, dome-roofed, and with a door of iron railing opening to the thoroughfare. 'More neat than solemn.' Byron justly describes the edifice; and, certainly, one would not at first sight suspect it of containing anything more unusual than the shrine which some pious green-grocer or wine-merchant had reared, from his surplus winnings, to his favorite saint. But look within, and you shall see the marble which hides the dust of Dante; the laureled head of Italy's 'poet-sire' rests here; the ashes, of which all poesy is the sacred urn, are gathered

in this grave. Above the poet's sarcophagus a respectable modern bas-relief presents his portrait in a characteristic attitude. A few miserable stucco ornaments have somehow been smuggled into the enclosure. I forgot, when I wrote from Florence, to speak of the great Dante monument, inaugurated there two years ago, on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth, and which is to be uncovered soon. It stands in the piazza of Santa Croce (which church contains also a marble memorial of the great Florentine), and competent judges say it will be worthy of him it commemorates. After all, however, printer's ink is a better material than marble in which to keep the poet's memory fresh; and they who can read the Divine Comedy can cheerfully forego what may be seen at Florence or Ravenna. If it be true, as I hear, that our Longfellow has finished a translation of the entire poem, the fact is worth more than the Florentine monument. As for the Ravenna tomb, it moved me most, in looking thereat, to see that it had been newly decked with flowers, and to note, also, that some schools and other youthful societies had recently brought their festival banners and laid them, a votive offering, in the poetic presence. Think of the electric spark of genius which all the cruel dark ages could not quench, and which causes hearts to thrill with a proud love after the lapse of six hundred years!

A far more remarkable cenotaph than Dante's, architecturally speaking, is that of Theodoric, the famed barbarian king, who crossed the Alps to found a Gothic empire on the ruins of that of Rome. It is a massive rotunda, built of marble brought across the

Adriatic from Istria, and roofed with a single convex block of that material, which in its hewn state is estimated to weigh two hundred tons. This strange structure, built by the Gothic king himself, was probably within the city, once; but you have to seek for it, now, away in the green wilderness beyond the walls, where a dilapidated old female peasant starts up from among her artichokes, and, distaff in hand, asserts herself as the custodian of the imperial ashes. Isled in the same way by lonely fields and marshes, I found the 'broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,' which records the famous battle of Ravenna, and the fall on that spot of the young French leader—

. . . the hero boy
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De Foix.

Those monuments of memorable men or great events, which one meets in public squares, and which stand, the proud objects of universal recognition, can often be viewed with comparative indifference; but I found it otherwise with the columns and the tomb I have just mentioned; for over them, in their neglected solitude, I seemed to see the shroud of oblivion visibly settling, even as it has fallen over so much else of the past, already, and as, over all that is, it must duly and surely fall.

I feel myself prone to quote Byron in this epistle, probably for the reason that we rest to-day on ground which his name, almost as much as Dante's, makes hallowed to the muse. In Ravenna, the great Englishman abode more than two years, and the houses he

occupied while here are yet pointed out by the towns-people as chief among their notabilia. Byron liked the place, because he met few of his own countrymen in it, and could indulge herein all his moods unchallenged. Here it was, moreover, I think, where his acquaintance chiefly flourished with the Countess Guiccioli. His fertile mind was never more wondrously prolific than in that period, when he was wont to seek inspiration in musings by the tomb of his great Italian master, and in wanderings by the pine-shadowed shores of the Adriatic.

A considerable distance from those shores, but near the gloomy edge of the great Pineta, or pine-forest, which skirts them, stands the solitary church of San Apollinare, that to which I have already alluded as containing a remarkable example of Byzantine religious art. It is a level waste of meadow and rice-marsh, about three miles from the city, out of which the vast basilica looms, and one could almost fancy it had drifted into that solitude, like a huge, sacred ark, in some long-past deluge. Thirteen hundred years ago, however, it was the center of a suburb, founded by the Emperor Augustus,—the wealthiest and most populous of which Ravenna could boast. All else, the floods of time and war have swept away; scarce a hut is visible in the vicinity; but the church remains unchanged, perhaps the purest specimen of primitive Christian architecture now in existence. Not even in Rome have I seen so dignified a monument of those early centuries. As if some veteran saint, surviving the flock to whom he was wont to minister, should turn hermit in his age, so the venerable pile seems to have withdrawn from

the city to the wilderness; and its very isolation and loneliness permit its grandeur to be doubly felt.

The forest of which I have spoken has sprung up in soil which had not yet reached the Adriatic in the Cæsars' time; so that, strangely enough, where Rome was wont to moor her fleets, in after ages Venice came and built hers. It was the timber of the Pineta which enabled her to rule the seas and the commerce of half the world. Other feet than those of its ravagers, however, sought its shadowy walks,—else the pines might not have been so famous to-day. The wood was Dante's favorite retreat; its gloom Boccaccio's fancy made populous; and who does not remember that twilight hymn in *Don Juan*?—

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine-forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarian fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

Emerging from the presence of the pictured saints, who glare, with martyrdom in their grim Byzantine faces, from the walls of St. Apollinare, a mile's walk across the flat takes the traveler to the fringe of the Pineta. Let him not fail to set foot in its cool umbrage and glades of green: for not altogether such as that of the common forest, is its haunted shade.

TURIN, May 30, 1866.

I am getting far ahead of my story, dear *Courier*, which, if I remember aright, was dragging behind, somewhere about Ravenna, when I left it last. It is so sweet, however, to the tourist to be retrospective, that you must indulge me, even if I insist on sparing you not so much as a page of my accumulated stock of notes. Our next stage was Ferrara, to which there is rail from Bologna,—still over the fair monotony of level fields and vineyards which I described in my last. A phenomenon among cities is Ferrara, as well as Ravenna; and we found a day well spent among the memorials of its ancient greatness. For, one of the great capitals of mediæval Italy was this city in its day. Under the government of the famed house of Este, it was renowned alike for the business energy of its people and the brilliancy of its court. It was the home of Ariosto; it gave Tasso a retreat, and, alas! also a prison; and the painters of the Ferrara school were as eminent in their line as the poets. Its rulers were even great enough, once, to be liberal; for it was the city of all Italy which, for a time, extended hospitality to Calvin and many of his co-religionists. Strangely has the glory departed from her who was called *la gran donna*—the great lady of the Po. Like a huge girdled tree, to only a sickly limb of which the feeble sap ascends,—so stands Ferrara: her palaces, her churches, her massive citadel, her noble streets, ‘whose symmetry was not for solitude,’—all these remain as in the prosperous past, but the life is gone out of them. About a fourth, only, of its ancient population is now within the walls, and not a fraction

of its ancient enterprise. Only grass flourishes in its public places; you wander from square to square of its broad, straight streets, and perhaps a decayed old woman, or a wheelbarrow, or a dog, is all that emerges to enliven the perspective. The central feature of the dead city is the castle, once the palace of the dukes of Este. which, with its flanking towers, its surrounding moat, filled as of old with water, and its draw-bridge, is the most perfect monument of the feudal age I have yet seen. One can almost fancy, looking up at the building's vast and gloomy bulk, that the secret of the city's demise is hid within; that with its long circling shadow has fallen the fatal blight upon all around it. The thought is less a fancy than a fact; since it was of domestic tyranny that Ferrara died. We passed under the rusty portcullis, by the way, and made a dismal journey to the castle's depth of dungeon; for it was there the frail and beautiful Parisina, and Ugo, her paramour, were kept in black durance till the hour of their midnight execution. Ugo, my readers will remember, was the first to be taken to the block; and learning his fate,—'Now, then, I wish not myself to live,' the brave girl said, and so went almost joyously to the waiting scaffold. Our guide to the awful dungeons of the lovers was an old man in the last stage of senility, who mumbled and moaned and wept over the tragic story, as if it had been only yesterday that death made an end of it. But, in truth, are not love and beauty and sorrow in some sense immortal, and their story always new? For, at least, their phantoms, even after all these centuries, have not ceased to haunt the dark scenes of their punishment or martyrdom.

Talking of dungeons, the so-called prison of Tasso we also visited,—a noisome cell under the hospital of St. Anna. It is known that, somewhere in this establishment, the poet, ‘sick more of grief than insanity,’ as says the inscription at the prison door, was confined as an alleged lunatic by the tyrant Alphonso; but authorities are generally agreed in repudiating the particular black-hole now pointed out, as that in which he was buried alive for more than seven years, and in which he composed some of his works. Upon the cell in question, however, credulous posterity has insisted on fixing its faith and reverence. The *custode* showed us the autographs (very much ‘restored,’ to use the painter’s phrase) of Byron, of Lamartine, and of other great men, and upon every available inch of surrounding surface the little men of all nations have left their chirography. The whole of a bedstead and about half of a huge door were whittled away by relic-hunters, also, before the authorities placed a veto on the operation. Ah, well!—

Peace to Torquato’s injured shade ! ’t was his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows ; but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpassed in modern song!

In the center of a wide, grass-grown piazza, which lets the sunshine into the dreamiest portion of the dreamy old town, stands a statue of Ariosto, erected by the country to his memory. The poet is looking straight, like a sensible man, towards the modest house near by, which he built for himself and in which he lived and died. A humble family are the present tenants of the mansion, and all the processes of

domestic life go on in its shelter, just as if the muse had never made it her house of call, nor wings of celestial visitors had rustled in its staircase. Only the private room of its builder is kept locked from the children, in honor of his memory, and therein a few interesting relics are gathered and preserved. The poet's tomb, singularly enough, has been moved bodily from the church, where it belonged, to the city library,—a proceeding for the questionable taste of which the French are responsible. It is a wonder they did not carry it to the Louvre,—that palatial receptacle for stolen goods, in which, one time or another, nearly everything of artistic or reliquary interest in Europe has found temporary lodgment. In a not very perspicuous conversation with the Italian *custode* of the noble library, I understood him to smile incredulously at the well-known story, of the lightning having struck and melted the bronze wreath of the poet's bust, which still surmounts the tomb. After Byron's stanza, however, the subtle fluid can surely see that it, at least, *ought* to have done so, if it did n't.

Oh, the wealth of mental coinage, of rare old books and rarer manuscripts, and of tomes filled with exquisite miniature and illumination, of which these old libraries of the Italian cities are the treasury! I must retract a little of what I have written as to Ferrara's decay; for at least one artery of her ancient life still swells with warm blood, and pulses in her grand art-gallery, whose light the centuries have not dimmed; in her colleges, where science has still its crowds of votaries; and among her books, over which, in many a dim alcove, one may see the intense Italian face still bent

in fervid study. Reverentially I followed the kindly librarian above spoken of, while he led us, his face beaming with bibliophilic enthusiasm, among his well-catalogued treasures. Priceless editions of his country's authors, he showed us; stained and venerable sheets, as well, on which poets had first marshaled their thought in immortal verse; palimpsests, on whose yellow parchment I could trace the Latin of the mediæval monks, and, beneath that, in transverse lines of faded brown, the Greek of St. Chrysostom. Nay, verily, not as a city defunct and sepulchered must I register Ferrara, but, rather, as one by whose gates there is access to the whole world of the living past. It is surely to her credit, at any rate, and to that of her sisters in decay, that, long after commerce and the pursuit of material wealth have perished, education and the love of the liberal arts are still fondly cherished within their walls. Straying by accident into one of the old palaces of the town, from under the whitewash of whose walls some strange relics of early art have been recovered, we found the edifice occupied as a school, on a large scale, for deaf-mutes, the system pursued being apparently as enlightened and successful as its object is beneficent. Such, even in those places where the spell of liberty thrills latest, is Italy. Who does not hope and aspire for her!

A few miles beyond Ferrara, broad and swift and dangerous between its embankments, flows the Po, its surface higher than the roofs of the houses on the boundless surrounding plain. Worse than all, the stream is the boundary, after crossing which we found ourselves—shame to Europe!—in a country which is,

and yet is not, Italy. It needed no more than the parade of Austrian uniforms and bayonets, on that river-bank, for me to feel instinctively, and at a glance, how more than detestable to Italians must be the occupation of Venetia by the House of Hapsburg. Cowed and miserable-looking the swarthy peasantry of the country seemed to move about; stolid and insolent strutted everywhere the soldiery of the oppressor. One felt like indignantly playing Don Quixote in behalf of the oppressed, and asking the ill-omened double eagle what it meant by clouding the sunshine in which it must ever be a stranger. A very pretty bird, no doubt, where it belongs; but worse than any harpy or other foul-winged thing of fable when it broods under the sky of Italy. Waxing furious as I write of the carrión emblem, it soothes me somewhat to reflect that the bunch of cigars which that sour Teuton confiscated at the custom-house were positively the worst cigars I ever tried to burn. . . .

We started northward from the Po in the forenoon; and, as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, gradually, from the plain in our front, began to rise the blue summits of the Euganean Hills. Folded in the seclusion of these hills, about five miles to the west of the road we were traveling, is the little hamlet called Arqua, to which, sometimes, a stray traveler bends his steps, as to a way-side shrine; for it was there that Petrarch retired, long after he had left Vaucluse; there he philosophized and died, and there is his tomb. Perhaps, dear *Courier*, if you remember a former letter of mine, you may think that, in more senses than one, I am running poor Petrarch into the ground. I know

how sensible people look at these things. ‘Dante?’ quoth a good practical friend of mine, to whom I was extolling the charms of Ravenna the other day,—‘Dante?—who’s Dante? He’s been everywhere that I’ve been!’ And yet it is my weakness to like to go to the graves of these men, and see where they are laid in death, even though I know all too little of their lives. There is a poem, there, always, even to those who cannot make much of the *terza rima*. Therefore, we left the road to Venice, and toiled upward, in the afternoon, to the hilly, vine-clustered nestling-place of Petrarch’s home.

A mere handful of houses, sown in a green rift of the hill-side, we found the village; but yet it seemed to have an individuality, which common villages have not. The children stopped playing among the stones, near what they called Petrarch’s fountain, and escorted us, *en masse*, up the rugged path, to the ledge where stands the little church, and where, filling three-fourths of the little church-yard, stands Petrarch’s tomb.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—reared in air,
Pillar’d in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura’s lover.

Such is the poet’s resting-place. There is a legend upon it of his own composition, and an inscription which tells that it was his daughter’s husband who hewed the massive sarcophagus and raised it on its four stumpy, nondescript pillars. Our young friends next led the way to the house of the melodious lover, which still stands entire, in all the unaltered quaintness of the architecture of five hundred years ago. Its

situation is such as a poet might well have chosen. Planted upon the very ridge of the hill, and fronting upon the straggling path which unites it with the village, its back windows open broadly on a magnificent valley view, bounded, away to the west, by the cone-shaped peak of the highest Euganean. It is in the rooms which thus look out, on untamed and yet not ungentle nature, that the household goods of the poet are preserved. There, are shown his chair,—the very pattern of a backwoodsman's,—his desk, and, last but not least, his cat, a stuffed or mummified relic which suggests Egypt, rather than Italy. A memorial or two of celebrated visitors adorns the room-walls, and the sign-manual of many who are not celebrated defaces them. That is the most of what is noteworthy about Petrarch's house. While we stood there, a heavy thunder-storm rolled up the valley, swathing the hills in white, spectral sheets of rain; so that we were, perforce, indebted to the mansion for half an hour's most welcome hospitality and shelter. It is to the long-ago laureate's tears, they say, that the world owes the immortal iris of his song; and so, when the sun came shyly out again, there was a rainbow, born of the shower, over the shining arch of which the storm, ragged and wet-skirted, fled into the realm of the yesterdays. We trudged on our way and slept that night at Padua.

From thence it is but five-and-twenty miles, by rail, to Venice; and yet I thought the way was endless. At last, the slow train drew itself away from the last station, thridding a wilderness of military confusion and preparation, and in another minute we were on the

bridge, bearing straight across the lagoon towards the city in the sea. I looked out and saw her, rising like a glorious mirage from the deep, just as the poets and my dreams had so long foretold. There, too, on either hand, were her island children, seeming to float and sleep around her on the glassy wave. So glassy, indeed, and silver-white, shone the mirror of the wide lagoon, that Venice might have become Narcissus, gazing at her own beauty imaged therein. As we came nearer, I could see the sable shapes of scores of gondolas gliding in and out of the still invisible canals; and the dream was complete when, at last, we, too, were afloat and moving, with scarce the sound of a ripple in our wake, away through a labyrinth of the watery streets, and down the broad avenue of the Canalazzo to our hotel.

Never fear, dear *Courier*; I am not going to inundate your valuable columns with descriptions of Venice. A point or two, geographical, of the dream into which, already, my memory of her has passed:—these, only, I shall note, then fare onwards. For instance, in the Square of St. Mark I would hold you a moment;—that solemn quadrangle of palaces in which, for a thousand years, so strange, so picturesque a drama has enacted itself, that history may almost be said to have masqueraded there in the bright-colored domino of romance. Everybody knows how it looks:—the grand piazza; the church of the Evangelist and his lion, opening its *bizarre* portals and lifting its oriental-looking towers, at the eastern end; the campanile on the right; the Torre dell' Orologio, with its brazen bell-ringers, opposite; and, in front of the *basilica*, the three tall masts, from which were wont to float, in silk and gold, the

gonfalons of Venice, Cyprus and the Morea. Truly, there is nothing like it, or, in its way, to equal it, in the world. Whether one saunters there of an afternoon, to see the doves of St. Mark flutter down, multitudinously, at the stroke of two, to be fed ; or at night, when all Venice sits in the classic area, sullen over its coffee and ice,—the piazza is still unique; a place over which tradition broods,—in which phantoms walk, palpable, though unseen,—in which one breathes the very air of poetry and legend. Connecting this square with the shore of the lagoon, is the piazzetta of St. Mark, which may be called the chief approach of Venice to the sea. It was from here went forth, of old, the Bucentaur, to the wedding of the Adriatic; and to this landing were wafted many a fleet of splendid galleys, freighted with tribute from the orient to the great republic. A signal to all who came or went, stood and stand the columns of the lion and of St. Theodore ; symbols of power and victory in those old days ; sacred to the memory of these departed, now.

From the piazzetta you enter the palace of the Doges, passing, first, into its magnificent court-yard ; then up the Staircase of the Giants, at the landing of which the doges were crowned, and thence into the superb saloons of its interior. Those halls, in which were wrought the anomalous marvels of Venetian statesmanship, are still resplendent with the most glorious achievements of Venetian art. Where the councils of the republic sat in secret, wielding the scepter of despotism in the name of liberty, still there may be said to survive something of the republic's history and old renown ; for, upon roof and wall glow the pictures

in which Titian and the Veronese and Tintoretto and the Palmas lent their genius, to perpetuate the luster of their country. In truth, this Venetian school of painters, as I have tried to study it, in the palace, in the *accademia*, and over the rich altars of a score of noble churches, has amazed and almost dazzled me with its surpassing glory. The farthest reaction from formalism, either classic or religious,—its scholars seem fairly to have reveled in a sense of new-found life and liberty and power. As if never, till by them, the rich treasury of nature had been touched, they almost wanton amid the wealth they have discovered; her brightest sunlight, her deepest shade, her colors the most gorgeous, are alone the materials for which the prodigal canvas of the Venetians was spread; and so it comes, that, wandering in the galleries they enriched, one almost thinks no more of the saintly inspiration of Raphael or the poetic fervor of Correggio; so full of grand, glowing human life are the forms of Titian,—so like the opulence of nature is the splendor of art in the groupings of Paul Veronese.

But I meant to be geographical and brief; therefore I pass from the palace of the Doges, leaving the bridge of sad name and dark omen which links it with the prison, and hurry through the labyrinth of the Merceria, to that other bridge of fame, the Rialto. The scene it presents is a busy enough one yet, it is true; for, on either side of the way, as you cross, is a serried rank of little shops, in which a huckstering trade of dry-goods and notions is vigorously plied. Gone, however, are the merchant-princes from their olden walk; and the square adjoining, where Shylock

was wont to drive his bargains, among the illustrious traders, is mostly given over to the sale of fish and vegetables. Aside from the piazza of San Marco and its surroundings, there is no part of Venice where the signs of a like degeneracy are not visible. Mournful, certes, is the impression one receives, as he glides in the twilight the length of the grand canal,—that ocean-street upon which, once, fronted the palaces and thronged the pleasure-barges of the proudest European aristocracy. The palaces still line the silent thoroughfare, in all their varied pomp of architecture; but the grime of years and neglect is on their stones, the lights are out which shone in their windows, and the voice of mirth resounds from their halls no more. A similar desolation and solitude pervade the canal itself. Nought is left of the social pageant that was wont, here, to disport, making the Venetian nights a dream of revel and joy. A few furtive gondolas, stealing past in the shadow, with closed windows, as if intent on escaping the possibility of observation, are the most, perhaps, that one sees in an hour's progress. In a word, all the wealth and beauty and fashion of the city, if any remain, has hid itself inaccessible; and all the poverty and rags and importunity of want has come out to the sunlight and the moon in its stead.

One wonders, indeed, after living a week or so without hearing a wheel rumble, or a hammer clink, or even a donkey-driver holloa, how the hundred and ten or twenty thousand inhabitants of this human coral-reef manage to subsist. On the adjacent island of Murano, there is still languidly carried on the manufacture of Venetian glass, which flourished there five centuries

ago ; but little other sign of productive industry did I perceive. We went, one day, to the more distant islands of San Lazaro, where is an old Armenian monastery, the monks of which maintain a printing establishment, and publish a good part of the literature in circulation among their scattered co-religionists throughout the world. It was to this tranquil retreat, amid the stillness of the glassy lagoon, that Lord Byron used to repair, to study the Armenian language, while he lived at Venice. An old brother is still living on the island who remembers him ; and the poet's portrait and autograph are among the *notabilia* of the monastery.

It is a short row from San Lazaro to the Lido,—the long, natural breakwater, on the east of which melts the white foam of the Adriatic ; to the west of which opens, wide and fair, the island domain of the Adriatic's queen. Beautiful she looked from thence, throned above the wave, among the towers and palaces, queenly still, though discrowned, and, like a new Zenobia, noble even in her chains. If I could hope, some time in the future, to come back and find her free, to no other spot in broad Europe would I so eagerly hasten my steps ; no other beauty would be to me such a joy as hers. As it is, the figure of her which has taken form in my memory is a mournful one, albeit the soft blue of a Venetian sky bends over it, and the sunlight of Italy glitters upon its whiteness. In the midst of the swelling turmoil of Europe, and while the cry of ‘*Viva Italia*’ was echoing across her border on the breeze, Venice has seemed to us like a captive who hearkens to some unwonted sound outside his dungeon.

Like one who sits spell-bound in dungeon gloom,
And hears a sound of far-off bolts undrawn,
And sees, or thinks he sees, a glimmering dawn
Of resurrection creep athwart his tomb.

So, spell-bound, statuesque, in a trance of intensest expectation, the form of Venice rises to my mind ; so she has seemed to sit beside her heraldic lion, all the eventful May of this year of grace. As yet, it is no light of joy which shines in her fixed eyes. She does not hope, but only hearkens.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, *June* 20, 1866.

Weeks have passed, since the white barrier of the Alps rose behind us and shut us from Italy; yet, if you will permit me, dear *Courier*, before I fairly hoist the Helvetian flag, I would like to take a last, lingering look over the mountains again,—both for the sake of rapidly tracing our route hitherward, and to say a parting word as to the stirring events now progressing in the land we have left. And, first, as to how we came hither:

Venice (I was there in my last) faded from a city into a mirage again ; and we sped on, after that, too, had faded, and a second time took up our quarters in the venerable city of Padua. There is much to see, here, although I may not stop to gossip of it. It was a colony of Trojans, tradition says, who founded the city ; and a great sarcophagus stands on stumpy pillars in one of the streets, which, for all practical purposes,

is the tomb of Antenor, the leader of the battered exiles. The old municipal palace,—a vast structure, built upon open arches, and with a towering roof, the largest, it is said, unsupported by pillars, in the world,—is one of the queerest relics of the middle ages I have seen. The colossal wooden horse of Donatello stands in its immense naked hall, and there, also, are preserved the reputed remains of Livy, the historian. Padua has, moreover, an out-of-the-way and long-disused little chapel, the walls of which are covered with the noblest and the best-preserved frescoes of Giotto. Dante used to come hither, to watch his friend, the wonderful painter, at work; and I can almost realize what must have been the poet's rapture, as art wrought these, its early miracles, in his sight. For it was a new thing, then, to behold a picture which could show, as in a magic mirror, the living, mysterious, fervid heart of nature. Nigh six hundred years have passed, and still, in Giotto's Deposition from the Cross, woman's love and anguish tell their story to the soul; in the figure of his Magdalen, kneeling and stretching out eloquent hands toward the risen Saviour, the passion of her deep and tender worship lives and throbs on. Well may the pilgrim have sought the altar of the little chapel, from Dante's day to this.

Passing through the less interesting town of Vicenza, we next railroaded to Verona,—a noble city, which hills surround and the Adige cuts in two, and which has made itself famous in modern history as the northeast angle of the Austrian ‘Quadrilateral.’ . . .

Railroad communication with Victor Emanuel's dominions, from this point, was suspended by the Aus-

trians at the first outbreak of the warlike excitement; so we hoisted ourselves to the high banquette of a diligence, one fine morning, and so rode westward towards the frontier. . . .

The temporary terminus of the railroad, on the Italian side of the present break, is a village, still on the lake shore, called Deseuzano, where we stopped at a primitive hostelry which had successively entertained Louis Napoleon and King Victor in the days of the war. Thence, by way of Brescia and Bergamo,—fine old cities, both, at each of which the antiquary or historian might pitch his tent for weeks,—we went on to Milan. This is the city of all Italy in which the majority of American tourists find themselves most at home. Bright and clean, well built and not over-encumbered with antiquities, it is eminently a business city; and its inhabitants have a thorough-going business air, which would almost enable them to mingle unremarked in the traffic of Broadway. The center of the city, of course, is the world-famous cathedral, which, with its rich façade and walls, and its roof, a vast marble wilderness of pinnacles and statuary, must surely be the most superb example of the ornate-Gothic style in the world. The immense interior of the temple, too, is in keeping with the splendor of its exterior, from the arches of the roof to the floor of the dim subterranean chapel, where the mummy corpse of the good San Carlo Borromeo lies shrined, in a *chiaroscuro* of gold and silver and gems, valued at millions.

It was in the refectory of an old Dominican convent in Milan, as most people know, that Leonardo da Vinci

painted his fresco of the Last Supper,—a picture which all Christendom has agreed to accept as almost half-inspired, and which has probably been made familiar by reproductions to a greater number of persons than any other work of art in existence. For more than two centuries past the painting, owing to a variety of causes, among which barbarous ill-treatment figures conspicuously, has been the mere ghost of its original self; and yet I found a visit to the fading phantom sufficiently interesting and remunerative. It is, indeed, to the beholder, now, as if darkness had overtaken the solemn gathering in the upper chamber of Jerusalem; a veil is over the faces, which else would speak so eloquently their sorrow, anger or surprise; but in the grouping, still, in the gesture and attitude of each apostle, and, above all, in the look and bearing of the divine central figure, there remain a force and reality which the night cannot hide, and which almost enable one to recreate the scene as the painter left it.

But I have not space to speak of Milan as I would like: of its noble Brera gallery of paintings, of its libraries, its churches, its public institutions, and, above all, its people. These last appear to me to be worthy descendants of the sturdy Guelphs, who battled so valiantly for Italian independence against the emperors, and who preferred to have their city razed to the ground, rather than yield a jot of their rightful claims. One needs only to mingle with the modern Milanese, to recognize the same devotion to their country as a prominent element of their character; and, withal, their patriotism is of a practical, business-like sort, which does not expend itself in mere voice. Some of the

best demonstrations of patriotic self-sacrifice on record in the history of our own recent struggle are now, every day, being paralleled by the men and women of Milan.

The Italian lakes, Maggiore, Lugano and Como, lie easily accessible, to the north of Milan, and we improved the occasion, accordingly, to make a few days' détour in their favor. You will scarcely believe it, dear *Courier*, but, on the principle that the porters of the Bank of England sometimes sink under the fatigue of carrying bullion, it is possible, I assure you, to become almost weary of the luxury of viewing the beautiful of art,—of feasting one's mind and sense uninterruptedly on the glories of church and gallery and palace. In such a case, it is pleasant to turn one's eye, as we did, up in that matchless lake region, away from the sights of the cities to the less exacting beautiful of nature. We took steamer at the foot of the Lake Maggiore, and, passing the colossal statue of San Carlo, which lifts its huge bronze bulk from a hill-top on the left, halted for the first night among the Borromean islands. I was disappointed in the famed Isola Bella of this group, which is simply a curiosity of terraces and exotic shrubs and indifferent statuary, testifying, at once, to the wealth and wretched taste of its constructor. Proceeding northward, through fine mountain scenery, to a point three-fourths of the way up the lake, we there left the steamer and struck across to the charming Lugano, the little one of the trio, which, though classed as Italian, is really, for the most part, in Swiss territory. There is steamer, again, the length of Lugano; and a short drive beyond conducts the tourist to Bellaggio, the principal and most attractive stopping-place on

Lake Como. We traversed the whole extent of this enchanting lake before landing, at its southern extremity, where the town of Como is situated, and whence there is railroad back to Milan.

Although the scenic characteristics of the three lakes are the same, and albeit I retain the brightest memories of Lugano's blue windings among the hills, the golden apple must be given to Como, for its more lavish endowments. Round and round its shores the mountains rise, directly from the limpid wave,—crowned to their summits, generally, with the verdure of herb or tree, but often, also, casting the reflex of a bare and perpendicular cliff upon the mirror below. From almost every point, moreover, the picture has a background of white Alps, upon which the clouds sit in grotesque assemblage, or the moon pours silver rain, or the sunset dies in a hectic flush of rosy light. Scores of white villas and hamlets and villages cluster about the lake margin,—some perched upon high green ledges, some keeping a scanty foothold at the water's brink, as if they were of some amphibious, turtle species, and ready to drop into the lake at the shortest notice. Here and there, also, from among the trees or recesses of the dizzy rock, gleam the spires of church and convent, the bells of which add to the effect of the scenery a charm unutterable. To hear these at eventide, when the vesper of the lake is answered from the far heart of the hills,—when the sound comes mellowed over the sleeping wave or broken into tremulous echoes by the rocks,—is almost to dream one's-self back to the time when life was poetry, and to hear again the voices of one's youth. . . .

We crossed the Alps by the pass of Mont Cenis, leaving Turin so as to reach Susa, the railroad terminus on the Italian side, after midnight. About two in the morning, the cortege of diligences, each drawn by twelve or fifteen horses and mules, started upon the ascent. Day broke and the sun rose while we were still in sight of Italy; but, at last, we wound upward into a region where the mist hid everything but the savage rocks and the piled-up snows and the tumultuous mountain-streams by which we were surrounded. Then, from this region of cold and clouds, the quick descent began, and, whirling under huge brows of rock and by the brink of dizzy precipices, we quickly reached the railroad on the Savoy side. . . .

Thus, from the craggy side of Mont Cenis, and while the tides of morning were rising over the plains far below, we looked our last on the sunny face of Italy. I will hold that morning light to be emblematic of her destiny; for, albeit there are still clouds lowering over her young day, I cannot believe that the noble land has been wakened to new life and liberty only to lapse again into early night. Before this reaches you, the clash of arms will probably have broken the present fearful suspense, and young Italy will have gone forth, anew, to complete her nationality and independence. I cannot be doubtful of the result. Three hundred thousands of her sons are thronging to-day around the hateful barrier of the Quadrilateral, and I know, for I have been among them, that they would rather hear the word '*A Venezia—avante!*' than the voices of their sweethearts. Besides these, there are the volunteers, whom I have seen flocking by hundreds to the recruit-

ing places,—bright, ardent young fellows from the cities, sturdy, honest-faced youth gathering from the farthest northern valleys,—and loading down the steamers in Como and Maggiore. Garibaldi is with them, now, and his presence does not mean the wildest enthusiasm, merely, but order, discipline, individuality, as well. Whether by way of the Tyrol, or by Dalmatia, these Garibaldian volunteers shall reach the down-trodden populations on which sits the throne of Hapsburg, be assured they will give good account of the *camicia rossa*. It seems, at present, that when the hour strikes the advance will be made, at once, across the Mincio and the Po. King Victor will be in the van, and with him each of his gallant sons. It is a brave people, well led, and with a righteous cause. It must succeed.

SWITZERLAND.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, *July* 10, 1866.

Time is passing tranquilly with us, dear *Courier*, still islanded, in this quiet old town, from the storm which sweeps wildly over the rest of Europe. Round and round the Alpine wall we can hear the angry breakers beat; but the sound is faint and far away, and the summer calm of these Swiss valleys remains unbroken. I doubt whether the outside world, in its present excited condition, can be interested in aught which emanates from so peaceful an atmosphere; but, nevertheless, I have a few things to write, and so write them.

Geneva disappointed me at first sight. I had imagined the great mountains as its near neighbors, and a lake far more grandly picturesque than this, which stretches away so serenely from its gently sloping shore. Mont Blanc I had counted on for a familiar every-day acquaintance. It vexed me to wait a week before I got even an uncertain glimpse of his distant crown, turbaned in jealous cloud. Already, however, I have come to understand the genuine charms of the city, as well as of its surroundings; and I dare say I love it all the more for the sort of demure Presbyterian reticence which restrained it from making its best impression first. Indeed, I almost wonder that I did not, at once, see with what state, at the foot of her

deep blue lake, and central in her valley-plain, sits the queen-mother—the Rome of Protestantism. Like the Niagara from Lake Erie, on a reduced scale, the Rhone sweeps grandly out of Lake Leman, and, pouring its full torrent through the city's midst, serves to symbolize that other current which has issued from the heart of Geneva and carried health and purity to the moral world in its vigorous wave. Then, there is dignity, albeit a sort of Puritan air, in the mass of buildings, resembling a little the old town of Edinburgh, which crowns the city hill, and on which dominate the grim, ugly towers of the old Cathedral of St. Peter. This older portion of the city, about which hover associations of Calvin and the Bishops of Savoy, holds itself rigidly apart from the new and handsomer quarters, in which last are ranged the numerous hotels and the dazzling shops, whose Geneva jewelry and watches take the eye of the traveling community. Similarly linked with the city's troubrous mediæval history, is the 'Ile,' or island of the Rhone, a little patch of *terra firma* loaded to the water's edge with quaint dilapidated buildings. Above that, a few rods only from the point where the blue lake becomes the bluer river (except in the Straits of Messina I have never seen water so intensely indigo-hued as this) is the still smaller island of Jean Jacques Rousseau, tenanted by an infelicitous statue of the great man. From this stand-point, amid the rushing waters, one sees finely, to right and left, the nearly parallel lines of mountains by which the city and its canton lie sheltered. Across the northwest stretches the long barrier of the Jura, beyond which goes the westering sun, and over which

twilight throws a veil of softest enchantment. To the south, within half-a-dozen miles of the city, loom the crags of the Salève; and it is on these, when the evening is fair, that one sees, peering, the faces of Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles,—giant faces, rose-flushed, as if with a god-like joy and calm, known only to those high regions nearest heaven.

So much in a geographical way, as to the chief city of the canton which, though the smallest of the twenty-two, and the last to join the confederation, is perhaps the peer in importance of any in the republic. On the whole, they seem to me to be a simple-hearted, clear-headed, happy people,—these Genevese. I did not find the religious element preponderating among them so largely as I expected; in fact, I had been some time domiciliated in the city of Calvin ere I could find a single trace of the reformer. If his severe spirit is still conserved in the scene of his olden triumphs, it is only in a quite diluted state. The truth is, that Genevese human nature could not endure the strain of the terrible theocracy he established, and after his death a grand reaction took place. Less than fifty years ago, Geneva was almost as latitudinarian as Paris, and had nearly lost the last vestige of its stern education. Thereafter, began the great religious revival in which Dr. Malan—a sort of second Calvin, he must have been—was a central figure, and by which Genevese Protestantism was purged and re-elevated to something like its ancient standard. At present, Catholicism claims about one-fifth of the 50,000 inhabitants; the Protestant remainder are divided into two organizations: the National and the Free Churches. In the

first of these, one finds tolerated a latitude of opinion and doctrine according rather queerly with its profession of ‘Evangelical’ faith. I do not know that Socinianism is preached in any of the National pulpits, but I am assured that not a few of the pastors and professors are full believers of that creed. I have before me the journal of a pastoral conference of the Protestant Church of the French Department du Gard, held at Nismes last month, of which the principal feature was a long discussion of the doctrine of the Resurrection,—a body of the clergy resolutely assailing the verity of that and all other miracles. This body is not, of course, legally connected with the Genevese church; but it is to France what the latter is to Switzerland, and I have no doubt the same liberal tendency is at work in each organization. For the rest, the adulterous connection with the state maintained by this Swiss communion is an anomaly which cannot much longer exist in the Helvetian or any other republic.

The Free Church of Geneva corresponds, almost exactly, to the church similarly styled in Scotland, and to our own Presbyterian body; but I do not think it is as strict in doctrine or practice as either of these. Its membership is far from being universally up to the high Calvanistic mark, and in such matters as Sabbath observance, for instance, the easy-going continental style of thought is allowed considerable scope. Thus, if Calvin was the apostle of an excess, that excess has corrected itself. I doubt, indeed, whether, in its hurry to escape from his stern extreme, Geneva has not rather slighted the memory of her great townsman.

I am inclined to think she interpreted too literally his dying injunction against the pomp which he feared might mark his funeral. His grave is scarcely marked, nor, indeed, with certainty known, in the little cemetery of Plainpalais, near which I sit; and if the ghost of the great Puritan feels a chill on revisiting the neglected spot, who will think it strange? Two years ago, occurred the three hundredth anniversary of his death, and an effort to revive his memory was made, here, by the holding of commemorative services in a number of the churches. The undertaking was regarded coldly by a large portion of the community. In the local *Charivari* appeared a satirical cartoon, apropos of the event, whose bitter point has not been forgotten. It represented, in caricature, one of the chief promoters of the commemoration engaged in pouring water on the *auto da fe* of Servetus. ‘*Il brule encore*’—‘he burns still’—was the legend of the picture. So it is with short-sighted, narrow-minded humanity, now and always. The ‘liberal’ Genevese condemn Calvin almost as unmercifully as he condemned Servetus. The cruel time in which he lived, the training he had received, the hard circumstances with which he had grimly done battle—all these are forgotten by the critics of Calvin, now, just as the arguments for toleration and charity were forgotten by the executioners of Servetus. What would the best of us have been in Calvin’s days? What, the fierce advocates of latter-day liberalism? History is full of lessons of humility.

I should not forget to add, that a worthy memorial of Calvin and his compeers is, at last, in process of erection in Geneva. It is to be a magnificent building,

dedicated to religious purposes, and styled the ‘Hall of the Reformation’,—in which the Protestantism of Europe may find a worthy place of reunion, amid scenes sacred with the memory of its pioneers. Something better than the Exeter Hall of the continent, the edifice will be, and its completion will give to Protestant Christendom, at once a much-called-for monument and a much-needed rallying place. Such could not be more centrally or appropriately located than on the banks of Lake Leman.

Before leaving religious matters to take care of themselves, I must put on record an observation I have made as to the Catholic population of Switzerland. Among them, also, liberal ideas seem to have gained ground, to a surprising degree. The deep moat of separation and antipathy, which exists elsewhere between them and Protestants, is scarcely to be noticed in this republic. In many places, as much of fraternity obtains between the two Churches as between Baptists and Presbyterians with us. For example, there is the town of Glaris, capital of the canton of that name, which has but one church, and that is used amicably, in turn, by the flocks of Calvin and Pio Nono. Some time ago the building, with a large portion of the town, was accidentally burned down, and a proposition was mooted to replace it by two places of worship. That sectarian motion was promptly out-voted, and a few weeks ago the joint congregations celebrated the dedication of a new edifice, destined, as before, for the use of the two faiths. I was told of another case, in which the vicar of a Catholic bishop promulgated a letter to his diocese, designed to draw a deeper line of demarcation

between Catholics and the rest of the community than had been known theretofore. The publication created an instant disturbance among the religionists to whom it was addressed. They made a protest, irresistible in its emphasis, and the bishop, in answer to a universal appeal, abrogated the action of his minister. In fine, the Swiss Catholics are not at all unfraternal as regards their Protestant fellow-citizens; and they are, and always have been, as earnest as the latter in support of the liberties of the little republic. How, in other days, against the tyranny or encroachments of Catholic rulers, have fought the Catholics of Uri, of Appenzel, of Unterwalden, is matter of proud history.

Like factors imply like products, and so one need not be astonished to find a great deal in the republic of Switzerland which reminds him of the republic of America. In politics, for instance, I recognize, here, an almost exact likeness of our own political experiences. They have demagogues and log-rollers and hungry office-seekers, and ballot-stuffing and poll-crowding, in Geneva,—all nearly after the American model. . . .

There seems to be much of village simplicity and serenity in the life of the people, here. They love innocent amusement and recreation like children, and are almost as easily amused. I have seen two of their principal *fêtes* since I came here, and it was refreshing, I assure you, to observe the interest which these excited, and the light-hearted *abandon* with which they were enjoyed. The first of the demonstrations was the '*Tir cantonal*,' or shooting-match of the canton, which,—think of it, shade of Calvin!—was

inaugurated one Sunday with much processioning and flag-flying and martial music, and thereafter lasted a whole week, in the adjacent suburban town of Carouge. Thither, day by day, crowded *tout le monde*; it was the great business of the canton, and the legions of *tirailleurs* cracked away with their rifles from morning till night, as if Swiss independence depended on their getting rid of their powder and lead. The enclosure dedicated to the *Tir* was gay with evergreens, flags and patriotic mottoes; the prizes, mostly of table-silver and such modest articles, were radiantly displayed under glass in the center; and a huge wooden shelter was raised, beneath which marksmen and spectators ate and drank together, for a week, making a long pic-nic of gaiety and good-humored cheer. Such are the *Tirs* of Switzerland,—reunions of a simple-hearted people, not altogether to be smiled at by the grave cynic; for they are the instrumentality which develops, not only the country's resources of self-defense, but, also, the sentiments of patriotism and fraternity expressed in the Genevese watch-words,—‘*Un pour tous—tous pour un*’,—which the Swiss have so often and so bravely translated to deeds. . . .

GENEVA, August 30, 1866.

Do you wonder, or scold, dear *Courier*, that your European correspondent is so taciturn these summer days? It may seem strange to you, indeed, that here, in the very heart of Europe, mine should be the case of the needy knife-grinder. But so it is. The Alps are a non-conductor of news, as well as of cholera, war,

and other ills of life, and we hear of what is making noise in the great world, without, much as if our stand-point were in another planet. Neither does the little world within give birth to much that is fit for exportation. . . .

It is a goodly sight to see the domesticity of the habits of this people. On Sunday, for example, how the families of the working classes come out, *en masse*, for their weekly walk into the country! There is such a tendency to perambulators, and the distribution of babies-in-arms is universal! The streets are almost emptied, and all the country roads and green, winding lanes are full of strollers. Away they roam, congregating at the points where the lake gleams, bluest and beautifullest, through vistas of foliage, or where, all suddenly, at the winding of a path, the white Alps start into the sky. Even as far out as Ferney you will meet them of an afternoon; for the grim Voltaire no longer haunts that sweet retreat, to frighten children with his unsocial physiognomy, as of yore. The ashes of the philosopher are enshrined in a stove-shaped porcelain urn, in a room of what was once his chateau; and the shady arcades he used to walk in, and all the smiling landscape he used to gaze on, are beautiful as ever; for nature takes no note of insult offered to her or to her God. In the city, of an evening, you find the Swiss democracy well represented at the *caf  s* and wine-cabarets and beer-gardens. There is scarcely such a thing as drunkenness; although I am told that, in some districts of the country, where a heady white-wine is made and sold for ten or fifteen cents a bottle, the vice is common and destructive. In general,—and

this remark applies to all the continental countries I have visited,—men sit down to drink with their wives and daughters; the common beverages are wine and beer, and temperance, in consequence, is the rule. Such a thing as ‘perpendicular drinking’ I have never once seen, outside of the United States and Great Britain. I gather from this fact that, if national intemperance is ever to be cured, it will be by the substitution of cheap wines and beers for the fiery compounds which are now burning up the Anglo-Saxon soul, and by the introduction of the European system of *sitting down* to the dram. It may not accord with the views of our legislatures and common councils, but I am sure that the German beer-gardens ought to be hailed among our people as the harbingers of a happier and soberer day. Let them multiply and be replenished, that the bar-room may become desolate; and let the decent *café* be transplanted into our midst, if it be not an institution altogether exotic and which cannot live on American soil. At all events, hurry up the vine culture; everywhere in the States, where its noble leaf can broaden and its clusters purple, let the vine be planted; that whisky may become ashamed of itself and sneak off to regions hyperborean,—or to Canada. Another thing: O ye city fathers, give us more parks and gardens and breathing-places in our cities; not only in the remote outskirts of them, but in their dark and putrid hearts! Would to God that Buffalo, for instance, could buy up ten acres, or five, even, in its most infected part—say in the vicinity of Canal street—and plant it with trees and seats and green sod. Is it because America is so much smaller

than these countries of Europe, that our cities cannot have, like theirs, broad and green places in their centers, where fresh air can be had, and a couch on the bosom of mother earth? Perhaps, if the unwashed American had such places open to him, where he could lie, or sit, and drink beer, even, he would not stand, by day and night, at filthy bars, drinking in madness, damnation and death. The *standing*, after all, I insist on as being, perhaps, the most vicious feature of the American habit. Men sit and drink and keep sober in Europe. I would almost counsel the temperance societies to turn in and provide for the drinkers tables and chairs, and, by so doing, peradventure, remove the *standing* curse of the nation.

I would like to tell you, had I space, how, also, the higher classes hereabout live and have their being. In and about Geneva are clustered hundreds of noble old families, many of whom were refugees from France and Italy, who came hither and willingly sank their titles, for the sake of the freedom the republic afforded to the Protestant religion. Those, as well as the families of the rich and honorable Swiss, have generally their villas, or *campagnes*, on the slopes of the lake, near the city. Nowhere else, I think, have I ever seen in one vicinage so many splendid sites occupied by luxurious homes. In some of these, still flourish branches of such illustrious families as those of the Neckers, of Madame de Staël, of De Saussure, and other names notable in Swiss or French history. Many of the old chateaux are rich in relics and furniture of the middle ages, and in the libraries are hidden books and unedited manuscripts, priceless from

their connection with the Reformation and its eminent workers. A better realization of a material paradise I would not ask, than such as I have seen here, where, around the dweller, rises a perpetual music of birds and fountains, and where the embowering foliage only parts that he may look out, enchanted, on such bits of lake and mountain landscape as Switzerland alone makes up. Yet, after all, I do not believe these people know how to enjoy life as do the corresponding class with us. Their social meetings are rare, and terrifically polite. Among them, too, obtains much of the wretched system upon which the French educate, bring up and marry off their women. Such a thing as a proper and noble freedom of intercourse among young unmarried people does not exist; and marriage is mostly a contract, effected on more or less commercial principles, between parents of the parties really concerned. A young lady's *dot*, or dowry, is quite as prominent in a matrimonial skirmish as the young lady herself, and its details are made out and calculated upon with much precision of arithmetic. I know of a case, for example, where the poor thing's *trousseau* was estimated in the catalogue of her charms furnished by her father:—so many dresses, ditto chemises, ditto pairs stockings, etc., the document read. We have not reached that pitch, yet, in America, have we? Sooth to say, however, marriages are generally happy and families exemplary, in Switzerland. The Swiss have their affections under good drill and discipline. With them Love is ordered to stand at ease until the road is all clear and the command is given to march, and then he almost always marches in order.

ZURICH, *September* —, 1866.

The war of politics makes angry music about your ears, dear *Courier*; so how can it interest you to be told that I am listening to the sound of the winds and the echoes in these mountain gorges? You are a newspaper; therefore, what care you for the Alps? You want items, and I can give you only rhapsodies. You would hear of conventions and elections, and fatal accidents, and I only know of glaciers and *chalets* and passes in the hills. In a word, what is the use of a European correspondent who is only making the tour of Switzerland?

Agreed: and yet I cannot leave this land of Alps without adding another leaf to the sentimental guide-book you are printing for me. In the name of the steeps of Prospect Hill and the highlands of North street, I call upon you to read a letter simply about mountains.

Several times, this summer, in writing from Geneva, I have shown you the white crown of Mont Blanc, glistening at a distance of fifty or sixty miles, above the silver range of the Aiguilles. Come with me, now, to Chamouni,—the valley and the village, not unknown to song, from whose immediate vicinage the throne of the monarch rises sheer. A common approach is by the pass of the Tête Noir, which we made from the Rhone valley at Martigny, in a day's heavy tramp through the rain. Stopping to rest at a little inn, in the wildest portion of our dreary march, we had the unexpected pleasure to encounter there the welcome faces of Mr. and Mrs. F— S—, of your city, and, for

an hour, we held together a reunion such as, I think, is only known to Buffalonians abroad. Then we parted, they taking their course and we ours; but the little scene, enacted in the desolate midst of that rainy mountain wilderness, left an impression on my mind like that of the meeting of ships at sea.

I shall not soon forget our descent into the Valley of Chamouni. It faired, and the glow of sunset was on all the eastern peaks, when we struck the level ground, and stood in the oval of verdure and cultivation which lies so deeply embosomed among these highest Alps. A sound of the ringing of innumerable bells of cows and sheep and goats,—of the rush of falling water on every side,—such is the music which welcomes the weary traveler on his arrival in a Swiss valley, and how sweetly it greeted us in Chamouni!

It is the Swiss, or Savoy, peasant who has discovered the minimum of soil in which the human plant may live. Everywhere, among the Alps, high and low, if a patch of green is visible among the rocks, large enough to turn round upon, there you find the hut of the mountaineer. His children may play on the verge of beetling precipices; it may be an ascent of several hours from the *chalet* of his neighbor to his own; but inevitably the patch of green implies the presence of thrifty, struggling humanity. It is principally by the product of their stock that these indomitable people exist, and, of course, the family cow is treated with immense consideration. It is a woman's work to tend her every step, and guide her to the choicest mouthfuls of herbage. Rather a sad commentary on the value of human labor, is it not, to find a cow equivalent to the industry

of a woman? Yet, so it is. The scale varies in different countries of Europe; but, I think, this kind of measure could be applied with some exactness everywhere. I wonder how many cows a Broadway belle, for instance, might reckon herself as equivalent to!

At Chamouni, the mountains are the chief stock in trade of the people, and showing them to tourists is reduced to a business, or a science. The excursions are made by paths so long and well-trodden that fat old Englishwomen make them in chairs. The Mer de Glace is the show glacier,—a grand work of nature which has been, as it were, domesticated for the use and convenience of the fashionable world. It is perfectly safe, like the showman's blind bear. After seeing it, and making the other stock excursions, one naturally hears a voice, far up the height, which may, or may not, be that of Mr. Longfellow's well-known youth, but which unmistakably syllables the motto of the State of New York. Unceasingly, by night and by day, this watch-word sounds in your ears at Chamouni. It rings in the air while you mingle in the circle of the hardy, skillful guides, who lounge, expectant of employ, in the one public place of the village. It pierces the soul when you look up and see, in sunlight or starlight, the everlasting head of the monarch, far removed above and beyond his white retainers, and seeming to wear upon his snow a silent, scornful challenge. That challenge your correspondent accepted; how he did so, and failed, utterly, but honorably, you shall hear.

The ascent of Mont Blanc is not so formidable an enterprise as is generally believed; in fact, it is simply a question of good weather and tolerably good lungs

and muscle. Two guides and a porter are required for each person, and the start is made in the forenoon; seven hours of climbing bringing the traveler to the rocks called the Grands Mulets, between ten and eleven thousand feet up, where there is a cabin, in which part of the night is passed, *en route* to the summit. It had been our joyful fortune to meet, at Chamouni, Dr. C—and party, of Buffalo; and the first three hours of the way, accordingly, was made with such an escort of friends as might well have moved the icy heart of Mont Blanc in my behalf. Bidding good-by to all of these, except a son of the doctor, who was to accompany me to the Grands Mulets, we started upward afresh. The last hour and a half of the way is across and up the Glacier des Bossons, on which, crevasses or fissures in the ice being numerous, it is necessary to travel with a strong rope connecting the waists of the different members of the party. So, enjoying much the novel sensation of being thus harnessed, we made our way quickly, but cautiously, before nightfall, to our resting-place at the Mulets.

The night was not one of slumber on beds of down. Half-a-dozen times after midnight we rose, ready for a start, from the cabin-floor, only to find that the weather, which had been doubtful on our arrival, had developed into a positive storm of wind and snow on the heights above us; and in the morning a detachment, escorting my young companion, descended to the valley, leaving me alone with my guides, in anxious expectation of a meteorological change for the better. There was a long equinoctial day, accordingly, to be whiled away in waiting, and I set myself at work to reconnoiter and

develop the resources of my position. The ‘Hotel Imperiale des Grands Mulets,’ as the guides jocosely christened our cabin, has some advantages and some drawbacks in its situation. A box of boards, laboriously carried up on the backs of men, it is set in a ledge of the rocks, above the glacier, just large enough for its reception, and with scarcely a margin to spare. It has a doorstep, to which a steep path ascends through the snow, and which we named the Boulevard ; but that is all, in the way of surrounding pleasure-ground. On one side rise the jagged, perpendicular rocks, while, on the other, is a precipice of some two hundred feet. I discovered at once that my amusement for the day must be to climb and sit astride of the overhanging rocks ; and this I did, with pleasure and profit. The wind, at that height, blowing over an eternity of snow, was bracing enough, it is true ; true, also, we could only indulge ourselves in the luxury of fire while our victuals were cooking, and neither were these last adapted to stimulate a Parisian appetite ; but, in spite of all these considerations, I would not exchange my day at the Grands Mulets for any day I ever spent at a hotel. What a prospect I commanded from my perch upon the rocks ! It were a fit seat, in the very center of his realm, for the arch-demon of desolation and icy death. A sort of pier, I found my throne to be, rising from a point in the ice, near which three mighty glaciers, rolling from the heart of Mont Blanc, become one. From the shore of this frozen torrent rise one and another of those beetling masses of red granite, called *aiguilles*, or needles, which form so characteristic a feature of the Mont Blanc landscape, and which, in

their sharp nakedness, defy the approach of the chamois itself. Egyptian obelisks, fantastic steeples, grim-looking turrets,—these red shapes of rock were my neighbors, who seemed to stand with me and solemnly survey the waste of ice and crag and snow, in the midst of which we held place together. Above us, loomed the summit,—not very high in appearance, but with an ominous storm perpetually seething upon its snow; and immeasurably remote below, was the valley, green and dotted with the lilliputian abodes of men. That was a curious feature of the scene,—those fields and houses from which we had come up, still visible, while we were removed, as by an infinite and irretrievable step, into the region of the uninhabitable.

It was to the glaciers near me that I was chiefly indebted for the entertainment of the day. No tame, domesticated specimens of their kind were those. If Niagara, wearied of its motion, might stretch itself upon a mountain-side and fall into a white sleep, it would be such a sight as that I saw. A paradox in nature, indeed, is the Alpine Niagara. There is the picture of headlong, mad motion, and you look, almost expecting the suspended bulk to pass in thunder; but it is fixed and silent. There is an awful menace of sound, but the seal of silence is never broken; the wildest forms of unrest are there, but the chain they wear is rigid and yields not. Scientifically speaking, of course, the glacier moves, and it is in its stealthy progress that the ice is torn and heaved into a million shapes,—the most grotesque and uncouth which can be imagined. What fancies did I not see wrought out and grouped in the shining masses around me, that

day! There was one tableau, I remember, lifted on a pedestal, at the very verge of a glacial precipice, which impressed me specially, and from which, I think, Hawthorne would have framed a romance. The figures were two: first, the grand form of an Assyrian high-priest, erect, stoled in white, and with a beard flowing to his waist, like that of Angelo's Moses; second, the giant likeness of one of those Assyrian lion-women, which crouched before the man, but lifted its human head, and laid it, with an expression of fawning passion, upon his breast. I know not exactly why, but that group thrilled me strangely, and hinted to my mind a story, which, I think, might be told with effect.

I watched the glaciers and the weather from my perch; the guides played cards and talked the semi-Italian *patois* of Savoy in the cabin; and, at last, came sunset. The sky became almost cloudless, though the wind continued to gain in force, and I saw the day die, over the Alps of half Switzerland. The scene might, perhaps, be cut up into a hundred pictures and so described; but no pencil or pen would essay to grasp it as a whole. I looked down on one endless field of mountain-summit; over these, and the blue surface of distant lakes, I saw the sun send wave after wave of light and changing color; the *coup d'œil* was of that inspiring kind which should have transported one to the heights of joy; why, then, was that sunset to me the most solemn sight of all my life? Whatever the reason, it was with a sense of positive relief from the burden of solemnity that I hailed the visit of a couple of blackbirds, about this time, to the vicinity of the cabin. They were the only living thing, animal or

vegetable, in our neighborhood, and looked strange enough in the realm of perpetual snow. Doubtless they came thither in obedience to that same deep craving in nature for contrasts which makes black people prefer white clothes, and which leads the one sex of negroes to be clear-starchers, the other white-washers.

Night fell, and deepened into starry midnight,—the wind hourly developing from a gale into a hurricane. When we ventured to look out, it was to see the longed-for summit towering ghostly in the moonlight, a cloud of swirling, swathing snow rising constantly therefrom, like vapor from a boiling caldron or the white smoke from an altar. *Tourmente* is the name the mountaineers give to that snow-wind, and they dread it as they would their shroud. Gradually, we saw it creep down towards us; and, shortly after midnight, we, too, were enveloped in the fog of drifting snow, through which the moon looked like a phantom of itself. There was no sleep in the Hotel Imperiale that night; it was simply a question of waiting, all accoutered, for daylight, in order to make the best of our way down. Fortunately, our little hut stood firm on its ledge, and did not send us prematurely on the descent, as we feared it would, and at last the light came. Tied up again, like herrings on a string, we took our farewell of the Grands Mulets and tumbled out into the snow. All the comical rollings, over and over, and such like adventures, which diversified the descent, are funny to remember, but would be tedious to tell. *Au revoir, Mont Blanc!*

From Chamouni we struck northward and made our

way, by Fribourg and Berne (noble old towns both) to the Bernese Oberland,—to which district of the Alps the tourist must go, if he seeks the beautiful, as to Savoy he should repair for the sublime. Given a season of pleasant weather, and the Oberland is a traveler's paradise. It should be reserved as sacred to bridal tours and the happy honeymoons of good marriages. All the way from Berne to Zurich, man and nature have combined to arrange a series of little valley-and-mountain Edens, from one to another of which, by easy stages, one may travel and find that the enchantment of the second is not impaired by the remembered charm of the first. There is Lauterbrunnen,—a deep and shady dell, such as Queen Mab might make her own, and in which the air is all music, with the silver tinkling of falling streams. There is the Grindelwald, too, which nature must have created to image human love; for the fierce passion of rocks, and the tenderness of green slopes, and the peace of the lapsing valley—all are there. And, lastly,—for this thing might be made endless,—there is Giessbach, which, in my opinion, is loveliest of all. Let those hie hither who may.

We say good-by to Switzerland, now. You will hear of us next, probably, on the Rhine.

GERMANY AND THE NETHERLANDS.

ANTWERP, November 1, 1866.

To the American, an interesting feature of European travel is the opportunity it affords him to see the original stem from which have sprung those transplanted branches of populations, now so widely spread in his own country. For example, when, a month ago, we first set foot on German soil, a certain familiar look of men and things struck me at every turn. In the rich fields of Baden and the Odenwald, I saw the same physiognomies, and almost the same costumes, at which, many a time and oft, I had looked, over the rails of a western ‘worm-fence.’ The cities, too,—Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Darmstadt, Mayence, Frankfort,—all had streets or quarters in them, which took me back to Genesee street and its thriving neighborhood. There was, indeed, a sound of home in the voluble German speech, which one could hear issuing, mingled with the clink of heavy glasses, from the *garten* and *halle*, which are ubiquitous, wherever the hearty Teutonic stock takes root and flourishes; and I felt satisfied to have emerged from the lands of the Latin races, and to have entered, by a sort of second epoch of our travel, among the more kindred peoples of the north. I found, too, that wherever we went, in Germany, the inhabitants were more than ready to

acknowledge their sympathy and relationship with America. Scarcely a man or woman with whom I passed a word failed to tell me of a brother or sister living in the States; and a wish to join their emigrant friends, I noticed, among the poorer classes, at least, was universal. I am not prepared to write much of Germany or its inhabitants; but, I confess, the first impression the country made on me, when I came in contact with its thinking, yet energetic people,—when I saw the noble monuments of art in its cities, and the memorial statues which proclaim these the birthplaces of poet, artist or inventor,—was, that our country does not yet, to the full, appreciate what it owes to the German element. To state the case, in a general way, I would recommend travel as a sufficient cure for American Know-nothingism.

We arrived at Frankfort just five days too late to witness the ceremonials by which the good old city's boasted freedom formally became a thing of the past. It was on the 8th that, in common with the states of Wiesbaden and Cassel, Frankfort was made to pass under the Prussian yoke; and, although I well believe that no material interests of the city will suffer by the change, the occasion was one which might have elicited from the outside spectators a more than sentimental sympathy. The Römer, that ancient city hall in which the emperors of nearly a thousand years had held their coronation banquets, was the scene of this latest and far different celebration. Within, were gathered the dignitaries out-coming and in-going, together with the Frankfort clergymen of the different confessions; without, in the old place of the Römer-

berg, stood the sullen and silent multitude of the Frankforters. Herr von Patow, the Prussian Commissary, first caused to be promulgated the proclamation and address of the king, announcing the city's change of masters; and then, in an address of great eloquence, endeavored to sweeten the bitter pill by pointing out the advantages which must accrue to Frankfort from its identification with the power of the European present and future. In answer to his appeals for enthusiasm in behalf of Prussia and King William, there came a melancholy sound of three cheers; a rather *triste* banquet followed,—and so the old stream set itself at the up-hill work of trying to run in its new channels. To tell the truth, Prussia, though still *fortiter in re* as regards Frankfort, has, at last, really made an effort to add the *suaviter in modo*. The proclamation of which I have spoken differed from that administered to Cassel and Wiesbaden, in that it comprised a paragraph especially intended to conciliate and soothe the wounded feeling of the ancient 'free city.' 'Frankforters,' said the king, 'the decree of war and the exigencies of a new and reformed constitution of Germany, have deprived you of your former independence. You now join a great country, whose people are intimately connected with you by the ties of blood, language and custom. Your interests are identical with theirs. I respect the sorrow you experience in being obliged to abandon arrangements endeared to you by long and familiar usage'—and so on. All very well said; but it is a case of conquest, nevertheless. Frankfort was the heart and center of South German liberalism. In the heat of

its sentiment, it gave itself to the losing side of a conflict, through the smoke of which, perhaps, it saw a delusive vision of Germany, not united only, but republican, too. It may have dreamed that the Wahlzimer of its grand cathedral might come in requisition for the presidents of the future, as it had for the emperors of the long past. At any rate, it played heavy stakes and lost; and the upshot is, as a worthy citizen said to me, with tears in his eyes, '*Frankfurt ist nicht mehr frei.*' . . .

From Mayence, we made the usual descent of the Rhine, and, fortunately, had a beautiful autumn day on which to 'do' that *ne plus ultra* of the European tourist. As to the Rhine, one is apt, first, to expect too much; then, to reduce his expectations so unreasonably that a mental reaction takes place, and the result, finally, is a gentle disappointment. So it was with me, at least; for, though I shall never forget the joy of gliding through the land of legend, and of identifying, from the towers of Rüdesheim to 'the castled crag of Drachenfels,' point after point which is linked with familiar song or story, yet, the whole panorama had a sort of 'got-up' look, which prevented its making on my mind the highest impression. So far, at least, as the natural attractions of the Rhine are concerned, one must have viewed them before visiting Switzerland, in order to do them full justice. One thing more: let there be an association organized for the construction of ruined castles on the Hudson, and there will be nothing more heard of the Rhine.

We visited ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ carefully the notabilia of Bonn and Cologne, ~~although~~ ^{and} the latter city, took rail direct

for Amsterdam. A queer and most abundantly interesting country is Holland. Its capital is a sort of Northern Venice, in which, instead of palaces, you have warehouses, and, in lieu of poetry, prosperity. The canals of Amsterdam, moreover, exhibit nothing approaching the gondola in style, but are crowded with the solidest sort of canal-boats; while, in the ample harbor, one has opportunity to make a study of the flags of all nations. As is well known, most of the ground on which the city is built was originally recovered from the sea; and to build a house it is necessary, first, to sink nearly the value of the proposed superstructure below the surface, in the shape of piles. What boundless forests are thus buried, so that the good people of Amsterdam may have firm footing on the tree-tops, may be imagined from the fact that the State House stands on about 14,000 piles, driven seventy feet into the sand. This building is almost the only one I noticed which can boast of absolute perpendicularity. A most reckless and fantastic contempt for the plumb-line prevails everywhere else in the streets. . . .

Quite as interesting as the city itself, is the country of Holland,—as a long day's drive across the peninsula to the north of Amsterdam sufficiently showed us. *Polder*, is the name the Dutch give to a tract of land, into the possession of which they have come by first building a dyke round a given area of ocean and then pumping the enclosure dry. It was over a continuous expanse of this conquered territory that we rode all day, the path being generally along the dyke-tops, from which we could look down on the green and

fertile fields within, where browsed unnumbered herds of black and white cattle, in evident unconsciousness of their being from six to thirty feet below the level of the sea. We visited a number of villages, also, where the proverbial Dutch passion for cleanliness, neatness and a certain Quaker taste in ornamentation were curiously observable. The village of Broek is famous for its demonstration, almost in caricature, of these ruling Dutch characteristics. There is not a brick, nor a leaf, nor, in fact, an atom of matter of any kind, which does not seem in Broek to be preternaturally washed and scrubbed and fixed in its destined place. A humorous friend of mine, who had visited the village, remarked that the only speck of dirt he saw was on the burgomaster; which leads me to remark that the poorer people of the country are not always so cleanly in their persons as in their door-steps and kitchens and stables. In this respect, however, there is not much room for criticism; the Dutch peasantry being, certainly, the brightest and most comfortable-looking I have seen in Europe. The women, with their curious head-dresses—a sort of helmet of more or less precious metal, culminating in front of the ears in a pair of glittering and indescribable spiral protuberances—are as much prettier than their sex in Southern Europe as you can imagine.

But, of a thousand other curious and noteworthy things which we saw in Holland, I must tell you, if at all, in another letter; for the mail closes, and eke must I.

BRUSSELS, November 18, 1866.

I have not seen any country which has a fairer prospect of growing than Holland; for the same process which has brought it from a group of narrow sand-ridges, barely showing themselves above the sea level, to its present dimensions, is capable of being applied for a long time to come. . . . The process of converting ocean to *terra firma* is simple, though laborious enough. Around the district of sea to be reclaimed, an enormous line of dykes is constructed, faced either with stone or wood and wicker-work; along this rampart suddenly spring up innumerable windmills, by which a legion of pumps is kept in motion, until the dry land appears at the bottom of the ‘polder.’ In recent grand operations, such as the draining of the Haarlem Lake, immense steam-pumps have been employed, instead of those dependent on the fickle breath of heaven; but the windmill has been, always, and still is, the classic Dutch repository of motive force. A feature as singular as universal, these mills constitute in the Dutch landscape. The fine autumn afternoon in which we crossed, by carriage, from the eastern shore of the peninsula to Zaandam, on the river Ij, I counted over two hundred mills in the half-horizon lying before me. These, be it remarked, are used, not only for pumping, but for the grinding of grain and hemp-seed, for the sawing of wood and the propelling of divers other kinds of machinery. Nature has not done much to help Holland; but every one of her small farms is made the most of, and every time she sends a breeze over the provinces it is all the same as if she had vouchsafed a shower of gold.

I wish I could describe to you the strange look of that flat Dutch country, as it lay around us, under a sky whose softness I had already learned to love in the pictures of Cuyp and Wouvermans and Vandevelde. There were the great, green expanses of meadow-land, on which countless tons of good Dutch cheese and equally good beef went roaming, in the shape of herds of cattle. The milky mothers of the herd, I noticed, are all indulged with a sort of clothing, consisting of a sheet of canvas tied over their backs; and thus comfortably attired, they feed or ruminate, with the sea around them a score of feet higher than their heads, and with the sails of ships visible from the pasture-ground, the keels of which glide on a level considerably above the grass. Over such a stretch of verdure, canal and dyke alternate, cutting the country into great squares, as of a checker-board; and along the edge of dyke or canal stand, firmly, the habitations of those who have so well earned their title to the soil. Nothing can exceed the neatness, cleanliness or tiresome uniformity of these thrifty mansions. If the owner has managed to rear a few trees out of the watery loam, the trunks of these are painted some gaudy color, by way of improving upon nature. Approach the door, by this painted avenue, and you see an array of wooden shoes at the threshold; for a Dutch yeoman worships cleanliness in the same way that the Moslem honors deity or royalty: he never enters his own house but in his stockings. Such a formidable display of foot-gear outside might suggest to the uninitiated the existence of some monster, of centipede order, within; but such an idea will give place to pleasanter

ones on penetrating to the interior. It is there that devotion to the cleanly has built its inner shrine. At least one apartment is thus wholly consecrated; for its door is scarcely ever opened, save to admit the broom and scrubbing-brush. The front door of a house belonging to a conservative Dutchman, which is that by which communication would be most naturally obtained between the open air and the sacred parlors, is usually unlocked only on the three occasions of birth, marriage and death. The fresh-looking, rosy-cheeked housewife, after explaining these mysteries to her visitor, will next conduct him to her cow-house and dairy,—buildings generally forming a part indivisible of the mansion proper, and which, in fact, while the cows are out on their summer vacation, are almost always colonized by the family and converted into a human, instead of bovine, habitation. How, out of her spotless laboratory of shiny dishes and well-scrubbed wooden furniture, emerges the staple of Holland, the good lady will not fail, with evident pride, to demonstrate. When one makes his exit from such an exposition, and notes that all this drama of industry and thrift is enacted on soil that once was ocean, and that the water of the sluggish canal almost laps the door-steps of the dwelling, while that of the sea, if unrestrained, would in half an hour roll high above the chimneys, he must be narrow-minded, indeed, if he delays to do honor to the admirable qualities of the Dutch character. *Luctor et emero*,—‘I strive and so keep my head above water,’—is the motto of Zeeland, and it might be that of others of the United Provinces. A life-preserver, it struck me, would be appropriate on the

shield of the sturdy nation ; and, as I looked far over the fertile plain and saw the giant arms of countless windmills rising and falling in the air, I could not help regarding the universal movement as that of a sort of perpetual benediction, waved over this singular people. At least, it would be fair to regard these colossal and winged watchers on the ramparts of the land as a very efficient species of guardian angel.

Along the route from Amsterdam to Rotterdam lies a line of cities,—Haarlem, Leyden, the Hague and Delft,—all more or less interesting, both as regards their present and their past. It is chiefly in the galleries of Amsterdam and the Hague that the tourist finds conserved the masterpieces of the Dutch schools of art ; and, there, no one will fail to study who seeks to obtain the *ensemble* of Dutch character. It is one of the apparent anomalies in the history of civilization, that, from the seemingly prosaic and utterly practical level of life in Holland, should have arisen such a painter as Rembrandt,—and, indeed, that art, in nearly all its forms, should have been so ardently and even grandly worshiped as the visitor is forced to admit has been the case among this people. Yet such are the facts, let philosophy explain them as it may ; and the facts I found very delightful to look at, whether as demonstrated in the magnificent portrait-groupings of Rembrandt and Vander Helst, or in the living landscapes of Cuyp and Paul Potter, or in the graphic pictures of life and character in which Steen and Teniers and Ostade and Douw, and a dozen others, succeeded so admirably in holding the mirror up to the quaint human nature around them.

In visiting the quartette of cities I have mentioned above, one traverses the principal theaters of the glorious little history which Holland is never tired of looking back upon. The heroic resistance made by the inhabitants of Haarlem and Leyden is recalled to the mind at every turn of the streets in these towns; and at Delft the career of the good Prince of Orange deploys freshly before one's eyes, at the sight of his rich, if not tasteful, tomb, and of the staircase in the Prinsenhoff where he fell by the bullet of his assassin. It is gratifying to an American to find, as he does, that it is a countryman of his own whose version of Dutch history is held in greatest esteem by the Dutch, themselves. At a banquet we attended in Rotterdam, I had the satisfaction of hearing a toast offered to John Lothrop Motley, 'the only writer who has thoroughly comprehended, and faithfully, as well as eloquently, set forth, the story of the Dutch Republic.' This, from a company of genuine Dutchmen, is surely high praise.

Rotterdam, though not the largest, is by far the most wide awake of the cities of Holland. I was scarcely prepared to hear that a European city existed which had performed the New World feat of doubling itself, both as to business and the number of its inhabitants, within the last twenty years; but such is the truth in regard to Rotterdam. . . .

Between Rotterdam and the southern frontier of Holland lies the terraqueous province of Zeeland, a region over the extent of which land and sea are about equally distributed, and in the reclamation of which Dutch industry and indomitability have, perhaps, achieved their *chef-d'œuvre*. We chose to make the

distance through to Antwerp by water, and, during the whole of one delightful day, thridded, in a tidy and fast-sailing steamer, the labyrinth of waters which forms the province into nine islands. The landscape was a complete reversal of what one ordinarily views from the deck of a vessel; for, everywhere, in skirting the coast, we looked down, over the huge sea-walls, upon the fertile and well-populated and deep-sunken interior. A railroad is now nearly ready for opening, which, by dint of much bridging and canal-cutting and dyke-building, will speedily be able to give the traveler direct land conveyance across this strangely interesting region; but I was not sorry that we came by the more meandering way, and, at last, bore down upon the noble old Flemish city of Antwerp by the royal route which the spacious Scheldt opens to its wharves.

All that I have said of the enterprise and public spirit of Rotterdam bids fair, soon, to be applicable to Antwerp. The city has had a strange and eventful history. Three centuries ago it was the most opulent and vitally commercial city of Europe. Twenty-five hundred vessels might have been seen, at one time, in those old days, lying at its docks; five thousand merchants met every day at its exchange; and the money it annually put in circulation amounted to over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Then came its era of calamity. First, almost persecuted and plundered to death by the Spaniards, it afterwards had to suffer at the hands of the Dutch and French. Scarcely more than twenty years ago, the brave old burgh, all bedeviled as it was, began to venture to draw breath again, and, picking itself up out of its ruins, to 'call

for its long-lost multitude of ships.' Much has been done in that short space to repair the misfortunes of so cruel a past. The port is one of the best, if not the best, in Europe; it was of Antwerp that Napoleon intended to make the commercial capital of his empire. . . .

I confess to having been peculiarly interested in observing these traits of Antwerp's present, collated, as they are, with all the quaint memorials of its past. A few steps lead you from the glorious cathedral,—with its perfect Gothic spire and its pictures, in which Rubens made Flanders almost outdazzle Italy,—to a line of wharves on which you may see acres of greasy barrels marked 'Pittsburg' or 'Philadelphia.' Or, you may turn the corner of the old Spanish inquisition building, where every stone has been splashed with Flemish blood, and, passing down a street of antique Iberian gables, you look out between their curious sculptures and catch a glimpse of the stars and stripes, floating at the mast of a vessel in the river. It was interesting, too, to discover the political views held by the sagacious, resolute men of Antwerp, whose character is a sort of composite,—the modern, wide-awake, energetic citizen of the world, built on a basis of the sturdy old Flemish burgher. Thoroughly liberal and progressive, you may be sure, were the doctrines I heard them, over and over again, vigorously propounding; and it pleased me especially to note that our old democratic dogma of 'local self-government' is that for which they are, at present, making, with the ministerial monarchical party, the boldest sort of fight. In effect, they say to their king, at Brussels: 'You are all very well in your place, but you must stay there, and leave us

alone to manage our internal affairs, if you wish us to leave you alone.' The crown, in Belgium, assumes the appointment of the burgomasters or mayors of the cities, and this is a prerogative which Antwerp is determined to secure for herself. 'You govern us too much,'—is the constant cry of the men whose industry and enterprise are making Belgium great and wealthy. And so, it has seemed to me, opinion begins to point, not only in Antwerp, but wherever, in Europe, thinking is not punished as a crime. Centralization, say the European liberals, means the death of liberty ; give us,—under monarchical forms if you will, but in any event, the privilege of local self-government ; and so we shall feel ourselves, at least, on the road to liberty and that federal republicanism of which America is the model for the world. Let us pray and strive that from all marring or destroying hands the model may ever be safely kept.

HANOVER, GERMANY, *December 8, 1886.*

I think it was from Brussels I wrote you last, and there, for at least two weeks afterwards, we kept our headquarters, making it the base of divers expeditions, into the surrounding country and among the wonderfully interesting old cities of Flanders. I have no news to send to you from the field of Waterloo, which, of course, everybody visits from the Belgian capital, save that the crop of bullets and other relics shows no sign of giving out, and that the race of guides, who did

professional duty for Napoleon or Wellington, begins to give place to a younger set, who retail their fathers' stock of lively personal reminiscence. Seriously speaking, however, that field is no humbug among the European sights, and I went over its bare and memorable ridges, and round its historic fencees and farms, with none the less interest because Gettysburg and Richmond have been trampled into fame at the west of it, and Sadowa at the east. He who would understand the vast complex machine of modern Europe, must still, for his knowledge, question the mighty dead of the Hotel des Invalides; and, perhaps, to gain an intelligent view, even of this very day's events in continental politics, he will find no height so commanding as that from which the Belgian Lion overlooks Waterloo. So, it is one's own fault if great thoughts do not accompany him, in his walk from St. Jean to La Haye Sainte and Hougmont and the Mound of the Lion. At the first-mentioned place, by the way, I saw a little written memorial, carefully preserved by the landlady of the inn, in which Victor Hugo testifies to the satisfactory treatment he received during the three months he lived here, studying the ground for his famous chapters in *Les Misérables*. At the inn of the last-named locality, a still more interesting autograph, to me, was that of 'A. Tennyson,' who spent several days on the field, with his wife and two boys, last summer. Every day, so the communicative English landlady told me, the large, quiet, farmer-looking man used to lead his boys out by the hand and explain to them, point by point, the ground and its history. None with deeper thought than he, I dare say, has

lately trodden the green theater whereon his country ‘turned, and greatly stood at bay’; and so reversed forever the current of European history, ‘in that world’s earthquake, Waterloo.’

How shall I escape being wearisome, if I attempt even the most attenuated sketch of our tour among the old Flemish cities? First, there was Ghent, which I would recommend, almost above any other town in Europe, to lovers of the quaint and picturesque in houses and streets. Nearly the same story which I told in my last of Antwerp, might be repeated of this, the ‘Belgie Manchester’:—it is a great city rising up, within the present century, out of the ruins and ashes of a far greater. Something like forty thousand work-people daily flock to and from its cotton mills; but five hundred years ago, under the tribuneship of the Van Arteveldes, one of its trade-guilds was as strong as all put together are to-day, and its burghers were in the habit of sallying out and defying emperors at their gates, to the lively tune that old Roland pealed to them from the height of his belfry. And that which makes Ghent so rich to the tourist is, that the gaunt old tree is still intact and visible under the greenness of its second-growth prosperity. Wet and dismal was the autumn weather in which I saw it; but with so much the more keen enjoyment I explored its length and breadth,—the sky all in harmony with the gray age of its many-centuried streets. What story and legend seemed to beckon to me from the windows of its belfry, and the Gothic turrets of its cathedral; what grim, suggestive masses of masonry seemed to me its convents and monasteries; above all,

what rambling, inexhaustible streets were these that I followed, along the canal-like waters of the Lys and Scheldt,—every house looking as if it hid under its bulging gable the secret of the middle ages,—every corner presenting a picture instinct with the soul of old romance! Before leaving Ghent, I remarked that the Flemish theater, there, was advertised to produce, in a few days, ‘Abraham Lincoln, a new historical drama, in three acts and five tableaux.’

Bruges—it of the ‘belfry’—was the next city on our list. It was on a Sunday forenoon that we entered its decayed and deserted precincts, and the bell-ringer had just shaken from the splendid carillon of the belfry the first run of the ‘Shadow Dance,’ as I found my way into the great square, from one side of which rises the tower hallowed in Longfellow’s song. In these Flemish cities the chimes, or carillons, are scarcely ever silent. They ring the hours in, with an elaborate musical performance, and have a shorter carol for each of the quarters; so that Time, there, may be said to march to music; his voice, above those scenes which are such a chronicle of his deeds, is almost perpetually and exultingly sounding in the air. Sweeping changes, in good sooth, has time wrought upon Bruges. Six or seven centuries past is the era of its greatest prosperity. Then, it was the chief sea-port of the Hanseatic League; Venice, Genoa, Constantinople, unloaded their ships at its wharves; its population was as rich, if not as large, as any in Europe. Now, it is but the cemetery of its former self; along the artery which joined it to the ocean and the world circulation has ceased, and, in its miles of noble streets, the feeble

life that reigns is something almost as melancholy as death itself. It is to Bruges, however, that one must still go, to see what wonders in art the early half of the fifteenth century bequeathed to Flanders;—art which had its growth quite independent of, if not antecedent to, the development of the Italian schools of painting. The commerce, the wealth, the greatness of Bruges, have long departed; but beauty and truth and life are yet young in the faces which grew beneath the brushes of Van Eyck and Hans Memling.—painters of Bruges, more than four centuries ago.

From Bruges, we crossed the French frontier to Lille, a great manufacturing city, as well as fortress, and thence made our way, over the universal and highly cultivated monotony of the Low Countries, back to Tournai, another old Belgian town, where the carpets called ‘Brussels’ are made, in a royal manufactory, sacred to that purpose, and where stands, I think, the grandest and most imposing of the Flemish cathedrals. Thence, back to headquarters, again, at the capital.

Another tour, and that which finally led us out of Belgian and into Prussian dominion, included a visit to the cities of Malines, Louvain, Namur and Liége. The lace manufacture, which formerly rendered the first of these places famous, is now almost entirely transferred to Brussels; so that ‘Mechlin,’ though still made and sold as such, comes from Mechlin, or Malines, no longer. The town boasts of two or three fine churches, in one of which hangs a solemn Crucifixion of Vandyck’s, considered one of his masterpieces. Louvain is worth a pilgrimage on account of its town

hall, a building of the fifteenth century, certainly the most elaborate and exquisite specimen of Gothic art I have ever seen. It is a poem,—a reliquary,—in regarding which one obtains a new revelation of the capabilities of the northern mind. There seemed to me a little incongruity in the fact that such a dream of beauty should have been rendered into stone to afford shelter for a common council; but, perhaps, the burghers of Louvain had a basis of sound philosophy in making the investment. It scarcely seems probable that jobs and contracts of the evil sort can find a hatching-place under that canopy of perfect sculpture.

Proceeding southward, to Namur, we there, at last, escaped from the utter dead level of soil upon which, journeying through the extent of Holland and Flanders, we had spent nearly two months. The town rose finely upon our view, as we swept into a beautiful valley region, bounded, upon the south, by the classic forest of Ardennes, and through which the river Meuse winds as romantically as a stream of Derbyshire. Following the course of this river, amid scenery almost Arcadian in its sweet wildness, we proceeded to Liége; before reaching which place, however, one promptly discovers that he is approaching a great manufacturing center. It is in this region, in fact, that the chief prosperity and wealth of Belgium find their origin; for the soil is richly underlaid with coal and iron, and thousands of brick chimneys, vomiting clouds in every direction, attest that the Belgians are making the most of their advantages. Some of the establishments, working in the neighborhood of Liége, are, indeed, colossal in

their dimensions, and hold their own against their English rivals, in the European market, with considerable success. We visited the largest of these,—the John Cockerill Society's works,—about five or six miles up the river from the city, and found the establishment employing about six thousand hands, in all the departments of iron manufacture, from the mining of coal to the finishing of locomotives. These works were founded about the beginning of the century by an Englishman, who bought for the purpose a tract of ground, including the palace and gardens of the prince archbishop of Liége,—the very spot, if I remember aright, where Scott placed a good part of the action of his ‘Quentin Durward.’

A very astonishing scene would knight and ecclesiastic find thereabouts, now, if they should suddenly be resurrected; for the palace is converted into a fine suite of offices, and all about the sacred precincts are furnaces, belching fire, or black abysses, emptying themselves of coal. Cockerill, in the heyday of his success, arrived at the honor of having a crowned head, the King of Holland, for a partner; but the political events of 1830 forced the monarch to sell out, and, after the founder's death, the works came into the possession of a powerful stock company. The saying was, until the advantage of a division of labor became apparent, that locomotives were wont to rise out of the earth within the Cockerill enclosure; for coal, iron, everything but brass, were procured and manufactured on the spot. At present, a very large business is done in steam-engines, railroad iron, iron bridges, etc., and I was not a little flattered to hear

our obliging cicerone, from the office, volunteer the avowal, after having shown us such a display of intelligent enterprise, that they had yet to take lessons from America for nearly all that pertains to invention and progress in their operations. I found, on inquiry, that men's wages at these works range from eighty cents to two dollars a day, only master-blacksmiths earning as high as three dollars. Many women are employed about the mines and blast-furnaces, at pitifully small wages. In fact, the women of Liége are rather famous for the share they take in employments usually thought to be a masculine monopoly.

The city is celebrated for its manufacture of firearms of all kinds,—Louis Napoleon has just ordered 50,000 breech-loaders from its shops,—and this branch of industry is almost entirely carried on by the workmen at their respective homes. At the houses of the artisans, accordingly, one sees, almost universally, the wife at work with her husband, and, very often, while the children are tumbling about her feet, her hand is as skillful with hammer and vise and file as that of her lord and master. Remember, I do not record with admiration this practical exemplification of woman's rights.

From Liége, we crossed the Prussian frontier to Aix-la-Chapelle, and, after lingering a day amid the memorials of Charlemagne, which the quaint old German city still religiously conserves, came on to this ex-capital of the ex-kingdom of Hanover. As we propose, speedily, to make our way to Berlin, I may be excused, for the present, from attempting to place you *en rapport* with the leading nation of Europe.

BERLIN, December 31, 1866. }
January 1, 1867. }

It is wearing near to midnight, as I sit down to write; feverish, heavy-laden, many-troubled 1866 is breathing his last. Not here, however, as I fancy in some European capitals it may be, is the hour one of somber reflection upon the past, and of anxious outlook on the future. Prussia stands, to-night, on the summit of the crowning years of her long history, and Berlin, accordingly, is a wide scene of gratulation and festivity. ‘Sylvesternacht’ is, ordinarily, with the Germans, an occasion of social meeting and merry-making; but this year, to the Germans of Prussia, it comes with special reasons for high feeling and warm blood, and the clinking of glad glasses. So Berlin is gay to-night and refuses to go to sleep. . . .

Under the circumstances, it would not be strange if the Prussian people, at present, should exhibit some of the weaknesses which great prosperity is apt to develop. I must say, however, that they seem to carry their triumph modestly and well. It has added dignity, and a little of self-assertion, to the national character, perhaps; but these are not manifested in an offensive way. The German nature is too strong and solid,—too really great,—to allow a contrary result. The people speak of their victories of last summer, so far as I have observed, with a proper modesty, and I have yet to note the first instance of a disagreeable obtrusion, in social life, on the part of the men who won the victories. Berlin is crowded with officers and soldiers; but, everywhere, one sees them arm-in-arm and on the

closest terms of intimacy with the civilian part of the population. . . .

You enter the city by the noble Doric Brandenburg gate, only second in grandeur to Bonaparte's Arch of the Star. Victory is driving her brazen car above your head, and the avenue, Unter den Linden, opens its extended vista before you. The trees, which the thrifty Electress Dorothy planted, are scrubby enough now; but you pardon their ill-looks for the sake of their history, and pass between the lines of them, a row of gay shops and fine buildings on either hand, for about half a mile. Then and there lies disclosed the architectural magnificence of Berlin. Full in the middle of the broad street, upon a high pedestal which the ghost of Phidias might haunt with envy, rides the colossal figure of Frederick the Great; on the right are the palaces of the king and crown-prince and the opera-house; on the left stand the university and, grander in its proportions than all, the arsenal. On each side, too, stand sentry, statue after statue of the great captains of Prussia; and, immediately on passing these, you are on the banks of the river Spree, which is crossed by a bridge, on the parapets of which the German sculptors have planted their masterpieces. The bridge is named from the schloss, or castle, which now rears its huge square full in your front. The immense building occupies one whole side of the park called the Lustgarten; on the opposite side extends the vast front of the Prussian temple of the arts, the Berlin Museum. To ornament this, as well as the castle, sculpture has again put forth its uttermost power: in the court of the latter building stands the

bronze St. George of Kiss ; before the museum portico are the Amazon of the same artist and the Lion-killer of Wolff. These are but the leading works of art which crowd upon the vision in this vicinage ; I do not mean to catalogue them, but only to note what struck me as their prominent characteristic. It is that all, or nearly all, portray some violent action,—a strife,—a struggle between intelligence and brute nature. This is the Prussian art. The people is a fighting one, as I have said ; not that it loves to fight from wantonness, but that its destiny makes fighting needful, while nature has plentifully endowed it with fighting force. There is solidity, but no calm, as yet, in the Prussian mind ; the nation is one whose rough task among the nations is not yet ended, and which overflows with Titan vigor so long as aught remains unachieved.

To-day, the first of the new year, the king is to be at his Potsdam palace, nineteen miles from here, receiving the hosts of diplomats, generals and politicians, who will assemble for that purpose. At Potsdam, Prussian royalty is even more thickly surrounded by its traditions than in Berlin. The town is one of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, and contains, besides the famous Sans-Souci of the great Frederick, no less than three grand residences of the royal family, to say nothing of the various lesser places. We duly explored the length and breadth of most of these, and found royalty living comfortably, but in great simplicity, withal. There are fewer treasures of art and costly furniture, in all together, than one of the palaces of the smallest grand-duke can show ; but it pleased me to find, at Sans-Souci, for instance, the rooms of Voltaire *en suite*

with those of King Frederick ; and, at Charlottenhof, the simple quarters of Humboldt in similar proximity. These Prussian kings have had the sense to know a great man when he came within reach of them ; and, what is more, when they found him out, their habit has been to take him home with them. Where else will you look for such kingly homage and hospitality to genius ? There is, indeed, a vein of sturdy democracy running through the Hohenzollern composition. No faces are oftener seen on the Berlin streets than the ruddy, weather-beaten one of the old king, and the strong, handsome one of his royal heir. They live among their people, and ride and walk about among their people, knowing and known. They seem to claim the rulership in their country by no diviner right than that which is implied in their ability to rule firmly and well. Certes, if royalty is to be tolerated at all, it is more tolerable on these terms than on others. . . .

VIENNA, January 12, 1867.

Ten days ago, we said good-morning to Bismarck and the Prussian capital, and took rail in the direction of sunnier climes,—which, by the way, we have not reached, yet. Our first stopping-place was Dresden, Saxony's handsome capital,—the favorite of German cities among Americans and English, and, on several accounts, deservedly so. It is built on both sides of the river Elbe, just about the point where nature,

approaching from the north, apparently became dead-tired of the monotonous journey she had hitherto made of it, and so began to indulge in some little hilly caperings,—far-away hints, as it were, of the prodigious revel she was to break into in the land of the Alps. What is called Saxon Switzerland, in fact, commences a few miles up the river from Dresden, forming a little paradise in summer for the mild tourist, and even lending a circumvallation of gentle hills to the city itself. Saxony, as everybody knows, is at present in the list of losers at the big game of last summer. . . . This much remains unchanged, however: that the little metropolis of Saxony is still the treasury of art and learning which the tasteful electors of the two centuries before this one made it. Amid many vicissitudes, indeed, the art-collections of Dresden seem to have possessed some talisman of security; for there, almost for the first time, I walked in æsthetic china-shops which no conquering bull had ever visited to damage, and looked at masterpieces of painting which had *not*, at one time, hung in the Louvre. All this, too, though the city has often heard the thunder of hostile cannon, and has stood in the pathway of armies many times before the day, of last June, when a hundred thousand Prussians filed mysteriously across the old bridge, on their way to Sadowa.

I decline, dear *Courier*, to take you with me into the Dresden gallery of paintings. Amid its glories, I lost myself for a day and half-dreamed myself back in Italy, until they turned me out, at last, to snow and common streets and the sharp remembrance that, for us, Italy comes no more. Listen, in parenthesis, to

one of the sorrows of a three years' traveler. It is, that there is but one Italy. Prodigally, his first season, he plunges into the enchanted land, economizing no part of its riches until all are spent, or seen, rather, and then he wakes to the realization that this cannot be done again. Another season comes, but there is no new Italy,—and so in his soul he mourns. But in the Dresden gallery, to resume, there are consolations, and even illusions for him, as I have hinted. For did not the airs of Venice breathe on me in that grand Saxon hall of the Venetians? And Parma and its joys,—were not all these revived, when I stood again in the magical *chiaroscuro* of Correggio? Yea! and not to the Vatican and the Pitti only, but from these to other and higher heavens of the sense, I seemed to be transported, when I looked once more on a masterpiece of Raphael, and saw, above me, in the glorified air, the face of his ascending Madonna. You may think me extravagant, if you please, when I break through all previous resolutions and speak of this picture, the Sistine Madonna. It seems to me, properly, the counterpart of the Transfiguration, in the Vatican, by the same painter, and is, in my poor opinion, either the first or second painting in the world. Everybody knows it through copies or engravings, but, nevertheless, let me remind everybody that it comprises six figures: the Virgin with the Divine Child, central, and as if soaring to the open heaven above them; on either side, the Pope Sixtus and St. Barbara, and in the foreground, at the bottom of the picture, two angelic children. These last four are gazing upward, with one expression of awe and ecstacy, touched with somewhat of eagerness, as if by

the fact, that only for a moment longer the vision would be vouchsafed to their adoring eyes. It may have been fancy, but I actually noted, in the faces of the living spectators of the celestial scene, an expression at least remotely approximating to that in the upward-gazing faces of the painting. Surely in this did Raphael and art find their utmost triumph. I know not whether it was that we, who looked, were taken, so to speak, into the picture, or whether the picture gave itself forth, instead, and became to us a reality of actual vision; but, be it that or this, the truth remains the same. For us, as for the saints and angels there with us, the Madonna *did* appear, clad in celestial beauty, and was passing on to the waiting heaven as we looked; and to us, as to them, it seemed that, instantly, the vision would soar and lessen and vanish, and the loveliness of her human face be hid from its birthplace, forever. . . .

A hundred and fifteen miles south of Dresden, across an arm of the river Moldau, and, with the rhythm of Longfellow's 'legend wild and vague' strangely audible in memory, we glide through the ancient bastions and into the heart of Prague. When we got fairly into the streets of the imposing old city, the sense of being a considerable distance from home came over me more vividly, I think, than it ever had before. For here, first of all, an utterly unfamiliar language sprang suddenly upon us, assailing eye and ear with sights and sounds which conveyed not the most infinitesimal percentage of meaning to the mind. French, German, Dutch, Italian—you instinctively feel the closest kindred with all of these, when

you come to be set face to face with the uncouth Sclavonian. Uncouth, indeed, more to the eye than the ear; for I soon discerned that it abounds in wonderfully musical capabilities and effects; and I was never tired of walking, cat-like, behind talking parties in the streets, and of otherwise suspiciously eavesdropping, with intent to fully enjoy the barbaric but sonorous swells and cadences of the new speech. At the Bohemian theater, too, I saw and heard how well adapted the language must be to the needs of a warm-blooded, impressionable and poetic people. It did not astonish me to be afterwards told, by the aged custodian of one of the great city libraries, that, of late years, since Bohemia has begun to feel a stimulus from without, and since political unhappiness has ceased to entirely obstruct its intellectual development, a great revival of native literature and learning has supervened. A new school of authors,—poets, historians, romancists and philosophers,—I was informed, is now crowding on to the Bohemian stage, and giving fair promise of noble achievement.

Full of salient points, in many other respects, I found Prague to be; in fact, its general character is correctly indicated by its appearance, which is most striking and picturesque. Roughly speaking, it may be said to sit in a valley on either side the Moldau; which valley, enclosed by high and steep, rocky acclivities, has turned out so much too small for its purpose that the city has forced itself up, on all sides, from the plain, and planted some of its noblest buildings full on the brows of the surrounding steeps. . . . Crossing to the greater side, by the bridge from which John

of Nepomuk was hurled into the nether flood,—to be afterwards fished up and installed as the general patron saint of bridges.—we come fully upon the Carolinum, that great university of 40,000 students, in which John Huss was rector, and from which he enunciated the germinal doctrines of the Reformation. I saw, with mine own eyes, the very list of questions, written in his square, clear Latin hand, which he nailed on the university gate, challenging an orthodox world to answer them. I think that is the most interesting original document I have yet looked on. Magna Charta, itself, becomes insignificant beside that magical paper-scrap, which has held the world in a wild ferment, far enough yet from being ended, for these four and a half centuries past.

Slanting off to the left of the Carolinum, a minute's walk lands one in the dismal, grimy center of the Judenstadt, or Jews' quarter,—a labyrinth of squalid streets, in which the children of Abraham yet crowd; offering to this day, in their wretchedness, a fearful testimony against the ferocities of their old-time Christian persecutors. . . .

VIENNA, January 15, 1867.

From Prague, where I left you last, we came straight by rail to the kaiser's capital,—a fifteen hours' ride; for the locomotive in these regions is a conservative institution, and seldom averages more than fifteen or twenty miles an hour, stops included. . . .

Vienna, next to Paris, of course, is the gayest capital in Europe. Its opera-house, which they are just finishing,—a new one, of imperial dimensions and architecture,—is crowded nightly, and so are a dozen theaters and several music and dance establishments of immense extent. As much cannot be said, however, of the noble galleries, armories and museums, which we found, mostly, in a partially locked-up and deserted condition. It is excitement, distraction, which the Viennese seek, and anything less than these is at a discount. Although it is in the winter season that the emperor and his court inhabit the city, and perpetually enliven the streets with the sight of their gay, galloping *corteges*, Vienna, I judge, does not appear to its best advantage at this season. It is peculiarly a summer city, both from its plan and the habits of its people. No capital we have before visited is so beautifully supplied with parks, walks and drives. The old city, which is a circular labyrinth of fine, though narrow, streets and palatial buildings, grouped around the cathedral of St. Stephen, is surrounded by a wide open space, formerly occupied by fortifications and now laid out, for the most part, as elegant public grounds. Outside of this ring of pleasure-land lie the vast suburbs, affording shelter to a far larger population and business than the city proper, and, in this suburban region, one finds the entrance to the famous Prater,—a public park laid out upon and around the islands of the Danube, within which, in warm weather, Vienna is said to hold a sort of perpetual open-air revel and picnic. We duly visited the sights of the city, among which are to be counted various imperial establish-

ments, such as stables, coach-houses, harness-houses, etc., belonging to the head man of the nation. All these are gotten up, as Mr. Carlyle would say, regardless of expense, and strike one in that way with especial force when one is fresh, as we are, from viewing the solid, utilitarian order of things which reigns at the rival capital, Berlin. A most expensive set of Herrs the kaisers must have been, indeed; and I am not sure whether things are not tending, with their house, to a sort of national application, this side of hades, of the Dives parable. *Nous verrons.*

TRIESTE, January 19, 1867.

The road hither, from Vienna, about four hundred miles long, requires a session of twenty-three hours; which draft on one's patience, however, is, to some extent, made up by the interesting character of the route. The rail between the capital of the kaiser and his chief sea-port is, indeed, a wonder of its kind; for it traverses a chain of mountains,—the Noric Alps,—more than three thousand feet high, and, I believe, despite the more recent opening of the road across the Apennines from Florence to Bologna, the Austrian line is still the highest working one in the world. . . .

After clearing the Alps, we slid easily down into the picturesque valleys and plains of Styria, the capital of which province.—Gratz, to wit,—we reached in the evening of our first day's ride. Ten hours later, we were traversing the region in which lie the Idrian quicksilver

mines and the famous stalactite grottoes of Adelsberg ; and at daylight we joyfully discovered that the snow, which had accompanied us all the way from Berlin, had, at last, dropped astern in the chase, and given place to winds which scented a little of the sunny South. Still more cheering evidence was soon forthcoming ; for, suddenly, at last, the blue Mediterranean broke full upon our view ; and, high above its surf, following closely the line of its rocky coast, we rode into Trieste. . . .

GREECE.

ATHENS, *January*, 1867.

Fifty hours after leaving the harbor of Trieste, we had traversed the length of the Adriatic, and out of the blue waters of the Ionian sea rose the rocks of Corfu,—the first, for us, of ‘the isles of Greece.’ . . .

The second morning after leaving Corfu, we lay in the port of Syra, with the group of the Cyclades lifting their blue island-peaks from the sea on every side of us. Syra itself, the city and the island, was full in our front, and, as we were detained two full days in its shelter by bad weather, we had ample opportunity to study its peculiarities. In consequence of its central situation and fine harbor, this little island has, of late years, become the general *entrepôt* of the Archipelago, and the city, of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants, which has, accordingly, sprung up, is really the most active and important, commercially, of Greece. The new town, so called, is built in the form of an amphitheater, around the curve of the harbor; and above this rises a high and sharp conical hill, upon which, and covering every inch of surface clear to the summit, is built the more ancient division of the city. We roamed, first, through the dirty streets of the lower town, the population of which seems to be a mosaic, with the Greek Islander element predominating. The costume of this class is by no means prepossessing in

appearance. Fancy a brawny, dark-visaged individual, whose nether garment, of blue cotton, is a compromise between a petticoat and a pair of trowsers (a sort of loose bag, in fact, dangling between his legs to his ankles), and whose wardrobe is completed by a red night-cap, a cloth bodice, a belt with several knives and pistols stuck therein, and a pair of shoes turned up and tasseled in front, and you have the *insulaire* of Greece, minus the dirt he usually carries as an extra coat. Rather more picturesque is the national dress of the *Pallicares*, or Greeks *par excellence*, whose acquaintance we first made, also, at Syra. Its prominent feature is a white *jup'e* or petticoat, extending to the knee and plaited in innumerable folds, above which shine resplendent a white shirt-bosom, and vest and jacket bountifully befrogged or gold-laced. The ubiquitous red fez for the head, and leggins and embroidered shoes for the lower extremities, make out the attire, over which, in winter, is thrown a cloak or coat, something like what was wont to be known as a Raglan, with a cowl for the head added thereto. Throughout Greece this over-cloak, or *capote*, is universal. The common people make them of a thick, hard fabric of goat's hair; the gentlemen wear them of broadcloth. . .

The late moon was up, and so were the wind and the sea, when we steamed, at last, out of Syra toward the Piraeus. The hill of houses I had climbed shone in the moonlight like a pyramid of ice or marble, and so weirdly, here and there, from the white mass, glittered the red lights of the human habitations, that one could fancy himself sailing past some great rock-city of the gnomes. So, as we pounded on all night over the

furious sea, I could see peak after peak of the classic islands loom up and clothe itself in whitest light or densest shadow; for the sky above us alternately shone and darkened, as if it had been a picture of the stormy temper of the early gods. But the morning,—what a change it brought! We were in the Gulf of Athens, sailing, as if on a summer lake, between the rocks of Sunium and the mountains of the Morea, towards the very heart of the ancient world. Egina and Salamis lay on our left; the hills of Attica—Hymettus, Pentelicus, Megara—closed the view before us; and they even showed me, far off to the west, the blue height on which sits Aero-Corinth. Nor was it long ere the turn of a headland brought full into view the Acropolis, and we were face to face with the hoar antiquity of Greece.

Past the low tomb of Themistocles—it looks on Salamis—and into the harbor of the Piræus; then a struggle with unintelligible boatmen and carriage-drivers; then a four or five miles drive over the dusty plain of Attica,—and, behold, in the shadow of its hallowed and poetic hills, Athens!

We have now been here the best part of a week; but I am as far from being able to write anything about the place as when I came. Shall I tell you, first, something of the modern city, degenerate occupant of a noble site, in which a pinchbeck court and some 35,000 inhabitants hold forth and form the national capital? Thirty-two years ago, King Otho made the capital mistake of choosing Athens as his seat of government, its name being the single argument in its favor. Long-exiled parties of Greeks crept back to the spot, and found it a shapeless, almost uninhabited, heap of ruins,

With the marbles of antique temple and theater, huts were built; and the older part of the city is of this style of construction. The newer portion includes the palace, the cathedral, the university, and dwelling-houses of the more ambitious sort. One principal street, running straight, from the foot of the Acropolis, through the midst of the city and out to the plain of Attica, is that whereon, each afternoon, the beauty and fashion of Athens appear to sun themselves. The beauty did not appear to me to be either very general or very striking, and as for the fashion, it is mostly borrowed from Paris. Occasionally, one meets a lady who wears the Greek fez, with its long tassel drooping low over the ear; gentlemen, in the Hellenic costume, with the white petticoat I described above, are more common. Back and forth, on the long, dusty promenade they go, chattering a speech in which I vainly sought some vocal resemblance to my notion of the sonorous language of Demosthenes. I was more successful in tracing analogies between the physiognomies I met and those with which antique sculpture makes us acquainted; for, again and again, I saw heads which might have furnished models for both the men and women of the classic marbles. Indeed, after, first, having been sadly impressed with the degeneracy of the modern Greeks, I begin to be more just, and to give them credit for the possession of some vestiges of their ancient inheritance of virtues. At least, they have the love of their nationality developed to the highest extent; the fable of the phoenix is realized in the story of the patriotism of modern Greece, which has risen from the dust and ashes of the past, and is fed, apparently, by the very sight of the

ruins amid which it dwells. And well may it be so, it seems to me; for what surroundings meet his eye, as the Athenian takes his afternoon walk, on the street of Æolus, of which I have spoken! He leaves behind him, perhaps, with a feeling of relief, the thing of shreds and patches which calls itself Athens, to-day, and muses onward over the fields of oil and wine, which, even now, bear the name bequeathed to them by Plato. He turns, perhaps, when far out on the plain, and glances toward the distant sea, which was the friend of Grecian liberty. The declining sun beams over the fertile land and the amethystine mountains and the glistening bay, beyond, and the scene is that which Claude Lorraine has painted for the Arcadia of the gods. Anon, looking back over the city, the height of the Acropolis looms before him, beautiful and sorrowful emblem of broken power, at which even an Anglo-Saxon cannot gaze unmoved; for the godlike form of ancient Greece is there,—though her golden garment is rent and the diadem on her front be one of shattered ruins. But I have left myself no time or space in which to transcribe the crowd of thoughts which rush upon one, here and now. I must postpone and try again.*

* Going from Athens to Constantinople, and thence to the Holy Land, Mr. Gray remained in the East nearly three months, but wrote only one letter to the *Courier* during that period. This long silence was partly caused by a serious illness, which prostrated him at Damascus; but it was owing in part, also, to a half-formed intention in his mind to make some other use of the notes of his eastern travel. On returning to western Europe, he made a stay of several weeks at Paris; but his letters from the French capital related entirely to the great Exposition then in progress, and were not of permanent interest. It has been thought best, therefore, to omit this whole period of the correspondence. Leaping the gap of six months, we rejoin the traveler at Gotha, in Germany, where he settled himself for study in July, 1867.

GERMANY, AGAIN.

GOTHA, *October, 1867.*

You remember, dear *Courier*, the leaves were at their greenest when I wrote you that we had settled for the summer, here, on the pleasant fringe of the forest of Thuringia. Now, out of the green, autumn has wrought her usual mosaic of many colors; months, three or four, have elapsed since I put pen to paper for you; and yet I hardly feel that I have accumulated much matter for newspaper letters. The attempt must be made, however, that Thuringia, about whose name hereafter so many pleasant recollections must cluster for me, be not utterly slurred in this rambling correspondence.

Gotha,—an otherwise well-posted friend of mine wrote me he had hunted for it an hour, on the map, and had never heard of it before, except in connection with almanacs and sausages,—Gotha is, nevertheless, one of the prettiest of the small German capitals, and is about as important as a little city with nothing particular in it, except eighteen thousand inhabitants, can well be. It is situated on the railroad, about half-way from Frankfort to Berlin; but it is very seldom, indeed, that the professional tourist descends at its station. The life and customs and manners of its people are, consequently, comparatively primitive, and

pretty much what they may have been at any time within a couple of centuries. Overlooking the town, from a beautifully wooded and gardened eminence, is the great quadrangular castle, built by Ernest the Pious, of Saxony (for all this country was Saxon before the little duchies were made and distributed to the numerous Saxon family) and above the castle, or rather a part of it, are two huge towers, or pavilions, which lord it over the landscape for ten miles round, ugly, but imposing. People generally hate museums, and such like; so I will not enter the stronghold of Gotha, to tell you of the fine historical portraits or the swords of Gustavus Adolphus and Sobieski, or the ring of Mary of Scots, or any other of the many curious things which are visible to the public within. . . .

Descend we to the city, now; and, first, we stride into the large market-place. Every German town—I had almost said every European town—has such an institution; for the time was, before the era of railroads, when the shops of all but the largest cities were so slenderly stocked that the people did not think of relying upon them for their main supplies. They waited, instead, till the periodical *messe*, or fair, or market, occurred; and then came, pouring into their midst, dealers in all sorts of articles, from all parts of the land, and set up their booths in the market-place, and sold by wholesale and *bon marché*. The day of these fairs is quickly going by; but they still, to some extent, hold out. In Leipzig, for example, there are still three held, yearly, to which merchants from all Europe send goods, and to which even Americans and Asiatics come to purchase. At this present, too, the yearly market of our

own Gotha is in progress, and I wander daily through the wilderness of booths with much edification. Exclusively the cheapest classes of articles are offered for sale, and almost exclusively the peasants are the customers. The town is daily full of this hard-working, frugal and honest class. Wagons stream in at daylight from wide Thuringia, and I would almost swear that the identical dog-carts, piloted by the identical, industrious, hard-handed mothers I have seen on Genesee street, are here, from the country round, multiplied by the hundred. Arrived in town, the owners of the carts and wagons make the best of their well-earned purses, and many a stout argument I notice between the booth-keepers and them, for the sum of a groschen or so in a bargain. Towards evening, again, the carts file homeward, triumphantly bearing a tub, or some huge crockery article, or such-like; and, in the retreating train, if one looks sharp, he will see here and there the face of a peasant-girl, brightened by satisfaction in virtue of the new shawl or ribbon which she carries home as the trophy of her day in town. Not at all picturesque are the German peasantry; not specially fine-looking, or graceful, or animated are they; but, nevertheless, as I note here their hard-working, honorable lives,—as I see how virtuous and kind-hearted they are, amid circumstances the most trying, and as I think of the friendly smile and '*Guten Tag*' they give the stranger, wherever he wanders among them, I am in love with them, and could speak their praises in volumes. Let America think well of those of them whom pinching poverty has driven over the sea. They carry in their warm hearts and strong heads the elements of

the soundest national character, with one exception, that I have had a chance to study.

To return to Gotha: The town,—but what an outrage I commit in forgetting that Gotha is a city and a capital! There is a little place of, say, one thousand five hundred inhabitants, called Friederichsroda, hid in a pretty valley of the forest, about ten miles from here, which claims to be a city and which was once insulted in a similar way. The tongue of the wretch who made the mistake stuck fast between his teeth, and the tongue and the teeth stick to this day in the city's coat-of-arms, to prove the truth of the tale, and to warn the unwary of the future. So let me say, the 'city.' The city, itself, then, has not well preserved its earlier mediæval style of architecture; but there are still a sufficient number of the old houses left to save it from looking commonplace. These old residents have the quaint gable and small windows belonging to their fashion, and over their door-ways I generally manage to decipher a pious inscription, set there by the long-departed builder. Generally in rhyme, and of a dedicatory character, are these sculptured sentences,—which, by the way, are never wanting in German houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Here is one, translated nearly literally, and which may serve as a sample. It runs:

This House stands in the hands of God;
It is named after the lively Cod.

A picture of 'the lively,' done in stone, of course, surmounts the inscription. My own idea is, that the purpose of the builder in thus piously christening his

work was partly of a business character. He lived before the age of insurance companies, and made what he thought was the best provision possible against fire and other accident. Instead of commanding our buildings to heaven, we nail a ticket over our doors with ‘Phoenix,’ or ‘Ætna,’ upon it. These practical insignia are the modern counterpart of the mediæval house-inscriptions.

But I must hurry on, to tell you something of the people who live in the Gotha houses, old and new. I think, as a starting remark, I ought to say that the spirit of social caste is nearly as strongly developed among them as anywhere in Europe. For this, the absent little ducal court is, perhaps, chiefly responsible; it starts the ball at the top, which runs to the very bottom of the social hill. It has its army of retainers, each one with a sounding title, and each one of whom seems to think himself above intercourse with the vulgar, who do not get their living from the court. The ‘Hof-’ or court-officials range all the way down to Hof-stable-keeper, and Hof-gardener, and Hof-what-not; and, in either oral or written address, you omit the smallest fraction of one of these titles under pain of visitation from the social Hof-hangman. Apart from the Hof, society seems to be divided in three or four principal grades, between which there is little congeniality. Each one of these grades has its club, or *Gesellschaft*, from which proceed the leading arrangements for popular amusement. In summer, there are concerts in the club’s garden; in winter, balls in its dancing hall.

There are some good points about this German

system of amusement-making, which might be considered by our people to advantage. In the first place, how cheap it is! Gotha society would stand aghast at the thought of a single individual (the Hof always excepted) standing the expense of a ball at his own house. The giving of a good Buffalo 'party' would be regarded as little short of incendiaryism. Instead of, at once, spending his patrimony and blaspheming the Hof, by any such holocaust to society, the German burgher pays his small yearly dues to his club, and, therefor, weekly in winter, conducts his wife and daughters, in full ball array, to his club dancing-hall. When there, he drinks his wine or eats his supper as he chooses, paying for everything he gets, cash down. A very few dollars a year—you would smile if I made the computation—furnish his family all the dancing it demands,—and no feeling of social caste is offended; for his club is a *geschlossene Gesellschaft*, comprising as members only his social friends and peers.

Then, in summer, there is something exceedingly home-like and pleasant in the meeting of friends at a club concert. The ladies go in the afternoon, and, taking their work with them, sit down at the tables, under the trees, and gossip and sip their beer and coffee in the genialest manner possible. Later, come the gentlemen, and with them a large increase in the demand for beer: and so they sit and chat together till home-going time, all the while the band making the garden ring with the choicest *morceaux* of German or Italian music. And there will be scarcely a boy or girl in the company who does not *know* the music which is being played, and whether Meyerbeer is being

defrauded in his time, or Verdi in the measure of his heart-searching trills. So, you may be sure, the music played in Germany is generally good.

I wish Americans, instead of turning up their noses at the ‘German beer-garden,’ would look into the merits of the institution, and ‘annex’ it, with such reconstruction as American taste might demand.

While speaking of amusements, I might elaborate in regard to the numerous *Feste* which enliven the German summer; the shooting-festival, for example, at which the shots of a district or province gather, and, for a week, make day hideous, until skill has decided who shall be their king and own the silver cup for another year. Notable was the gayety of Gotha during this week of gunpowder; for the wax-figure-shows and circuses came from far, and there was a Baltimore negro who beat the drum with one finger, and merry-go-rounds, and the fat woman, and the calf with two heads, and weighing-machines, and many other things which contribute to make life pleasant. But Buffalo is already familiar with the German *Fest*, and I will only speak of things more characteristic and less known.

The first morning we awoke in this venerable old hotel, which now shelters us, it was to the sound of music. Of the hostelry, itself, by the way, let it be said, a whole chapter might be written; for it stands, to-day, as nearly as may be, a representative of the true German *Gasthaus* of fifty or a hundred years ago. It has a room of honor, in which the great Napoleon tried two nights to sleep, as his broken army trudged past, in the street outside, from its fatal defeat at Leipzig.

Old usages, as well as such old recollections, linger yet in the friendly domain of mine host. To his door, rumble heavily up, old stages from the country, whose drivers wear the stage-postilion uniform and play awfully upon the horn. In his dining-hall, of evenings, a circle of old stagers as regularly gathers, which sits in a dense tobacco-cloud and pronounces oracularly on polities and the crops. But these, and many other old-world peculiarities of the hotel, were, as yet, to us undiscovered, on the early morning of which I began to speak. We were awakened, then, by music under the window.—music of children's voices, blending with wonderful sweetness and precision in the harmony of the early German choral. I have met the choir often, since, on its daily singing round, under the windows of the burghers' houses, and have posted myself on its natural history. It is made up exclusively of very poor children.—boys under twelve, I should think,—who are put under the training of a theological-student-looking young man, and, thus, generalized, march daily out to deliver to their customers a regular supply of music. Those who will, subscribe to the choir as they might to a morning paper; so each subscriber obtains his matinal song, and so the little fellows earn, with their voices, their living. The choir is a recognized institution in nearly all the Thuringian towns and cities, and has so been for a very long time. In Eisenach, a sister town near by, the boys had once for their leader a young theology student whose voice afterwards became historic. It is on record, how indefatigably he was wont to lead his youthful band in his diurnal tour; how manfully his bass blent with the

chiltish alto he trained, and how, also, he was accustomed vigorously to follow up the performance by a collecting charge, tin cup in hand, for the benefit of his little pupils. The young choir-leader's name was Martin Luther.

I do not think of any other characteristic items of description to be reaped in Gotha, unless I recur to the almanac and the sausages. The latter, I can assure you, are savory, and are not, like those of Bologna, empoisoned in the manufacture with garlic. They form an universal article of consumption, here; for the 'Hof' has its regular supply, and the peasant, when he eats his midday meal in town, invariably draws a huge butt-end from his pocket and slices into it with manifest relish. . . .

GOTHA, November 1, 1867.

Nature seems to have exhausted herself in Switzerland, and to have gone very sedately and quietly all the way thereafter to the Baltic. For the greater part, Germany is a land of fields, and the ruling landscape is such as that in which Gotha stands islanded: an expanse of gently undulating plain, intersected by long road-avenues of poplar, and dotted by patches of denser foliage, from the heart of each of which rises a village church-spire. Looking across this open surface, however, to the south and southwest, I see a long range of hills, the outline of which brings those of Chautauqua to my memory. The range constitutes

the northern boundary of the Thuringian Forest,—a name which had a savage, robber-suggesting sound, long ago, but which has other meanings to me now.

It is delightful to observe the enthusiasm with which the Germans, themselves, talk of the glories of this forest region, and the industry with which they pursue their summer excursions within its borders. You may have traversed Scotland and trod the summit of Mont Blanc; but if you have not stood on a certain rocky *bellerue* of the Thuringer Wald, according to one of these enthusiasts, you have journeyed to Europe in vain. Nevertheless, let no traveler come out of his way hither, expecting more than the simplest beauties of scenery. These he will find: charming views over the wooded hills,—lovely walks, the length of deep shady valleys, and, ever and anon, the sight of a spot which ‘the Duke’ has beautified by artistic means and consecrated to his own use; but beyond these, in the scenic line, nothing. In other respects, however, the region is passing rich in interest. Its hills have served as a sort of non-conducting medium, over which the revolutionary influences of the outside world have not freely passed, and within which, in consequence, the spirit of the olden time still lives quietly on. And not the spirit, only, but many a material vestige of the past, stands yet in good repair in the conserving shadow of the Thuringian woods. On how many a hill, for instance, still loom the massive walls of castles, of robber knight and feudal lord, which have been gathering the moss of tradition about them for a thousand years! As for tradition,—be it wild legend of supernatural beings, or semi-historic saga,—there is no part of Ger-

many more richly endowed in that respect than this. I think, indeed, that Thuringia outdoes the Rhine, both in the number and the poetic value of its fire-side histories. There is Castle Wartburg, at Eisenach, about a dozen miles from here, whose floors were hallowed, eight centuries ago, by the tread of the Saint Elizabeth; in the great hall of which, as long ago, met the minnesingers of the north to make their last great trial of minstrel skill. Again, I can almost see, from where I write, the three-castle heights of the Drei Gleichen, to one of which came home the wandering count from Palestine, with his Saracenic wife. Everybody has heard the beautiful story: how the caliph's daughter loved her father's fair-haired captive; how they fled together, and, as man and wife, fared home to Gotha; how the count made his Eastern bride wait apart a little till he went and made a clean breast of it to his German wife, and how the latter, with love and kisses, welcomed in her husband's restorer to a life-long, even share of her wifely joys and privileges. The valley overlooking which the three dwelt is called, to this day, Friedenthal, to perpetuate the concord of their united lives; and in the cathedral at Erfurt are their graves, together with three rudely-sculptured images upright in the wall, beside. They had been painted once,—the images,—but I could not distinguish the Saracen from the German; for time has long since brought to one complexion the dark cheek and the fair, in the picture as in the fact.

But I should weary you if I were to tell you of the old castles I have visited; some conveniently overlooking the ancient highway, along which caravans of rich

merchandise were wont, painfully and hazardously, to come, and lying in the ruins to which an outraged people, at last, succeeded in reducing them; others standing proudly intact, yet, with great corridors, on the walls of which hang the antlered trophies of centuries of the chase, and with halls where the burnished armor still waits the hands of the departed knight, or where his terrible drinking paraphernalia are set out in array, as if another mediaeval orgy were in prospect for the coming midnight. In this last connection I noticed, at the Schwarzburg Castle, a memorial of old drinking habits which was to me unique. It is a huge block of wood, heavy enough to break a modern neck, and with a chain attached thereto. The block lies in ominous proximity to a set of enormous wine-goblets, wrought in fanciful shapes, of birds, etc., and the pleasant history of this furniture is, that each guest was obliged to carry the dead weight, chained to his neck, till he was able to empty the flagon.

The northern Bacchus is subdued and degenerate in his habits nowadays; but it has amused me to note how stubbornly he keeps his footing in those old strongholds of his. Wherever an old castle lifts its walls in Thuringia, be sure there is also a restaurant, with a portly cask of beer and a cellar of wine, at the service of all comers. The prophet tells us it was the custom of idolatrous Israel, 'upon every high hill and under every green tree,' to erect altars to his false gods. The modern German is either a good Evangelical Lutheran or a good Nothingarian; but the peculiar form of that old idolatry is queerly reproduced in his land. Travel through broad Germany, and at every point of van-

tage, be it hill-summit or shady grove, you find the national beer-altar built, and libations ready to be poured out at the most reasonable rates. And thus, wherever one goes, in one's summer tramps, the people are to be seen sitting, glass in hand, and in the presence of beautiful nature, enjoying themselves. The abuse of their facilities for refreshment and enjoyment I have not once remarked.

It should be said, to the credit of the much be-titled individuals who rule the destinies of the little German states, that they seem to afford the people all possible opportunities to enjoy the beauties with which they have surrounded themselves. I have often seen a *restauration* make jovial the same enclosure of castled buildings which the residence of the Serenity, himself, makes sacred. Thus the Serenities make a nice little sum in the landlords' rents, and, at the same time, of the lovely ducal parks and views from eastled heights, the people get the full benefit.

I would counsel the traveler who wishes to see how a town of the middle ages looked, and what sort of life was wont to circulate in its quaint and ancient channels, to come to Thuringia. The old-time hues and shadows are fading fast from the streets of Nuremberg; even Ghent and Bruges are modernized; but in the heart of the Thuringian hills are, still, towns where the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have scarcely yet received a first 'notice to quit.' I would cite the little city of Saalfeld, on the southern edge of the forest, as one instance,—where I walked up and down one day as in a dream, scarcely able to realize that there could be a modern Europe or an America, and vaguely half-

expecting, each hour, that a courier would ride in and bring us news of Luther's doings at Wittenberg. Not the public buildings,—the Rathhaus, or the churches, or such-like,—are chiefly remarkable here, for these have their counterparts by the hundred; but the houses, so antiquated and curious, so many-cornered and so quaintly bedecked,—in these, and in the rambling, quiet old streets on which they stood, lay chiefly the spells for me to conjure withal. And, then, the people who lived in the houses, and who moved in the thoroughfares, seemed of the same style of architecture as the buildings,—as quaintly bedecked and as many-cornered. In the main street, as I passed up and down, each man, woman and child gave me a friendly salutation; and I could see in the workshops that men were making old-fashioned things with old-fashioned tools; the women in the houses were spinning with old-fashioned wheels, and the very children were playing games of which our games are the far-removed and faintly-similar descendants. At night, when we went to bed, in a hotel which had once served as a prison-house in the Fifth Charles' behalf, under the window came night-watchmen,—antique-looking codgers, with halberds,—who called the hour and chanted a dirge-like couplet, something to this effect:

Of fire and light be wary all,
That so to the town no harm befall.

I did not see so much primitive life, nor dream so pleasant a dream of the olden time, in Nuremberg, as in this little burgh of Saalfeld. A simple-hearted, hospitable, hard-working and ingenious race of people,

are the Thuringians. Something of the artistic element of character, which had its golden age in Germany three hundred years ago, they even seem to have conserved; for it is among these hills that the peasants while away their winter days and nights, patiently constructing the toys which oftentimes delight American children, and other articles of greater pretension, which are designed for the use or pleasure of children of larger growth. Wonderful meerschaum pipes, for instance, they carve, and wood-work and marble ornaments they make, which find their way to the markets of the great world, and are sold at great prices, but, alas! not to the great profit of the Thuringians. For these people are poor, and they work at prices which seem incompatible with the keeping of their bodies and souls together. Such thrift as is exercised here for the securing of a bare livelihood would bring riches in many other places. The cheapness of labor has caused large manufactories to spring up in various parts of the forest, and the ingenious pursuits which were formerly plied in the cottages are now, to some extent, transferred to these great establishments. For example, there are factories, employing hundreds of work-people, where only dolls are made, and these, chiefly, for the American market. Dolls that speak, and dolls that squeak; dolls dressed, and dolls in a state of nature; dolls with wax heads, and dolls with porcelain heads; dolls in all stages of dollhood, and acres of the *disjecta membra* of dolls, I have seen in one of these places;—a perfect doll-chaos, in fact, it seemed, in which hundreds of thousands of little human effigies were getting themselves created, in order to be dandled

and kissed, and, finally, to have their heads smashed, by children over the sea. I could not help thinking, in the course of my visit to this factory, what an immense amount of solid pleasure it was organizing, with its hundreds of busy hands, and how brightly it contrasted with another far greater workshop we had seen, in which Germany was having its cannons cast, to murder people withal.

But Thuringia does not work hard without having its labor, in many ways, lightened. It might be said, almost, that Germany sings at its work. Wonderfully general is the taste for music and the ability to make music, in this country. Every little village has its singing society, and when these collect, as I saw them at Arnstadt last summer, and four or five hundred singers, with their banners uplifted, give voice to German poetry and German song, the effect is grand. Each village, too, has its orchestra, in which men who handle the mattock by day work as hard with the violin by night, when their finer labor is in request to set the village a-waltzing. Wherever and whenever a dozen men happen together, one is very apt to hear that the group comprises a fair quartette of good voices. There is a new and very fine museum building going up in the city park, here, upon which perhaps a hundred workmen are employed. As I passed, the other evening, the whole great edifice, so to speak, was in a blaze of song. Men with trowels in this corner, men with hammers in that; men slating on the roof, and men planing on the floors,—all were plying their tools, and from every part of the structure, near and far, rung at once the sounds of labor and the

sounds of song. As the notes of bass and tenor blended and swelled, and as, from high and low, and from all the nooks of the vast gallery, the harmony gathered itself, and, with its brave accompaniment, rose in air, I thought I had never heard a nobler chorus. Against the temple of Solomon, reared in silence and without a hammer's stroke, I pit the Gotha museum, growing up to the measure of manly music.

The popular songs belonging to Thuringia are mostly good,—as any American should know; for they are nearly all appropriated and domesticated in the United States. I was well aware, before coming here, that much of our popular music has a German origin, but I did not know that *quite* so much of it was borrowed from that source. In fact, I have felt a little humiliated to find that about eight out of ten of the American songs I have tried to rehearse, for the entertainment of our German friends, have been glibly caught up and sung through by the company, to words that must have been born with the melody, perhaps generations ago. Negro tunes form almost the sole exception to this mortifying rule; and, above all, we are victorious and irresistible in the possession of ‘John Brown’s Body.’ An extraordinary power and vitality that melody must have; for it seems to sing itself into the musical sense and recommend itself to the musical judgment of every people. I have seen a knot of Syrian Arabs listen to it, spell-bound; and I think it may be said that, from the humble and obscure start it has had in Gotha, it is spreading rapidly outward, and may soon be waking echoes from border to border of the Thuringian woods.

GOTHA, November 12, 1867.

We have struck our tent, dear *Courier*, and very soon fare forth from friendly Gotha, to seek fresh woods and pastures new. Thinking over my preceding letters, however, I feel I have so feebly indicated the resources of interest which this region offers to the stranger, that I am fain to gather together a few remaining notes, in this farewell epistle.

Let me, with emphasis, lay down the proposition, that no traveler can claim to have formed a respectable acquaintance with Germany who has neglected Thuringia. If the heart of the Fatherland can be located, I think it should be somewhere in this ancient province. A sort of nursery, indeed, has this part of the old land been,—in which all kinds of growths, political, religious, literary, have had their origin or nourishment, to be transplanted later in every direction. I pass, as least important, the fact that nearly every royal house in Europe has been constrained to come hither in search of matrimonial alliances; and that, in consequence, the healthy Thuringian blood courses largely, not only in the veins of the young Prince of Wales, but also in those of the class whose business is European kingcraft, generally.

More interesting is the thought that hereabout were kindled the first fires of the two great religious movements which have successively revolutionized Germany. On a jutting cliff in the fair domain of Altenstein, a day's walk south of here, the traveler may overlook the lovely expanse of the Werra valley, with his feet on the crumbling stones of what was once a Christian chapel,—the first which, by the zeal of the Scottish St.

Boniface, was reared to shed its flickering light in the otherwise unbroken night of northern heathendom. The splendid cathedral church, also, which, from its eminence, like an ecclesiastical fortress, commands the wide-spreading and once powerful city of Erfurt, is founded on another chapel site of the same saint. As if in testimony of that founder's pure sanctity, the fortress is one of the few which never has surrendered to the Reformation. It is Roman Catholic still,—a rock-island of the Apostolic Church, in the midst of the all-surrounding Lutheran ocean.

But, naturally, far more numerous and better conserved are the traces of the second great religious movement which had its origin in Thuringia. I could easily prescribe a tour of a few days, in the course of which the traveler would explore, thoroughly, the scenes of many of the leading events in the life of Luther. He would first saunter into the straggling little hamlet of Möhra, not far from the Altenstein of which I have already spoken, and there find, in a rickety old peasant-dwelling, scarcely to be distinguished from its rickety neighbors, the house in which, for generations, dwelt the reformer's forefathers. Thence he would describe a diagonal line across Thuringia, and so arrive in the old town of Eisleben, where the Son of Thunder first saw the light, and where he spent his childhood. Returning hitherward, he would stop and see, in Erfurt, the homely little cell, in an old monastery, where Luther spent his days as a monk, and where he learned to read for himself the inspired volume. The cloisters in which he walked are a playground for poorhouse children, now; but the cell itself,

in all its furniture and appointments, looks as if he had only temporarily left it, and might speedily return. Nearly so, also, is it with his chamber in the Wartburg Castle, near Eisenach, where the great man was detained a year, made prisoner for his safety's sake, through the solicitous friendship of the Elector of Saxony. From the window at which, during that time, he must constantly have sat, and which lighted him at his work of Bible translation, I saw the sun go down and evening creep over the broad landscape of the Thuringian woods and hills. The associations of the place made the sight seem to me solemnly beautiful. 'Can it be,' said a friend beside me, 'can it indeed be, as some maintain, that even thus, over Germany, is closing the glorious day of Luther's Reformation?'

One must extend the trip from Thuringia into Saxony, and visit Wittenberg, in order to trace further the career of the reformer. There, the tourist will visit the house in which Luther spent so much of his working life, and the church on whose door he nailed his immortal theses, and within which he and his friend Melanethon rest from their arduous labors. The 'Stadt London,' if my advice avail, is the *Gasthaus* to which the traveler will afterwards wend his way; for mine host thereof is as monumental a character in his line as was Luther in his. He was so grand and yet so genial, presiding at his table, the day we were there, and told such tales of the great Napoleon, whom, in his youth, he had entertained, that I verily believe, had we remained an hour longer under the old man's fascination, we would have sworn him eternal friendship and remained in Wittenberg forever.

About thirty miles east of here, by railroad, is Weimar, which once bore the proud title of ‘the Athens of the North’; for Goethe and Schiller and Herder and Wieland were contemporaneously of the number of its citizens. The tombs of the first two are side by side, in the vault of the ducal chapel, and stand a little apart from the society of the ducal dead, heaped upon with wreaths and garlands,—the votive tribute of more than a generation of lovers. Also, the house of Schiller, modest enough in its style, is to be seen; but that of Goethe is now shut to the public, in compliance with the wish of his descendants. I believe there yet live, and occasionally reside in Weimar, the daughter and two grandsons of Goethe,—the latter intelligent gentlemen, but not remarkable, except through their connection with the poet. A noble monument in bronze stands in front of the little theater that Goethe and Schiller made so celebrated by their management, and nothing could be finer than the poetic tact with which the artist has expressed the beautiful relation existing, to the last, between the two. It is Goethe in whose hand has been placed the laurel crown; but he holds it only to press its acceptance on his brother bard. In Schiller’s gesture of refusal is told the whole history of his love and veneration for his great contemporary. . . .

I have conceived a vast respect for these long, straggling, one-streeted Thuringian hamlets. In not a few of them, as one passes through, there is a monument to be noted, or a lettered tablet over some humble door, telling that here a man was born, or died, who became known to the world for the worthy things he did. A

hardy, somewhat ungainly, but virtuous and industrious stock the hamlets turn out constantly; and, once in a century or two, nature seems to make a special visit, and anoints one out of the throng of his village fellows with the oil of greatness. A child, anywhere, is entitled to be treated with consideration; for it is, as yet, the embodiment of incalculable possibilities,—an unguessed conundrum, so to speak; but I think, for the reason indicated, I have looked with particular interest on the young of the localities now under notice. Who can say, I have thought, that the sailor of the paper boat in the puddle yonder, or the maker of mud-pies here at my feet, is not to be the Luther of a new reformation, or the Schiller of a new age of poetry?

I know a little town, about a day's tramp from here, and from the nearest railroad, out of which, many, many years ago, a lad fared forth, to seek his fortune in the great world. He made his way across the ocean, and, in the United States, found what he had set out to seek. Perhaps, to the town of his nativity came rumor, in the course of years, that he had prospered; but vague enough must have grown the report,—for time went on, and they that were lads with him grew to elderly men, and still the wanderer did not come back. It happened, however, one day last summer, as I was fortunate enough to see, that the stage-coach, lumbering into the town in question, brought with it a fine-looking young American couple, husband and wife, who, on alighting, inquired their way straight to the dwelling where still live the kinsmen of the lad so long to his native place, and to them, a stranger. Germany embraced America with singular fervor, when the gen-

tleman and lady arrived, and the customary large measure of Thuringian hospitality was doubled, I think, in their favor; for the young American is the son of the fortune-seeking boy of fifty years ago, and in his person it might almost be said that the father himself had returned. Perhaps the father would not thus, by proxy, have visited the home of his youth, had it not been that America can but illy spare from her shores the man whose achievements, in civil engineering, are among the grandest of which she can boast.

But I must prepare to say a final good-bye to Thuringia and its villages,—albeit the time is one, throughout all the land, of feasting and merry-making, and consequently ill-chosen for the saying of good-byes. Just at this present is the high day of the German festival of harvest-home, and every hamlet and four-corners is gay with the sound of music, and the gathering of peasant lads and lasses who come to hold the *Kirmse*. A *fête* adapted to vigorous digestions and unfatiguable muscles is this of the Thuringian villages. To properly celebrate the *Kirmse* demands a good eight days, from Sunday to Sunday, inclusive, and the inviolable law of the time is that eating and drinking shall not cease, and that dancing shall be made to subserve the purpose of sleep. Roast goose is the *Kirmse*'s classic dish; beer is the fluid in which the goose must swim. The feast is held, usually, either in the large room of the village inn, or at the house of some well-to-do peasant. From this center goes forth a procession of the young men, who make foraging visits on their female friends, and return again laden with festive material. In the afternoons assemble the girls; the village band heroic-

ally takes its place, and all the evening and all the night the dance goes on, and joy is unconfin'd. Sometimes the procession is formed on a less practical and more ornamental principle. The music goes before; the stove-pipe hats of the youth are enormously festooned with gay-colored ribbons and paper flowers, and on each masculine arm rests the hand of a pretty peasant girl, decked out in her best. Germany furnishes two pretty girls for every marriageable young bachelor; so the cost of the train, in respect of the feminine element, is easily defrayed. And thus formed, the line takes its march up and down the single street, and round and round the one church, and back, with sharpened relish, to the dancing again. The pure, unsophisticated peasant life of Germany is but half understood, unless one has seen it flower and blossom at the *Kirmse*. It is there that the kind of picturesque which Teniers loved to paint is to be studied in all its primitive perfection.

So, with the thought uppermost in my mind of its genial social life, which I have so much admired, and of its pervading spirit of kindness and hospitality, which has so long and pleasantly befriended us, I bid adieu to Thuringia.

COPENHAGEN, November 17, 1867.

Less than a week ago, we tore ourselves away from friendly Thuringia, and, already, are thus far prosperously advanced in our winter campaign. Leaving

Gotha by rail, we followed, still, for a considerable distance, the skirt of the forest which had cast such pleasant shade over our by-gone summer; and, so long as the woody hills were visible, so long were we not quite beyond the borders of the famous old land of poetic tradition in which we had sojourned. On our left, for instance, as we whirled away, lay the romantic Ruhla region, with its volume of inedited legend, and its wishing-stone, for those who are fortunate enough to find it,—at which the father of the Rothschilds is said to have desired his wealth, and the boy Goethe his immortal name. On the right, a little farther on, we had the rocky, furzy ridge of the Venusberg, in a hidden recess of which, according to one of the most curious sagas of the middle ages, lived the minnesinger, Tannhauser, in dark and forbidden intercourse with the Greek goddess Venus. Finally, as we came to Eisenach, towered above us the picturesque pile of the Wartburg; and, as its noble outline passed slowly behind our train, out of sight, I felt, with something of a pang, that upon me, at last, Thuringia had closed her gates. Happy is it that their warder is Memory!

Our first stopping-place was Cassel, late the capital of the electorate of Hesse-Cassel, but, now, by the grace of God and the battle of Sadowa, and to the great joy of its inhabitants, a city of the kingdom of Prussia. It is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants, consisting mainly, yet, of streets and houses in the antique style, and situated on the low valley ground through which flows the river Fulda. Perhaps a more besotted family than that which so long ruled Cassel never disgraced the ruling profession in Europe. The traditions

of it are a stench in the nostrils of the people, yet; the statues of its members, in various public places, tell the whole story of their bestiality; and, in a word, that the last reigning member is now away from Cassel, and in very private life, is a matter for gratitude to Prussia and Heaven. Among the benefits to the public which have accrued through the Prussian occupation, is the opening up of a splendid gallery of paintings, hitherto, by the gracious will of the electors, kept almost inaccessible and unknown to the people whose money was there represented. . . .

Rising proudly from the valley, and overlooking the town, are the highlands of Wilhelmshöhe, in decorating which was lavished the money obtained by the elector from Great Britain, in exchange for soldiers sent out to fight our revolutionary forefathers. Sumptuous extravagance takes the place of good taste in this elaborate attempt at landscape-gardening; and the outlay of millions of money has failed to improve much upon the natural beauty of the place. . . .

We took the railroad, again, from Cassel, one fine afternoon last week; passed by Göttingen and saw its university, at a distance, and groups of its students lounging about the station; stopped ten minutes in Hanover, and there bisected our route of a year ago; crossed the Elbe in a railway steamer, something like a small imitation of the Buffalo and Lake Huron ‘International,’ and, at ten o’clock in the night, arrived at Hamburg. Steamers start from Hamburg, every few days, direct for New York, and hence, probably, it came that, arrived at that port, after long and devious wanderings in regions more remote, a feeling of near-

ness to home took possession of my spirit and ruled it, during the whole period of our stay there, with indescribable effect and power. . . .

From Hamburg our next stage was to Kiel, a dirty, uninteresting sea-port of twenty thousand inhabitants; till last year a chief city of Holstein, and now one of the principal centers of the maritime power of Prussia. From Hamburg thither is a three hours railroad ride, over a country utterly flat and largely marshy, and which bears in its general features a strong resemblance to the Lake St. Clair region of Canada. However, every little elevation of the territory above water-mark is taken vigorous possession of, both by agriculture and manufacturing industry, and at several points *en route* we passed large cloth-factories and potteries. I wandered up and down the streets and suburbs of Kiel a whole day, in an exceedingly penetrative rain, without discovering anything notable. An intelligent tobacconist (I usually obtain quantities of valuable information with my cigars) told me that the town, at present, is rent in twain between the two violently warring factions of the friends and enemies of the Prussian rule. The latter, although simply, in their hostility, kicking against the pricks, are the more numerous party in Kiel, and offer all sorts of fatuous opposition to the inevitable march of events. Into both social and business relations this party feeling, in all its bitterness, has entered, and, for the time, the state of affairs in Holstein is very unhappy.

We left Kiel by steamer, and exchanged its political tempest in a teapot for something very like a real tempest on the Baltic. Nothing more than a little rough,

in truth, was the weather last night; but still, as a landsman, from principle I felt too much interested to be sleepy, as we shot out from the German coast and steered, in the eye of the wind, past a range of Danish islands, and so on to Korsör, the port of the southernmost point of the island on which Denmark's capital is built and Denmark's power is throned. Landed there in safety, however, in early morning, only three hours more of travel (and that, heaven be thanked! by railroad) remained between us and this city. I thawed an aperture with my breath in the frost which covered the glass of the car-windows, and enjoyed, attentively and with great interest, our first view of Danish soil. The country all the way hither is low and nearly flat, but, notwithstanding, and in spite of its lying under a dreary winter sky, it made a cheerful impression on my mind. Moderately fertile, to say the least, seems the land, and of that fertility, obviously, an industrious and intelligent people make the most. I noticed that the wide and otherwise monotonous landscape on either side of us was dotted with frequent villages, and, still more frequent, neatly built farm-houses. The latter, in fact, seemed models of thrifty comfort. In every instance, the dwelling and outhouses of the farmer are built to form three sides of a square; and thus a farm-yard is enclosed, sheltered against the most inclement of 'a' the airts the wind can blaw.' Constructed of stone or a white brick, and flanked by substantial ricks of hay and grain, these Danish farms look, altogether, as if they belonged to a well-to-do peasantry. The villages made themselves noticeable to me by reason of the curious architecture of the village

church, which forms, here as elsewhere in Europe, the center of each little community. The Danish place of village worship looks exactly as if it were an ordinary sized oblong house, with a common tile roof, hoisted on walls four or five times the ordinary height. The idea, I could not help avowing, exhibits both simplicity and elevation.

Watching these things through my peep-hole in the frost-covered pane, the morning passed away, and duly we swept, at last, into the vicinage of a large city. It is Sunday, and, coming hither to our hotel, we met the people going home from church,—all with a familiar, every-day look in their faces, which made me almost forget that we had arrived in a place with such a far-away, foreign-sounding name as Copenhagen.

SCANDINAVIA.

STOCKHOLM, November 25, 1867.

The five days stay we made in Copenhagen easily exhausted for us the ordinary tourist's list of 'sights,' and that without furnishing me much material for newspaper notes. The fact is, the city has few salient points; outside of its museums, it contains but very slight and unsatisfactory memorials of Denmark's past, and it has nothing in illustration of the present of the country which appeals specially to one's sense of wonder. It is simply a lively, agreeable, well-built, ordinary-looking city of 160,000 inhabitants, with an allotment of modern palaces and modern churches, and theaters and institutions of learning, science and the arts which would not be thought inconsiderable in a place of twice its size. Like most other northern cities, Copenhagen should be visited in summer; for its people seem to have almost as decided a *penchant* to out-door life, when the weather permits, as the Parisians. For the indulgence of this inclination they have ample facilities. . . .

Copenhagen, from its fine position on the sea, would be a handsomely situated city, if the ground on which it is built, and by which, for miles, it is surrounded, was not almost a dead level. The only approach to highlands in the vicinity is afforded by the old

city walls, which have been converted into an elevated promenade, and from the height of which, at stated intervals of space, a row of enormous and solemn old windmills look down. Descending from these ramparts, the building most worthy of a visit in the city is that which Denmark has erected to serve, at once, as a monument to her great old Thorwaldsen and as a museum in which to display his collected works. There, in the spacious galleries and in ranges of apartments, peopled with the shapes which his genius, in a long life of industry, created, one may walk or muse and almost dream himself back ‘to the glory that was Greece.’ For, thorough Dane as was Thorwaldsen in heart, as a sculptor his ancestry must be sought for among those immortals who decorated the Parthenon, and whose works are the world’s wonder at Rome. As Byron wrote of Canova, so he might have said of Canova’s greatest pupil: ‘Such as the ancients were, Thorwaldsen is to-day.’ The Copenhagen collection of the master’s works is, in a sense, almost complete; for it contains, besides the originals of many of his masterpieces, casts of nearly all the rest. . . .

Besides this one, of which I have been speaking, Copenhagen boasts of the better part of a dozen museums, scientific, artistic and antiquarian. The Castle Rosenborg, for instance,—a picturesque Renaissance edifice, in which the great Christian IV. had his seat,—has been consecrated, from turret to foundation-stone, to the remarkable assemblage of art-objects and antiquities of which it has gradually become the repertory. Here, in costly cabinets of jewels and royal regalia; in rooms full of rare and unique furniture; in wardrobes hung

with faded finery, and in galleries glittering with historic armor, might almost be studied, without the aid of books, the annals of Denmark and of Danish art for the past three or four hundred years. But, still more interesting to me, was the museum whose contents concern periods of the country's past immensely more remote. This is the Copenhagen collection of Northern Antiquities,—one of the best arranged and most instructive institutions I ever had the privilege to enter. Not the history of Denmark, specially, but rather that of all the northern races, and of the origin and growth of the northern civilization, is here, in the most striking manner, illustrated. It is into the presence of the rude art of our own forefathers, for example, that one is ushered, in those first chambers of the long chronologically graduated series, where the walls are covered with eloquent relies of the age of stone. No help from Tubal-Cain, ‘instructor of every artificer in brass and iron,’ had that rough ancestry of ours ; the blacksmith schoolmaster was abroad, so far as the northern world is concerned ; and the uncouth hammer of stone, and spear or arrow-head of the same material, must have been the highest results of its art for many a dark and uncounted century. But progress is the law of the race, and, so, slowly the arrow-head begins to show finer proportions ; the knack of smoothing the stone, some primeval James Watt has discovered, and there are even aristocratic hammer-heads, with a line or two of ornamental carving on them. The invention of the steam-engine was, probably, not so great an event for us as was the sudden discovery of the uses of bronze to those ancients. Then began civilization to

dawn, and art to take wings. Not only better weapons, but vessels and implements of the more necessary kinds, came into vogue with the sacred metal. Here, at last, I see a miracle of progress,—a pair of rude bronze scales,—emblem that the idea of justice had formed itself in the savage mind, and that commerce had begun to define her laws. Long time later, and iron comes upon the scene, working new revolutions. War begins, then, to be a formidable science, and the wants of men are increased as the means of supply are multiplied. An age comes, at last, when ornaments of gold hang round the necks of the chieftains, superseding the necklace of beaded pebbles; and, not long after, there are relies of naval art and architecture; for the time has arrived when the northern barbarian, having discovered the secret of triumphing on land, turns his weapons towards the sea. This is the era of the vikings, when the war-cry of the wild sailors of the Baltic was the terror of the British coast, and when their carved and painted prows, perhaps, even touched the rocks on which, six centuries later, the pilgrim fathers landed. Then enters, bursting the barriers of barbarism, Christianity; and the elements which have formed our modern civilization rush in, like water seeking its level, till there is no spot, to the North Cape, that is not overflowed. Such is the epic which is rehearsed in this Copenhagen museum. Verily, there are ‘sermons in stones.’

Speaking of the expeditions of the Danish corsairs to the British islands,—I was led to ask myself, the first time I had an opportunity to listen to the Scandinavian speech, whether the bold mariners did not really leave

behind them a memorial of themselves in the dialects of the east coast of Britain. At times, when Danes are talking at a little distance from me, I can scarcely convince myself that it is not a group of Northumbrians, or Scotchmen from East Lothian, who are holding discourse. The intonation is strikingly similar, and most of the Scandinavian sounds which strike the English or American ear most strangely are familiar in the British districts I have mentioned. Besides, there is no end to the list of words which are common to the Danish or Swedish and the Lowland Scotch. Of course, this question must be all cut and dried by the philologists; but I confess to having had so little prescience of the existence of a Gothic element in the language of Burns, that it pleased me to hear, out of Danish mouths, not words only, but almost complete phrases of pure broad Scotch. . . .

We left Copenhagen by steamer for Sweden, and, steering out of its fine harbor, had a view quite as historically suggestive as any afforded us during our stay on shore. It consisted of about a dozen, I should think, of Denmark's old ships of war,—discharged veterans, laid up in port, and either abandoned altogether or converted to vile, unwarlike uses. The ships are wooden ones, of course, built long ago, on the old-fashioned model,—broad in the beam, and with that high, many-windowed stern which one sees in pictures of the last century's sea-fights. Such venerable mariners were those which sank or blew up, under the guns of 'The shaker of the Baltic and the Nile',—not a mile, I fancy, from the spot on which float these indigent and unpensioned old survivors. Last descendants of

the stout galleys of the sea-kings, lingering still, in utter hulkdom, so near the scene of many victories and of a fatal defeat,—I could not help looking at the old ships, as we passed, with a feeling of sorrowful respect. They tell a story of time's changes and revenges. Denmark, which once disputed with England the sovereignty of the seas,—how she seems now to be shrinking out of sight in Europe! Her fleet is gone; Schleswig-Holstein is gone; her colonies she is selling, as an impoverished unfortunate disposes of the furniture of his better days,—and, on all hands, despite the struggles of the brave little people who still cling to the illustrious traditions of the past, fate seems steadily to be pushing her to the wall.

Four huge stone dragons, whose tails bend upward and twist into a lofty, tapering spiral, form the curious steeple of the Copenhagen Bourse. I watched this gradually fade from sight, and the nearer shores of Seeland follow it into the sea, and then, turning, saw, as I had learned long ago in school geography, that the rough waters of the Skaggerack are bounded on the north by the coast of Sweden. What awaited us, there, I will try to tell you in my next.

STOCKHOLM, November 30, 1867.

We first set foot on Swedish soil at Malmö, which lies, with a fine port, on the sound between Sweden and Denmark, and whence the railroad conducts northward to the capital and other important points of the

country. It is a two-days journey, even by rail, from Malmö to Stockholm; for the trains have a curious way of stopping on the road in the evening and recuperating their energies by a night's rest. We set out in the afternoon, and, till between three and four o'clock, when the sun closed his brief day's career, I noticed that the country, generally, was well populated, and had a look, over its wide levels, of great thrift and fertility. But, in the hours of the long, slowly-fading twilight, we gradually passed into scenes better answering to my preconceptions of Scandinavia. Where rock and stump did not divide the empire of the ground's surface, it was a fringe of scraggy pine which drew itself continuously across the light of the western sky; and the little frozen lakes which occasionally glimmered on us, out of the heart of the forest, seemed to have shores so wild and unvisited that the impression of wintry desolation was complete. . . .

How the Mugby Junction landlady would be scandalized to learn that, in Sweden, travelers are shown into dining-rooms the tables of which are literally piled up with hot and goodly viands, from which each diner fills his plate *ad libitum*, going off to a side-table to eat, and returning, again and again, to make a new choice, until nature can no more! The cooking, too, of these northern countries,—bating that they put sugar in the soup and *eau de vie*, or something like it, in the bread,—is more to my taste than that of Germany, or even provincial France. A curious feature of the Swedish dinner, to the stranger, and one which attests the vigor of Scandinavian stomachs, is the service called, as nearly as I can spell it, the *smærgesbord*,

which invariably precedes the meal proper. This consists of bread and butter and cheese, a large variety of cold meats and relishes, and the brandy of the country,—a fiery, colorless spirit, which none but Norsemen had better invoke. This preliminary to the dinner is placed on a separate table, to which every guest is expected to walk and help himself, and if he is a true Swede the operation will sharpen his appetite.

Edinburgh and Constantinople are the only cities I have seen which, for picturesque beauty of situation, can be said to surpass Stockholm. Built on the rocky archipelago which extends between Lake Mälar and the Baltic, the city has won for itself, among its inhabitants, the pet name of ‘the Northern Venice’; but, while it lacks most of the elements which form the charm of the ‘Queen of the Adriatic,’ Stockholm, sitting among its craggy, wooded islands, has advantages of site which lift it high, both figuratively and literally, above the dead level of Venice. We are seeing the northern capital in winter, with snow covering its girdle of pine-clad hills, and ice floating upon its waters; but, in spite of all, its beauty is not to be veiled, and I can easily fancy that the life one might lead here in summer would be as fascinating to the stranger as that of Italy or Spain. The shores of several of the islands adjacent to the city are laid out as pleasure-grounds, throughout the extent of which restaurants and hotels—perfect little summer-palaces in style—are kept for the accommodation of the citizens. To these suburban retreats the townspeople resort *en masse* on the summer evenings, and music and theaters and *cafés chantants*, and picnic encampments in the

pine woods, under the lovely sky of the north, whose evening twilight meets and kisses that of the dawn, make the warm-weather life of the Stockholmers very agreeable indeed. The gondola which renders communication easy in this hyperborean Venice is the gracefulest and swiftest of all possible little steamers. Even now, dozens of such are darting in all directions over the waters, and their speed is the more remarkable as, even on board, one hears but the slightest sound of the machinery which propels them. These boats are built altogether on a Swedish model, and I should think them well worthy of being introduced into other countries. It was admitted by the officers of our fleet, when Admiral Farragut was here, that not the neatest of our steam-yachts can be compared with them, for manageability and noiseless celerity of movement.

Our hotel, from the window of which I look out to the southward, stands in the central square of what, not to be too exact, may be called the north shore of the strait connecting the lake and the sea. Behind me, in long, regular and well-built streets, lie a good two-thirds of the city. In face is the south suburb, built on the high rocky ridge of the south shore, which, at night, with its church-steeple dimly seen, and its terraces of lighted buildings rising boldly, one over another, in the darkness, reminds me forcibly of the Old Town of Edinburgh. Between this shore and that high one is the little island which was the city's germ, and which gave the capital its name—Stockholm—isle of the strait. This is the classic ground of the town, as the 'Isle of the City' is that of Paris. It was here that the rude Norland mariners made a

kind of port and mooring place, centuries before a city was thought of; and here, as old sagas tell, more than one grotesque tragedy of that old hard-drinking age had its scene. Here, finally, the warrior eye of Birger Jarl recognized the position for a nation's stronghold and capital. His stone effigy, clad in the picturesque armor of the thirteenth century, and overlooking, from its island-height, the city which has sprung from his thought, is, to me, with one exception, the most interesting monument of the place. That exception is the equestrian statue of the great Gustavus, which forms the noble center of the square just beneath my window. . . .

Pass out of our square, by the bridge which joins it with the historic little island, and, immediately, you stand in front of the massive quadrangle of the royal palace, in which all the kings since Gustavus Adolphus have had their residence, and which affords a day's journey through suites of rooms beautified by the arts and full of souvenirs of the departed monarchs who have been their tenants. Sweden's Westminster,—the house which her kings inhabit, by a longer lease than they hold upon the palace,—is the Church of the Knights, situated four minutes walk to the west of the latter building. This is a Gothic edifice of five centuries standing, but with a modern spire of iron, which, rising to the height of three hundred feet,—a very image of airy grace,—is, to me, a noteworthy indication of what architecture, especially in the Gothic style, must yet do with iron as its material. Under the roof of the Church of the Knights are gathered the great of modern Sweden. The sarcophagus of Gustavus

Adolphus, huge and of green marble, stands alone in an underground chapel.—a quiet place to come to from stormy Lutzen. On the side of the church opposite sleeps the Napoleon of Sweden, Charles XII., and around him, in withered sheaves, is shock'd the harvest of flags and banners which he reaped on the fields of broad Europe, from Bender to Frederickshall. Bernadotte is here, too, in a magnificent sarcophagus of Swedish porphyry, and Oscar, who died only a few years ago. For the rest, the church resembles a great barn, bedecked and piled up with the bundles of such grain as I have just signified. A dear harvest for Sweden has been led home, here. . . .

An American friend, who, I suspect, scarcely expected to find white people so far from —ville, State of Vermont, broke out, about the people of Stockholm, to me the other day, with the remark: ‘Why, they look just like our own folks’! I must add to this item of description, which is only measurably true, that a finer-looking race of men and women than the Swedes I have never seen. The men are a good half-head taller than the Germans, and they would look down on the French like so many Sauls among the people. As for the women, I do not think there is anywhere else to be found so large a proportion of beautiful blonde girls as in Stockholm. And the figures on which their fine heads are set, and the hair which serves as a poise to these heads, in the balance of beauty, are really noteworthy. I think statistics would show that the *chignon*-makers of this city, if there be any, do not earn their salt. I do not notice in the streets much in the way of peculiar costumes,

except when, as frequently happens, a Dalecarlian peasant girl comes tripping along, with her conical, embroidered cowl of a hat, her neat jacket of sheep-skin, the wool turned inside, and her spacious *jupon*, a broad strip of which, from waist to foot, in front, is somehow inlaid with brilliant colored cloth, and so made as to have quite a showy appearance. The sheep-skin, by the way, is the universal overcoat of men and women, in the peasant class of Swedes; and a garment at once cheap and warm, and consequently sensible, it is. If I should ever go back to a western prairie, where the need of warm raiment is as great as in Sweden, I should essay the manufacture of a sheep-skin coat, rather than pay thirty or forty dollars for a shoddy one, with corn at twenty cents or so a bushel.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, *December 21, 1867.*

A sentiment of vagueness prevails in my mind as to how we got here. I feel, somewhat, as if I had been diving for an inconceivable length of time, and had, at last, come up at an inconceivable distance from every other place. Sometimes, it seems as if we had just survived a long voyage, and landed, finally, on an island. At all events, here we are, after more than six days of hard travel to get here. It happened to us, you see, at Stockholm, that the god Frost got the upper hand of the god Thor, who ought to be supreme in those Scandinavian regions; and so, instead of being able to take the right line across the Baltic to St. Petersburg, we were forced to make the tour, or rather détour, by land.

First, there were two days in which we rolled steadily southward, through Sweden. Another day and a night we were gliding through the mist of the South Baltic, and woke, at daylight, to find ourselves steaming up the narrow channel of the Trave, the ancient highway by which commerce was wont to come and pay homage to the queen of the Hanseatic League, Lubeck. Between the Swedish steamer and the German railroad, there was a hurried vision of the venerable old city, in which the middle centuries smiled on me once more,—from altars of old churches, marvelous in painting and sculp-

ture,—in streets shut from the sunlight by the quaint gables of the palaces of a race of merchant-princes long extinct. Then we began to measure the length of Germany. The flat and fertile lands of Mecklenburg fell behind us in the race, and vast, monotonous Prussia spread itself forever before our advance, as if defying the locomotive to disprove its illimitability. At night, there flashed upon us the lights of Berlin, and we stopped among them long enough to revive the souvenirs of a year before. On, again, over plains of endless snow, and, one morning, I catch a glimpse of the Vistula, as we thunder over its splendid bridge, a half mile long. Further on, the morning sun glistens on the huge towers of Marienburg, and I think of the stout Teutonic knights who built them, and who conquered all this eternity of level snow from Sclavonic heathendom to the Cross. The day is declining as we pass through Königsberg, and, late in the night, we stop and are to dismount and show our passports to Russia. Russia summons us into a vast railway depot, looks at us suspiciously, for an hour, talks to us in a tongue of which no sound is familiar, and then signs to us that we may go on. Our route is northward, through ever-deepening snow and darkness intense. When, at last, the feeble day overtakes us, our chances for seeing are not much increased. The thick curtain of ice on the windows makes twilight in the cars. I thaw an aperture, at which vision may escape for a few moments, and see, either a dreary stretch of scraggy forest, or a region of fields in which human life is indicated by clusters of log-houses. It is a country to which summer may bring activity and movement, but which now lies

death-like, under the snow and the gray skies. If we stop and emerge at a station, it is to see unshapely forms of beings clad enormously in the skins of animals, who stand sullenly stamping their feet for warmth. Russia comes in again, by the way, three or four times more, in the first part of our journey, and demands another look at our passports. We begin to regard ourselves as persons suspect; but the truth is, it is not of us, but of her own officials, that Russia is suspicious.

So we go on, through the first night and the first day. The spires and towers of Wilna glimmer upon us for a few minutes, before the evening falls. Then there is another long night and another short day, in which I only deepen my impression of the forest and the fields and the log-houses lying, death-like, in the deep snow, and of silent, fur-covered beings who stand stamping their feet. Our souls chant *Te Deums* when the opacity of the third night is broken by the apparition of a wilderness of struggling lights. We halt in the midst of these, and as we sleigh it away from the depot, their confusion changes into the regularity of the long lines of the St. Petersburg 'perspectives.'

There are certain pictures presented to the eye, in this city, of which canvas could receive but a very feeble copy, and of which the pen can, still less, convey an adequate conception. I plant myself on the Palace bridge, over the great Neva, for example, and attempt to paint to you the panorama which either bank presents. Let us look northward, first; the lesser and least notable half of the city lies on that side the stream. Right in the face of us, then, at the end of our bridge, is the Exchange, with its two massive and

strange pillars in front, ornamented by the prows of ships, in bronze, in the manner of the Roman *columnæ rostratae*. Up the river, to our right, loom the immense walls of the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and the gilded spires which taper,—five of them,—three hundred feet in air, from within that warlike enclosure, rise over the tomb of Peter the Great. Follow the line of the north bank, still up, and you see mass after mass of great buildings, until the eye rests on a far-away selvage of woods. To that point the swamp has retreated, out of which, a century and a half ago, the city rose. Look down the river, now,—still on the northern bank. Again, it is mass upon mass of square masonry, from the Academy of Arts, fronted by its huge pair of Egyptian sphinxes, to the great School of Mines, which lifts its pillared front in the far distance, almost at the point where the river becomes the Finnish Gulf.

So much for the north side of the river. We will look southward, now, where the imperial city deploys its front of palaces. The Winter Palace of the czar is the immense brown rectangular edifice which faces the Neva, nearest to us. It is half-an-hour's walk around it, I should say, and that is my favorite promenade at night. I like to watch the Cossack sentry, with his high cap and lance, and his horse, which practices the steady sentinel-tread as if it had been trained in a circus. I pass, looking up at a thousand lighted windows, and speculate, with vague democratic wonderment, as to whether Alexander is busy near one of these, and what he may be cogitating. I had a strong feeling, the other night, that I had picked out his very window, and that he was there, alone, behind the

damask blind, working on a paper which is one day to change the autocracy of all the Russias into a constitutional government. Who knows?

Adjoining the Winter Palace is the Hermitage of Catherine the Great, ranking with the Louvre as one of the most magnificent temples consecrated to the fine arts in the world. Looking, still, up the river, the street of palaces is continuous. Grand dukes and princes, represented by the massive façades of their palatial dwellings, form front with the emperor, in a line which stretches far up the aristocratic bank of the stream. To the right, again,—that is, down the river,—extends the huge bulk of the Admiralty, an edifice nearly half an English mile in length. Gilded and star-spangled domes of churches rise, at a score of points, from the level of the city lying beyond; but the eye passes all these and rests, satisfied, on the glorious proportions of that one with which the view may be said to close, on the right. It is the dome which sits supreme, seeming to belong to heaven more than to earth, on the granite pillars of the Cathedral of St. Isaac.

Thus I have named to you the component parts of one of the pictures which most attract me, here; but I am as far as ever from conveying an idea of its vast *ensemble*. The effect produced by these ‘magnificent distances’ of St. Petersburg; by the grouping of architectural masses so immense, eludes description. The city is like Russia, herself,—too liberal and grand in its dimensions to be picturesque. It is, in fact, the dream of the great Peter come true. That which may have hovered for him, in vision, over the untrodden marshes of the Neva, is the stone and mortar reality of to-day.

We have just had a couple of cold days, thermometer twenty-five or seven degrees Réaumur, and so I have had an opportunity to notice how the Russians fight their arctic foe. To tell the truth, they seem to make more fuss in the battle than we do in America. Several times, every winter, in Buffalo, one experiences a cold far more intolerable than that of which I have just spoken. Yet, in America, nobody thinks it necessary to go into the streets a moving mountain of furs, as is the fashion here. Again, the Russian houses are fortified, to a degree that we do not find necessary, against the common enemy. Double doors and double windows are universal in north Russia, and stoves are planted so thickly, in every corner of the houses, that the inside temperature is that of an oven. At the door of every house or office, of any consequence, a porter is stationed, whose business it is to let the visitor in or out, with the least possible opening of the portal. He shuts the door sharp after you, with a snap, as if you were trying to introduce by stealth, into the mansion, a wild beast. Entered into the hall, he helps you to take off your coat and overshoes, though you may intend a stay of only two minutes. In the streets, in very cold weather, it is an understood thing, that any one noticing a person drowsing—a watchman or a public sleigh-driver, for instance—shall take pains to wake him up and warn him of his danger.

I should hate to live all my life among a people who wear furs. It may not be the fact, but I have the feeling, nevertheless, that there passes into the man something of the nature of the animal whose skin he has appropriated. At any rate, men swaddled in this

prodigious way *look* brutish; they move like polar bears, and, whatever may be the amount of politeness which exists in the interior, externally they shove you with their elbows, and seem to have a little of the ursine manner.

But the street life of St. Petersburg is one of the things in Europe worth seeing, after all. Take the Neva Perspective, for instance, when it is in full tilt, on a winter's afternoon, and not many sights can be more inspiring. The street is very spacious, and two or three miles long. On either side is a line of shops, brilliantly windowed, whose regularity is only broken, here and there, by a church, a gaily gilded and be-pictured Byzantine shrine, or some other public edifice. Imagine, in the first place, the sidewalks crowded by the animated skins before indicated, and these of all grades, from the princely sable to the vulgar sheep-pelt. Beggars in greasy sheep-skins, peddlers of all sorts in similar attire, *sonka* drivers, who clamorously call attention to their empty vehicles, share the *trottoir* with fashion in furs; and at every point commanded by the door of a church or a shrine the way is blocked by the devout, who stop to uncover their heads and make the sign of the cross. The *sonkas* and their drivers are the principal feature of the scene, which deploys itself in wild confusion, and amid a cloud of flying snow, in the middle of the street. The vehicle in question is what we call a small and inconveniently-made cutter, with a seat for one, into which two are crowded at a pinch. The driver, surmounted by a hat resembling a sofa-cushion, and wrapped in an Oriental-looking tunic of cloth or skin, half sits, half stands, in

front of his passenger, his right foot swinging outside the sleigh, in a sort of stirrup. Over the shoulders of the horse curves the *douga*, a broad and high bow of wood, to the ends of which the thills of the vehicle are attached, and which forms an invariable and exceedingly prominent part of every Russian harness. The name of these little conveyances is legion in all the Russian cities, and in the pell-mell of the Neva Perspective they are ubiquitous, hurrying to and fro in all directions, crossing and recrossing, colliding with each other, and escaping destruction, generally, as if by special miracle. Up and down the avenue, making furious way through this shoal of small fry, sweep the *troikas*,—sleighs with three horses driven abreast, and in which a half-dozen or more furry forms are whirled along at locomotive speed. Then come the beautiful sleighs of the rich and noble; this, with a princess, sitting in sables and holding her muff as a shield before her face; that, bearing a general or diplomat, whose nose, only, is visible to the public; a third, distinguishable by its high-hatted Cossack footman, displaying to view the thin, white, lady-like face of the czarina. Nothing can be more aristocratic than the effect produced by one of these fine vehicles of the *noblesse*. If it be a three-horse concern, the animals at either hand come plunging on, with a sidelong motion, their heads, respectively, held wide apart from that of the middle horse, so that the establishment bears down on one with the look of a Grecian chariot of victory, or of the winged car of Guido's ‘Aurora.’

And so, with its sidewalks a crowd of these uncouth costumes, and its pavement a hurricane of these flying

vehicles, the Neva Perspective enacts, each day, its lively winter drama, till the short afternoon has faded into the long and dreary Russian night.

ST. PETERSBURG, *December 30, 1867.*

The point to which I come back oftenest and with the liveliest pleasure, in my wanderings through this city, is the great square of St. Isaac, in the center of whose parallelogram stands the cathedral dedicated to that worthy. The statue erected to the Czar Nicholas, of Crimean fame, is the ornament of the south end of the square; and, at the north end, which is bounded by the bank of the river, poised on an enormous rock of unhewn granite, is the colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great. The masonry of Athens, of Baalbec and of Egypt, is recalled to mind by the granite foundations and the enormous glittering monoliths, of the same material, which form the pillars of the peristyle of the noble cathedral. In the interior, where precious stones appear to have been used as marble, and where the eye is dazzled by the profusion of the precious metals, it is rather extravagance than devotion which seems to be the sentiment enshrined; but view the exterior, from any one of its angles, and the mind soars with the vastness of the edifice. Those glorious columns erect in their strength,—that dome of gold sitting near the clouds,—one may not explain why, but is constrained, nevertheless, to confess, that it is the feeling of religion to which they give form and sublime expression.

At right angles to the cathedral square extends the great Ploschad, or Square of the Admiralty,—an open space which has no counterpart in any other European city; for it is nearly an English mile in length, and its vast enclosure is wholly formed by lines of public buildings and palaces. The Admiralty, itself,—the building of which I spoke in my last as being nearly half a mile long,—stands on the northerly side of the square, and so separates it from the river. On the south, extends a rank of government edifices, through which, near the easterly end, an immense archway is cut, to allow the egress of a street to the city beyond. It is at this end of the square, too, in front of the Winter Palace, that the mighty Alexander column,—a monolith equaled in size only by those of ancient Greece,—rises grandly in air. It remains imperial even while all around it is vast.

To these two squares it is that the traveler, if he be anything of a peripatetic in his philosophy, will naturally resort, while meditating on the nature and history and destiny of the strange country in which he, here, finds himself. He is quite likely to meet, in his morning walk, a rather tall, distinguished and thoughtful-looking middle-aged man, who is also a morning walker, and who carries, invisible, in his hand, besides the cane which is visible in it, the scepter supreme of all the Russias. From the physiognomy of the czar, he may turn, for thinking material, to that of the Russian peasant, *ci-devant* serf, who has just finished prostrating himself at yonder shrine. A physiognomy, this, which puzzles me to read. There is a broad, low forehead, half-covered by shaggy black hair, roughly parted in

the middle. The eyes are deeply set, small and vacant of expression. The mouth speaks of good nature ; the face is broad, though spare of flesh, and the cheek-bones are those of the Asiatic or the American Indian. It is the face of a race which has not yet quite graduated into the civilized state,—whose reason is not yet wholly emancipated,—and which is ruled by the rude and simple sentiments of the human animal. I think I see, too, that there is set, here, the stamp of centuries of suffering,—of suffering endured with something of the prodigious patience and silent endurance of the beast. Altogether, it is a physiognomy which saddens one to study ; but, looking at it, I can well understand what latent forces it conceals. What blind loyalty, what devotion, what gratitude, for example, lie in ambuscade in that dull peasant character! What material for shooting, and, above all, for being shot, it lays in illimitable quantity at the service of its lord and master, the czar! A Russian general, who commanded in the Crimea, told me that, nightly, for many months before the siege of Sebastopol closed, a force was regularly detailed to dig two thousand graves. Going to their posts, each morning, the men passed these graves, and knew that before night they would all be filled ; yet never a peasant foot faltered in that year-long march to death. . . .

The Russians seem to me to be, essentially, a grave and even melancholy people. I, of course, know nothing, except by hearsay, of their social and home life ; and I can well believe, since it is so said, that within those endless rows of brilliantly-lighted double windows, which I pass and look up at o' nights, much

gayety and genial hospitality have their abode. I speak, however, only of what I see; and what I see gives me the idea I have just written down. I have remarked on the streets, and elsewhere, some beautiful female faces and many keen and intelligent male ones; but not one countenance of them all could have the epithet ‘jolly’ applied to it. I have heard very little laughter in the fortnight we have been here. The funny paper of the city,—unique, I believe, in the empire,—is called *The Spark*. I suspect its wit is rather sad satire, and that it sparkles only to make the darkness of a great night visible. So with the Russian comedy: as far as I can learn, it is of a kind which sets men to thinking rather than to laughing, with its pictures of national life and manners, which would be funny if they were not too sorrowful. Again, if there be a revelation of *veritas* in strong drink, what I have noticed of the Russian in liquor will bear out my impression of his character. Walking the streets at night, one passes a drunken man at every corner; but not once, yet, have I seen a case of jovial, or even noisy, intoxication. Doggedly silent, his face fixed to an expression of unilluminable gloom, the inebriated Russ, with such legs as he can command, holds on his tortuous and melancholy way.

The music of a people is generally a correct index to its character. I shall have more to say of this music of Russia when I know more about it; but, up to this date, it has struck me chiefly through its apparently prevailing tone of sadness. The national anthem is a prayer, whose solemn harmony has, to me, something in it of a *De Profundis*.

At all events, the Russians are an immensely religious people, in their way. The sonorous sentence with which the Apostle Paul opened his address to the men of Athens, might be applied with force to the men of Russia. Scarcely in the Mohammedan Orient have I seen more external demonstration of the religious sentiment than is visible in this country. In the Catholic countries, or at least cities, of Europe, the Church is an institution, now, generally abandoned to the women; but here the men vie with their better-halves in the practice of what might be termed the gymnastics of their religion. St. Petersburg is the least Russian city of the empire; here, the foreign element is strongest, and the free and easy civilization of Paris, with its exponent, the *cancan*, may almost be said to be naturalized. And yet, to say nothing of the multitude of churches, one cannot go far on any street without passing one of those curious Byzantine shrines, whose dingy-faced portraits of sacred personages Russian devotion so ardently affects, and before which, almost day and night, a group of worshipers is sure to be standing. And the number of these interruptions to traffic is constantly increasing. . . .

I began this letter, thinking to confine it within the sufficiently wide limits of the grand Square of the Admiralty. At least, let me come back thither, before I close, and, apropos of Peter, take a parting look at his statue, which, better than any other I ever saw, idealizes the life and character of its subject. See the colossal horse, yonder, rearing on the brink of its high rock pedestal, its fore feet sheer in air, its fearless rider ready for the audacious spring! It tells the

whole story of the hero's life of supernatural energy and daring. It is a lyric in bronze. There is a serpent in the rider's path; but it is trodden firmly under foot, and horse and rider prepare for the leap, with a strength and courage which clear the gulf before them in advance. It was by such a leap as this that colossal Russia, with Peter as its rider, sprang from Asiatic barbarism into Europe and civilization.

Moscow, *January 13, 1868.*

The list of sights registered for the tourist in the Moscow guide-book is large and comprises much that is curious and interesting. Instead of overwhelming you, however, with descriptions of palaces and churches and treasure-houses, I am going to pass all these, and write a paragraph regarding an institution which gave me far more to think about than any of the collections of gold and diamonds. I mean the great Foundling Hospital of Moscow, which, with its auxiliary establishments, aims to be nothing less than a father to the fatherless and a mother to the motherless of the vast empire. We paid a visit to the parent institution, the other day,—an immense quadrangle of buildings, on the bank of the river, some distance below the Kremlin,—and were afforded a glimpse of the manner in which Russia practices benevolence in the wholesale.

On approaching the principal entrance, I noticed a wagon-load of toys—dolls, horses on wheels, and such like—going inside; and, arrived in the hall of waiting,

there were visible, through an open door, several deposits of little painted oblong boxes,—coffins in fact. We were shown, first, into what might be called the aristocratic department of the asylum, and learned that, apart from the foundlings, a refuge is freely accorded to all orphans of officers and others who have been in government service. The rooms we first entered contained about forty of these, in the infantile stage, with their nurses. The little fellows were taking their after-dinner nap, beneath white muslin curtains; and there were, among them, faces as chubbily beautiful as those which Correggio makes to peer out of his golden clouds, around the feet of the Virgin. These children, Russia keeps religiously under eye, educates and provides for. The institution for the girls is under the roof of this central hospital, and contains, at present, 850, of various ages, up to eighteen. They are being educated as governesses and school-teachers. The boys are taken care of elsewhere. A chapel, fitted up in exquisite taste, and even an elegant ball-room, are among the adjuncts of the department of these '*Orphelines legitimes*.'

We passed, next, to the department where a less ornamental business was being carried on. In its almost endless rooms, high, airy and light, were ranged 1,500 beds, and as many nurses, each with her infant in arms, formed in file and bowed low to us, as we passed. These fifteen hundred foundlings had all been received at the asylum within four or five weeks. They are kept not longer than that time in the city, and, thereafter, if in sound health, are dispatched, (baptized and vaccinated) with their nurses, to the

villages of the province. About 12,000 are yearly thus received; the hospital has, at present, 40,000 on hand, and has brought up the better part of a million, since it was organized by Catherine II. Some of the boys are kept in the industrial schools and taught trades; the great mass of them become agricultural laborers, exempt from military service and even from certain taxes. A fraction of the number of girls is brought back from the villages, to serve in the establishment which gave them mother-milk; the mass marry in the places to which they are sent, and Russia presents each one who weds before her majority with a trousseau, for her wedding-day.

Our visit terminated where the work of the asylum begins. I was curious to see this beginning. The word ‘foundling’ was associated, in my mind, with little helpless bundles left at doors, at midnight; or with mysterious pigeon-holes, at which packages are handed in from the outside by stealth. I had anxiously asked the uniformed and polite officer who conducted us, whether it was possible to be witness of this initiatory operation. He replied, at last, by leading us into what I took to be the counting-room of the institution. A handsome young lady sat behind a large desk, with a set of huge ledgers before her. One poor woman in rags and carrying something at her bosom had just entered; a second came in, similarly burdened, at the street door, before we had remained five minutes. The first entered, came up to the young lady book-keeper, and produced her child. ‘Has it been baptized?’ ‘Yes.’ A little metal cross hung at its neck attested the fact. ‘Its name?’—and so the

catechism closed. The entry was made in two minutes; a little ticket of bone, marked with a number, was passed over the new-comer's head, and a duplicate was given to its mother. By that receipt she can reclaim her child, or visit and recognize it, any time within ten years from date. A lady matron then took the infant, ticketed 11,967, 1867,—that is to say, it is the 11,967th comer of the year of grace just passed,—into an inner room. Two women received it and picked it tenderly free from its swaddling of fetid rags. It was then laid in a warm bath; thence deposited on a pillow and dried and dressed with clean, soft clothing. The operation, so thoroughly and nicely performed, took not more than five minutes. Then, an inner door opened, and we passed, with the infant, into a room where perhaps twenty nurses stood, waiting for infants. The stout, good-natured-looking young peasant woman at the end of the row, nearest to us, became the mother of young No. 11,967. Poor little Muscovite,—he was certainly not more than two days old, and, in that short time, he had made the acquaintance of two mothers! Our guide and the matron both agreed that he would not trouble the second very long; and, judging from the look of his pinched face and shriveled little limbs, I do not think he will ever write a great epic or lead a war of independence. But who can tell?

As we passed back I saw the real mother going out at the door. She cast behind her one wistful glance, as she disappeared. From her look, I judged that she had traveled hither from a distant province. Her successor was an old woman, the grandmother, per-

haps, of the strong and healthy child she carried. The latter was being duly registered and ticketed as we left. . . .

We have been in Moscow ten days, and I am now quite ready to commence our retreat. I am a little tired of snow, and of a people whose speech contains no familiar sound, and whose street-signs I cannot read. This matter of the signs is, especially, a grievance. In most cities, where we have been, the streets have been intelligible to me, and I have even read a good deal about their inhabitants, by means of the signs over their doors. But, here, my brain is bewildered and my eyes are inflamed by a continual effort, which results in nothing. In this Russian language, it looks as if the Greek and Latin alphabets had been smashed up in a railway collision, and the *disjecta membra* of each had been pieced together at haphazard. I am discovering new letters every day,—monsters of inconceivable construction, the stem Latin and the branches Greek, or the trunk Greek and the extremities Latin. It will be a relief to get back where one can rest one's eyes on something like the alphabet of one's youth.

VIENNA, January 31, 1868.

After inditing my last to you, in Moscow, I took a farewell look at the golden domes from Napoleon's stand-point, on the distant Sparrow Hills; I passed an evening, also, among the solemnities of the Kremlin,

what time moonlight and solitude were supreme within the strange old enclosure; and then we started on the return track. A day and night in the hurricane-deck cabin of the sleeping-car, with the wintry plains and dreary fir-woods sweeping past, in the dim light, and we were at St. Petersburg again. As we stepped out of the carriage into the depot, a little scene made itself visible, which I shall always remember in connection with Russian manners. A fine-looking old lady descended, with us, from the train, and stood for a moment, thereafter, with an earnest look of expectancy on her face. Instantly a young lady, beautifully and richly dressed, darted from the crowd and ran towards her mother. The greeting which followed was thoroughly Russian. Dropping on her knees before the old lady, the girl seized her parent's hands and covered them with kisses, while the elder bent over her daughter's head and hid her face in a transport of joy and affection. It was, in fact, a little revelation of the Oriental heart, beating under the more closely-fitting habiliments of the Occident. . . .

We branched off from the road which brought us to Petersburg, at Wilna, and thence started across the flat breadth of Lithuania, into Poland. Thirty-odd hours of travel brought us to the Vistula, and, crossing its majestic iron bridge, built on the American principle, we landed in Warsaw.

I do not advise the traveler, unless he wishes to dispose of a surplus stock of cheerfulness, to make a long stay in Warsaw. It is one of the most melancholy, poverty-stricken cities I ever entered. As if the rebellion of 1863-4 had not brought calamity enough with it on

wretched Poland, the Russian government is now engaged in the landable work of punishing the country for its aspirations after nationality. On the ancient capital, of course, falls heaviest the hand of chastising power. . . .

I have rarely seen beggars so numerous in Europe, elsewhere, or misery so pointed in its appeals. Yet, perhaps, the condition of the Polish peasantry is better, to-day, than it ever was when the Casimirs and Ladislaus were kings. The nobility and the people of the cities form the revolutionary element, exclusively, I believe, and probably the idea of liberty, for which the Polish aristocracy has made so long and desperate a fight, is liberty to regain possession of its serfs and serf-cultivated estates. Thus, as a worthy old Buffalo friend of ours was wont to say, there is a *crim* as well as a *con* to this Polish question. Neither one nor other do I care to elaborate upon at present, however; I only report that the look of things in Warsaw, now, is distressing enough.

A day and a night on the railroads, again, and in the gray dawn we were skirting the gloomy plain which, once, was the battle-field of Wagram. Then we rumbled over a bridge, as just a year before we had done, under which swept the dark Danube, and once more we halted on the skirt of the broad and fair city of Vienna. . . .

HOMEWARD.

STEAMER RUSSIA,
ATLANTIC OCEAN, April 14, 1868. }

I think it was from Vienna I wrote you last, dear *Courier*. At any rate, it was there I was sitting, some weeks ago, with my eye on what I thought would make a text for another letter to you; against the writing of which there straightway arose a conspiracy of circumstances. The object of my meditation was a little stone effigy of a barbarous Turk, on horseback, which stands perched on a street corner, near one of the city gates, yonder,—the Turk in an extraordinary state of drawn-saber, and his horse in an exaggerated condition of gallop,—and which is said to mark the farthest point reached by the Mussulman, in his last assault upon Christendom. Here, I said to myself, the East may properly be said to begin; and, I think, I was on the point of crossing the imaginary frontier and attacking the *E* stern Question, in the *Courier's* interest, when, suddenly, a voice from the far West became audible to us, whch said: ‘Come home!’ Thus our faces were turned, at once, towards the setting sun, and all manner of eastern questions and subjects fell into the back-ground and shadow. . . .

In the ten days we have already spent on board ship, jolted by head seas and battered by contrary gales, I

have been trying, with rather poor success, I own, to deduce some few broad conclusions from these years of foreign travel. I will content myself with indicating only one of these, in this closing paragraph of a too rambling and spasmodic correspondence. And, to begin, I think the right-minded American cannot fail to return from a European tour a better and more uncompromising democrat than he set out. From the old-world stand-point, he will see many faults and failings in his country and countrymen, the existence of which, perhaps, he did not suspect before; but he will, also, see all those drawbacks a hundred times atoned for, in the single fact that America is a free land, possessed of republican institutions. Fourth of July oratory has emptied such phrases as this of meaning; but one only needs to sojourn a while on the continent, where kings and aristocracies, and priests and privileges, are still entities, to find the words re-fill with a strange and ponderous significance.

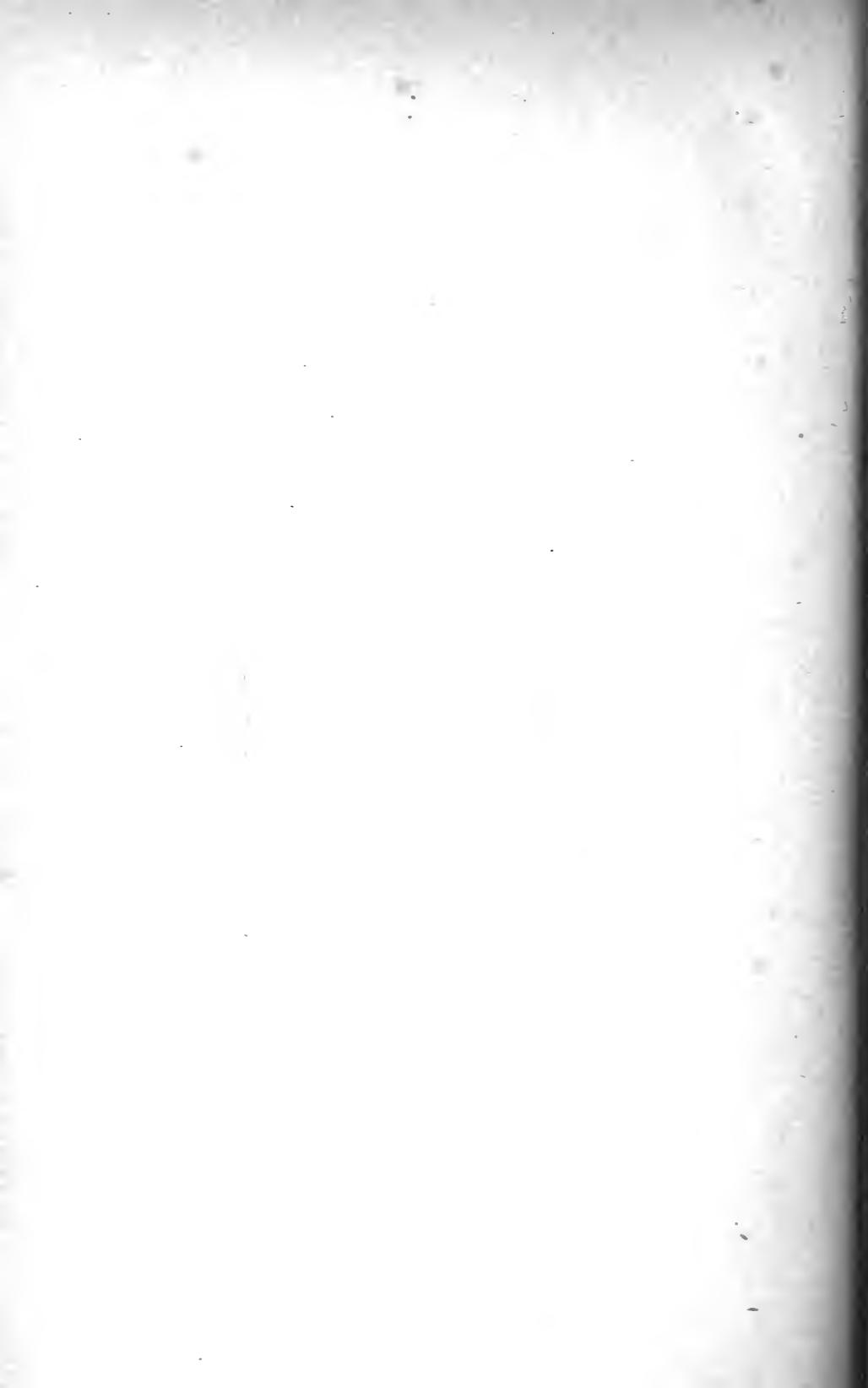
And so, with more intelligence and discrimination, let us humbly trust, the somewhat traveled American comes back, loving his country more fervently than before. He is more fiercely than ever the foe of all innovation from the European side, which would tend to carry us farther from the doctrines and practice of our fathers; he regards with almost superstitious horror the beginnings of evils, in America, of which he has noted the wretched fruits in Europe.

I said that the book had closed again; but I am fain to believe that the fact, in coming time, will belie the figure. My hope is, that the good and great and beautiful things we have seen will be visible with us always;

that one will not need to cross, again, this weary ocean, in order to feel the airs of romance and revisit the scenes of history in which we have once rejoiced ; that, in a word, there will lie near, around us, till life shall cease, a region of remembered sights and sounds, into which thought shall never cease to make profitable foray, and where fancy can re-live her golden years. So hoping, I bid Europe farewell, and, over the waste of misty sea which still stretches to the west, look wistfully and yearn for home.

FINIS.

GENERAL INDEX.



GENERAL INDEX.

- Abbotsford, ii. 58-59.
Aberfeldy, the birks o', ii. 80.
Ætua, ascent of Mount, ii. 158-173.
Alban Mount, The, ii. 216-217.
Alloway, ii. 67-69.
Alps, crossing the, ii. 274.
 in the, ii. 288-296.
Altenstein, ii. 352-353.
American songs borrowed from Germany, ii. 351.
Amsterdam, ii. 301.
Anapus, the, ii. 185-187.
Annan, Annie R., i. iii.
Antwerp, ii. 308-310.
Apollo Belvidere, ii. 213-214.
Arethusa, fountain of, ii. 182.
Ariosto, home and tomb of, ii. 257-258.
Arqua, Petrarch at, ii. 260-262.
Assisi, ii. 220-223.
Athens, ii. 332-334.
Atlantic voyage, 1865, i. 102 : ii.
 1-5.
 1877, i. 148.
 1882, i. 170.
Austrian rule in Italy, ii. 259-260.
Avernum, Lake of, ii. 149-152.
Avignon, ii. 115-116.
Avoca, the Vale of, ii. 107.
Ayrshire, Scotland, ii. 57-69.

Badenweiler, i. 180.
Baiae, ruins at, ii. 147-148.
'Bark of Life, The,' i. 237.
 Gray's remarks on, i. 120.
Beer-gardens, German, ii. 284-286, 340-341, 346-347.
Belfast, ii. 89.
Belgium, ii. 310-317.
Berlin, ii. 318-321.
Bigelow, Allen G., poem on the death of David Gray, i. 203.
Bigelow, Walter S., acknowledgments to, i. iv.
Binghamton, death of David Gray at, i. 195.
Bodenstedt, from the German of, i. 229, 233.
Bologna, ii. 244-246.
Boy-choirs in Thuringia, ii. 342-343.
Browning, Gray's early opinions of Mrs. i. 42.
Bruges, ii. 313-314.
Buffalo, David Gray's first visit to, i. 13.
 his settlement in, i. 33.
Christian Advocate, on the death of David Gray, i. 207.
Commercial Advertiser, on the death of David Gray, i. 215.
Courier, Gray's connection formed with the, i. 67.
Courier, Gray's letters from Europe to the, ii. 1-398.
Courier, on the death of David Gray, i. 203.
Evening News, on the death of David Gray, i. 206.
Express, on the death of David Gray, i. 205.
Fine Arts Academy, poem read before, i. 287.
Historical Society, poem read before, i. 281.
Sunday Times, on the death of David Gray, i. 207.
Young Men's Association (now the Buffalo Library), poems written for, i. 256, 266, 272.
 remarks on, i. 74.
Young Men's Christian Union i. 31, 33.

- Bunhill Fields, ii. 28.
 Buonarotti, Michael Angelo (see
 Michael Angelo).
 Burns, the land of, ii. 62-69.
 and his poetry, i. 311.
 Caledonian Canal, ii. 82.
 Calvin and Geneva, ii. 278-281.
 Campbell, Alexander, i. 153, 154.
 Canal Street Mission Sunday
 School, i. 159.
 Cannes, religious meetings at, i.
 175-176.
 Canterbury, ii. 30-33.
 Cassel and its late electors, ii.
 359-360.
 Catania, ii. 159-161, 187-188.
 Catholic Union, the, on the death
 of David Gray, i. 206.
 Cenis, Mont, ii. 274.
 Central Fair, U. S. Sanitary
 Commission, poem at opening
 the, i. 291.
 Chamouni, Vale of, ii. 289-290.
 Charles XII. of Sweden, tomb of,
 ii. 374.
 Charlotte, Princess, tomb of, ii.
 34.
 Chatsworth, ii. 46-48.
 'Childhood, Land of,' i. 45-46.
 'Chimes, The,' i. 265.
 Christian art at Ravenna, early,
 ii. 249-250, 253-254.
 Christmas, about, i. 70.
 Cimmerians, abodes of the, ii.
 151.
 Clarens, i. 177.
 Cleveland, Grover, President, i.
 187-188.
 Clyde, the, ii. 76-77.
 Cogolotto, ii. 126-127.
 Coilsfield, ii. 66.
 Coleman, Charles Caryl, i. 88.
 Columba, St., ii. 87-88.
 Columbus, birth-place of, ii. 126-
 127.
 'Coming,' i. 224.
 'Communion,' i. 250.
 Como, Lake, ii. 272-273.
 Constantinople, i. 111.
 Copenhagen, ii. 364-369.
 Cora Liun, ii. 76.
 Corniche Road, along the, ii. 118-
 127.
 Coronation stoue, ii. 84.
 Correggio, works of, at Parma,
 ii. 248.
- Coventry, ii. 43.
 'Crew of the Advance, The,' i.
 211.
 when written, i. 56.
 'Cross of Gold, The,' i. 245.
 Cuba, letters from, i. 78-83.
 Culloden, the field of, ii. 81-82.
 Cumæ, ruins of, ii. 148.
 Cumner Place, ii. 37.
- Damascus, stricken with small-
 pox at, i. 112-114.
 Danish and Scottish speech, ii.
 368.
 Dante, the grave of, ii. 242, 250-
 251.
 Darby, John, i. 169.
 'Dedication in a Lady's Album,'
 i. 234.
 Denmark, ii. 362-369.
 Derbyshire, ii. 44-49.
 Derry, ii. 92-93.
 Derwent, Valley of the, ii. 44-49.
 Devinish, ii. 94.
 Dionysius, Ear of, ii. 183-184.
 Disciples of Christ, i. 154.
 'Divided,' i. 247.
 when written, i. 123.
 Doon, the bonnie, ii. 68-69.
 Drei Gleichen, the, ii. 345.
 Dresden, ii. 321-324.
 Drunkenness in Europe and
 America, ii. 284-286.
 Dryburgh Abbey, ii. 59-61.
 Dublin, ii. 105-107.
 Dumbarion Castle, ii. 76-77.
 Dumfries, ii. 62-63.
 Dunkeld, ii. 79.
 Dunloe, Gap of, ii. 97.
 Dunstaffnage, ii. 84.
 Dutch art, ii. 306.
 cleanliness, ii. 302, 304-305.
- Edinburgh, David Gray's child-
 hood at, i. 1-12.
 his visit in 1865 to, i. 6-11.
 Eisenach, ii. 342, 354.
 'Elihu Burritt' i. 217.
 when written, i. 56.
 'Elipsis Israel,' i. 154.
 Elysian Fields, the, ii. 151.
 England, travel in, 1865, ii. 6-49.
 second visit to, i. 147-150.
 third visit to, i. 170-171.
 English railways, ii. 9-10.
 Enniskillen, ii. 93-94.
 Erfurt, ii. 345, 353-354.

- Etna, ascent of Mount, ii. 158-173.
 Etruscan vases, ii. 223-224.
 Fairrington, Charles W., letters of David Gray to, i. 84, 87, 95, 124.
 Fair, German, ii. 336-337.
 Fargo, William G., proposition from, i. 95-96.
 Ferrara, ii. 255-259.
 Fingal's Cave, ii. 85-86.
 Florence, ii. 228-237.
 'Fog-bell at Night, The,' i. 209.
 when written, i. 56.
 Foundling Hospital at Moscow, ii. 389-393.
 'Fragment, A,' i. 252.
 France, Southern, ii. 111-117.
 Frankfort, subjection of, ii. 298-300.
 Friedenthal, ii. 345,
 'Funeral Scene, A,' i. 72.
 Garlenda, ii. 123.
 Geneva, i. 110, 176; ii. 276-287.
 Genoa, ii. 129-130.
 Germany, ii. 297-300, 318-329, 335-363.
 the beer-garden in, ii. 284-286, 340-341, 346-347.
 music in, ii. 340-343, 350-351.
 official caste in, ii. 339.
 peasantry of, ii. 337, 355-358.
 social life in, ii. 339-341.
 Ghent, ii. 312-313.
 Giant's Causeway, ii. 90-92.
 Glendalough, the seven churches of, ii. 107-108.
 Glen Iris, i. 76, 119, 129, 135, 146, 147, 213.
 Godiva, Lady, ii. 43.
 Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, ii. 355.
 'Golden Wedding Poem,' i. 231.
 Gotha, i. 119-124; ii. 335-351.
 Graham, Dr. P. L., i. 194, 195.
 Grands Mulets, a day and two nights at the, ii. 291-295.
 Gray, David, 1836, birth and parentage, i. 1-3.
 1836-49, childhood at Edinburgh, i. 3-12.
 1849, emigration to America, i. 11-12.
 1849, first visit to Buffalo, i. 13.
 1849-56, boyhood in Wisconsin, i. 18-32.
 Gray, David, 1854, in school at Waupun, i. 17-18.
 1854-56, companionship with David Taylor, i. 19-25.
 1855, in school at Portage, i. 29.
 1855-56, school-teaching, i. 27, 29.
 1856, removed to Buffalo, i. 33.
 1856-59, librarian of the Young Men's Christian Union, i. 33-61.
 1857-59, comrades and club-friends, i. 55-56.
 1858, visit to Charleston, i. 58-59.
 1858-59, in the office of his uncle, i. 60.
 1859, entrance into journalism, i. 67-77.
 1860, part ownership of *Courier* acquired, i. 76.
 1862, trip to Cuba, i. 78-84.
 1862, intention to join the army, i. 84.
 1862-65, life 'in society,' i. 85-99.
 1865-68, travels in the old world, i. 100; ii. 1-399.
 1865, revisiting Edinburgh, i. 6-11, 105; ii. 50-55.
 1867, stricken with small-pox at Damascus, i. 112-114.
 1868, at home and in the harness again, i. 128.
 1869, marriage, i. 129-131.
 1869-1877, the home on Niagara street, i. 131-134.
 1876, in the presidential canvass, i. 143-145.
 1877, religious re-awakening, i. 163-164.
 1877, prostration by 'sun-stroke,' i. 146.
 1877, three months in England, i. 147-150.
 1878-1882, again in the harness, i. 150-151.
 1882, crushed by the yoke, i. 151-152.
 1882-1884, seeking health in Europe, i. 170-185.
 1884, return to Buffalo, i. 185.
 1886, secretary to the Commission of the State Reservation at Niagara, i. 189.

- Gray, David, 1887, secretary to the Buffalo Park Commission, i. 189.
 1888, broken once more, i. 191.
 1888, the fatal journey and accident, i. 192.
 1888, death at Binghamton, i. 195.
 his character, his genius and his work reviewed. i. 196-200.
 his reading of poetry, i. 132.
 letters of travel, ii. 1-398.
 letters to his brother, i. 83, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 107, 110, 124, 130, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 146, 164, 166, 167, 168, 171, 177, 180, 181, 183, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190.
 letters to his father and mother, i. 92, 95, 102, 103, 108, 112, 118, 121, 128, 131, 161, 172, 174, 175, 179, 182, 183, 184.
 letters to his sister, i. 6-10, 111, 127, 174.
 letters to his wife, i. 148, 149, 150.
 letters to Chas. W. Fairrington, i. 84, 87, 95, 124.
 letters to John Hay, i. 111, 136, 137.
 letters to James N. Johnston, i. 56, 59, 173, 175, 177, 182.
 letters to William P. Letchworth, i. 76, 101, 104, 119, 146.
 letters to Edmond Lindsay, i. 18, 19, 27, 28, 29, 34, 58, 60, 155, 156, 157, 158.
 letter to L. B. Proctor, i. 140.
 letters to Walter Sanderson, i. 111, 118, 129.
 letters to David Taylor, i. 34-52, 60-66, 71, 88, 90, 93, 97, 116, 122, 124, 162.
 letters to Joseph Warren, i. 106, 107, 109, 110, 112, 116, 120, 126.
 letter to William B. Wright, i. 142.
 religious experience, i. 153-169.
 social gifts, i. 85-87.
 tributes to his memory, i. 200-208.
- Gray, Mrs. David, biographical notes by, i. 163, 172, 179, 180, 191.
 letters of David Gray to, i. 148, 149, 150.
- Gray, John S., biographical notes by, i. 4, 11, 13, 15, 19, 26, 30, 153, 164, 168, 192.
 letters of David to, i. 83, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 107, 110, 124, 130, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 146, 164, 166, 167, 168, 171, 177, 180, 181, 183, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190.
- Gray, Philip Cadell, i. 1.
- Gray, William, i. 30.
- Greece, ii. 330-334.
- Greek mythology, the chief arena of, ii. 149-152.
- Greenock, ii. 77.
- Gretna Green, ii. 61-62.
- Gustavus Adolphus, tomb of, ii. 373-374.
- Haddon Hall, ii. 45-46.
- 'Half-world's (The) Width Divides us,' i. 247.
 when written, i. 123.
- Handel festival, ii. 17-19.
- Havana, letters from, i. 78-83.
- Hawthornden, ii. 55-56.
- Hay, Col. John, letters of David Gray to, i. 111, 136, 137.
 poem to, i. 247.
- Herculaneum, ii. 197-198.
- Hercules, statue of, ii. 211-212.
- Hesse-Cassel, electors of, ii. 359-360.
- Highland Mary's grave, ii. 77.
- Highlands, in the Scottish, ii. 70.
- Hohenzollerns, the, ii. 321.
- Holland, ii. 301-310.
- Holy Land, in the, i. 112-115.
- Homeward bound, ii. 396-398.
- Hotchkiss, Rev. Dr., i. 164.
- Houghton, Lord, i. 148.
- House-inscriptions, mediæval, ii. 338-339.
- 'How the Young Colonel Died,' i. 277.
- 'Hushed is the Long Roll's Angry Threat,' i. 291.
- 'I sit on this last oasis of youth!' i. 62.
- Ignatius, Father, ii. 21, 174.
- Innisfallen, sweet, ii. 97.

- Inverary, ii. 75.
 Iona and St. Columba, ii. 87-88.
 Ireland, ii. 89-110.
 Isæ Club, the, i. 53-55.
 Isle of Wight, i, 149-150, 171.
 'It is a thing that few have ever gained,' i. 43.
 Italian common life, ii. 121-126.
 Italy, ii. 118-153, 189-275.
 Free Christian Church of, i. 161-162.

 'Jeannie Lorimer,' i. 219.
 Jerusalem visited, i. 115.
 Johnston, James N., i. iii.
 letters of David Gray to, i. 56, 59, 173, 175, 177, 182.
 Jones, Amanda T., the poems of, i. 120.

 Kearney, Kate, ii. 97-98.
 Keats, the grave of, ii. 208-209.
 Kellogg, to Miss Clara Louise, i. 235.
 Kenilworth, ii. 41-42.
 Kiel, ii. 361.
 Killarney, lakes of, ii. 95-102.
 Killiecrankie, pass of, ii. 81.
 Kirmse, the, in Thuringia, ii. 357-358.
 Kites, i. 47, 73.
 Knights of St. John, ii. 175-178.

 'Lady of the Lake,' the scene of the, ii. 71-72.
 'Lake, The,' i. 216.
 Laocoön, the, ii. 213.
 'Last Indian Council on the Gensesee, The,' i. 248.
 when written, i. 135.
 'Last of the Kali-Kwahs, The,' i. 281.
 when written, i. 91.
 Latomie at Syracuse, ii. 182-184.
 Leamington, ii. 42-43.
 Letchworth, William P., gift of Poe's watch to David Gray, i. 103-104.
 letters of David Gray to, i. 76, 101, 104, 119, 146.
 Letters of travel, ii. 1.
 remarks on, i. 100, 199.
 Liège, ii. 315-317.
 Limerick, ii. 103-104.
 Lindsay, Edmond, letters of David Gray to, i. 18, 19, 27, 28, 29, 34, 58, 60, 155, 156, 157, 158.
 Liverpool, ii. 6-9.
 Lochlee, ii. 67.
 Lochs, the Scottish, ii. 71-83.
 Lomond, Loch, ii. 73.
 Londón, i. 148, 184; ii. 10-29.
 Londonderry, ii. 92-93.
 Loton, Jabez, on the death of David Gray, i. 203.
 Lucerne, i. 179.
 Lugano, Lake, ii. 272-273.
 Luther, the land of, ii. 353-354.

 McMahon, Col. James P.; 'How the Young Colonel Died,' i. 75, 277.
 Madonna, the Sistine, ii. 323-324.
 Maggiore, Lake, ii. 272.
 Malta, ii. 175-180.
 Mangerton, the Peak of, ii. 101-102.
 'March Scene, A,' i. 221.
 Marriage in Switzerland, ii. 287.
 'Mary Lenox,' i. 299.
 Mauchline, ii. 64-66.
 Maud Muller, comment on, i. 64.
 Melrose Abbey, ii. 57-58.
 Mentone, ii. 120.
 Messiah, the, at Crystal Palace, ii. 17-19.
 Messina, ii. 155.
 Michael Angelo, home and works of, at Florence, ii. 239-234.
 Middle ages, a town of the, ii. 347-348.
 Middleton, i. 8-10.
 Mignon, Goethe's, i. 49-50.
 Milan, ii. 270-272.
 Milburn, John G., i. iii. 194.
 'Ministry of Art, The,' i. 287.
 when written, i. 94.
 Misenum, Promontory of, ii. 152-153.
 Modena, ii. 246.
 Möhr, ii. 353.
 Monaco, ii. 119-120.
 Mont Blanc, ascent of, ii. 288-295.
 Mont Cenis, ii. 274.
 Montgomery, Castle o', ii. 66.
 Montreux, i. 181-184.
 Morgins, i. 178.
 Moscow, and its foundling hospital, ii. 389-393.
 Motley, estimation of, in Holland, ii. 307.
 Muir, John, i. 20.
 Mull, Sound of, ii. 84.

- 'Murillo's Immaculate Conception,' i. 235.
 Music in Germany, ii. 340-343, 350-351.
 Nameless, the, i. 55.
 Naples and its neighborhood, ii. 127-129, 135.
 Nelson, tomb of, ii. 15.
 'New Year Greetings,' i. 236.
 'New Year's Item in Verse, A,' i. 299.
 New York Star, on the death of David Gray, i. 205.
 New York State Press Association, poem read before, i. 294.
 letter relating to, i. 139.
 Niagara, Commission of the State Reservation at, i. 189.
 Niagara Falls by winter moonlight, i. 347.
 'Nineteenth Century Saint, A,' i. 263.
 Northern antiquities at Copenhagen, ii. 366-367.
 Oban, ii. 78.
 O'Donoghue, Isle of the, ii. 96-97.
 Old world lessons, ii. 397-398.
 'On Lebanon,' i. 239.
 when written, i. 123.
 Orange, the town of, ii. 112.
 Ortygia, ii. 181-182.
 'Outrivalled,' i. 214.
 When written, i. 31.
 Oxford, ii. 36-37.
 Padua, ii. 268-269.
 Pæstum, the ruins of, ii. 189-193.
 Palestine, i. 112-115.
 Paris, i. 107-108, 172.
 Parks and gardens, city, ii. 285-286.
 Parma, ii. 246-248.
 Paul, Saint, at Malta, ii. 179.
 Peasants of Russia, ii. 385-386.
 of Thuringia, ii. 337, 355-358.
 Perth, ii. 78-79.
 Perugia, ii. 223-226.
 Peter the Great, the statue of, ii. 388-389.
 Petersburg, see St. Petersburg.
 Petrarch and Vaucluse, ii. 112-115.
 home and tomb of, at Arqua,
 ii. 260-262.
 Pettie, John, i. 3, 148.
 Peveril of the Peak, the seat of, ii. 45-46.
 Phlegræan Fields, the, ii. 149.
 Pisa, ii. 131-133.
 Plymouth Brethren, the, i. 160, 161, 165, 168.
 Poe, Edgar A., the poet's watch, i. 103-104.
 Gray's admiration of, i. 37-38, 40-41.
 Poland, ii. 394-395.
 Pompeii, ii. 193-197.
 Portage, David Gray in school at, i. 29.
 Poseidonia, the ruins of, ii. 189-193.
 Posilipo, ii. 143-148.
 Potsdam, ii. 320.
 Powers, Hiram, and his works, ii. 236-237.
 Pozzuoli, ruins at, ii. 145-146.
 Prague, ii. 324-326.
 Prehistoric art of the North, ii. 366-367.
 Proctor, L. B., letter of David Gray to, i. 139-140.
 Provence, ii. 116-117.
 Prussia, triumph of, ii. 318-319.
 Prussian people, the, ii. 318-321.
 'Psyche,' i. 42.
 Putnam, James O., i. iii.
 on the death of David Gray, i. 200-202.
 Raphael's Sistine Madonna, ii. 323-324.
 Rarey, John S., i. 79, 124.
 Ravenna, ii. 242, 248-255.
 Reformation, scenes of the, ii. 352-354.
 'Rest,' i. 310.
 when written, i. 147.
 Rhine, the, ii. 300.
 Richmond, Henry A., i. iii., 78, 108.
 Riviera, the, ii. 118-134.
 Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, on the death of David Gray, i. 207.
 Post-Express, on the death of David Gray, i. 204.
 Rome, ii. 199-217.
 Rotterdam, ii. 307.
 Runnymede, ii. 36.
 Russia, ii. 376-393.
 Russian character, ii. 386-388.
 family scene, ii. 394.

- Russian peasants, ii. 385-386.
winter life, ii. 381-384.
- Saalfeld, ii. 347-348.
- Saint Boniface and his mission, ii. 352-353.
- Saint Kevin, bed of, ii. 108-109.
- Saint Paul's Cathedral, ii. 14-16.
- Saint Peters, at Rome, ii. 202-204.
illumination of, ii. 209-210.
- St. Petersburg, ii. 378-389.
- St. Raphael, i. 172-175.
- Sanderson, Walter, i. 14, 16.
letters of David Gray to, i. 111, 118, 129.
- Sans Souci, ii. 320-321.
- 'Saturday Nights at Grays,' i. 131-134.
- Savona, ii. 125-126.
- Scandinavia, ii. 362-375.
- Schiller and Goethe at Weimar, ii. 355.
- Schwarzburg Castle, ii. 346.
- Science and poetry, i. 323.
- Scotland, David Gray's childhood in, i. 1-12.
his travels in, ii. 50-88.
- Scott, the land of, ii. 57-61.
- Shakespeare, ii. 38-39.
Gray's early views of, i. 42-43, 48, 65.
- Shannon, the, ii. 103-105.
- Shelley, the grave of, ii. 207-208.
Gray's early opinions of, i. 43-44, 48.
- Shepard, Col. C. O., i. 148.
- Sibyl, the Cumæan, ii. 148-150.
- Sicily, ii. 154-188.
- 'Sir John Franklin and His Crew,' i. 210.
- 'Soft Falls the Gentlest of the Hours,' i. 254.
- Solfatara, ii. 145.
- Song in Germany, ii. 350-351.
- 'Soul's Failure, The,' i. 232.
when written, i. 123.
- Spenser, Edmund, in Ireland, ii. 95.
tomb and epitaph, ii. 27.
- Spezia, ii. 130-131.
- Spurgeon's preaching, ii. 20.
- Staffa and Iona, ii. 84-88.
- Stillson, Jerome B. i. 88, 110.
- Stockholm, ii. 371-375.
- Storm, the great, i. 350.
- Stratford-on-Avon, ii. 38.
- Sweden, ii. 369-370.
- Swedish dinners, 370-371.
people, ii. 374-375.
- Switzerland, i. 110, 176-184; ii. 276-296.
- Syra, ii. 330-331.
- Syracuse, ii. 173, 180-188.
- Tam o' Shanter, scene of, ii. 67-68.
- Taormina, the ruins of, ii. 156-157.
- Tarbolton, ii. 65-66.
- Tasso, prison of, ii. 257.
- Taylor, David, David Gray's companionship with, i. 19-25.
letters of David Gray to, i. 34-52, 60-66, 71, 88, 90, 93, 97, 116, 122, 124, 162.
- Temple Church, ii. 28.
- Tennyson, Gray's early opinions of, i. 39, 49, 65.
- 'Tenth Muse, The,' i. 294.
- Terni, the Falls of, ii. 218-219.
- Thames, the, ii. 12-14.
- 'Thanksgiving Day,' i. 308.
- 'Thanksgiving in War-time,' i. 307.
- Theodoric, the tomb of, ii. 251-252.
- 'The stars are out and eastward fly,' i. 51.
- Thomas, Dr. John, i. 154, 155, 157, 158.
- Thompson, Rev. Charles, i. 31.
- Thorwalsden and his works, ii. 365.
- Thrasimene, Lake, ii. 227.
- Thuringia, ii. 344-358.
- Thuringian song, ii. 350-351.
- Tilden, Samuel J. and the presidential canvass of 1876, i. 143-145.
- 'To Glen Iris,' i. 213.
- 'To J. H.' i. 247.
- 'To Miss Clara Louise Kellogg,' i. 235.
- Tower of London, the, ii. 25-27.
- Toy-making in Thuringia, ii. 349-350.
- Trosachs, the, ii. 70-72.
- Tuscany, ii. 220-242.
- Uffizi Gallery, the, ii. 235-236.
- Utica Herald, on the death of David Gray, i. 208.
- Valetta, ii. 175-180.
- Vallombrosa, ii. 237-242.

- Vatican, the, ii. 211-214.
Vaucluse, ii. 112-115.
Venice, ii. 262-268.
Ventnor, i. 149-150, 171.
Vesuvius, ascent of, ii. 137-142.
Vienna, ii. 326-328.
Virgil, tomb of, ii. 144.
Virginia water, ii. 35.
'Vision of the Lake, The,' i. 36-37.
Volumnii, the tomb of the, ii. 224.

Warren, Joseph, i. 67, 68, 76, 129.
death of, i. 143.
letters of David Gray to, i.
106, 107, 109, 110, 112, 116,
120, 126.
Warsaw, ii. 394-395.
Wartburg Castle, ii. 345, 354.
Warwick Castle, ii. 39-41.
Washington Street Baptist
Church, i. 164, 165.
Waterloo, the field of, ii. 310-312.
Waupun, in school at, ii. 17-18.

Weimar, ii. 355.
Wellington, tomb of, ii. 15.
Westminster Abbey, ii. 23, 27.
Wicklow mountains, ii. 107-109.
Windsor Castle, ii. 33-36.
Wine-drinking, ii. 284-285.
Wisconsin, David Gray's boy-
hood in, i. 13-32.
Wittenberg, ii. 354.
Wordsworth, remarks on, i. 47-
48, 49.
Wright, Doctor William B. i.
132-134.
letters of David Gray to, i.
142.
the poems of, i. 138.

Young Men's Association of Buf-
falo, poems written for, i. 256,
266, 272.
remarks on, i. 74.
Young Men's Christian Union of
Buffalo, i. 31, 33.
Zeeland, ii. 307-308.







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